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**CICERO'S**

FIVE BOOKS

**DE FINIBUS;**

OR,

CONCERNING THE LAST OBJECT

OF

**DESIRE AND AVERSION.**

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BY S. PARKER.

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REVISED AND COMPARED WITH THE ORIGINAL,  
WITH A RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE,

26-3  
548'  
BY JEREMY COLLIER, M. A.

A NEW EDITION.

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OXFORD:

PRINTED FOR N. BLISS;

AND J. TAYLOR & J. A. HESSEY, FLEET STREET,  
LONDON.

—  
1812.



30 33 119

PA 6308  
II 2 P 3  
18122  
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TO  
MR. CHERRY,  
OF SHOTTESBROOK,  
IN BERKS.



SIR,

THE design of *dedications* has been so long abused, that *modesty* obliges me not to make you a tender of my respects *in this way*, much more than yourself not to admit of it. And yet if I should *spare* you, I could not excuse it to myself, when I consider *your title* to the present *argument*, and how good a *judge* you are both of *that* and the *Translation*.

I have concerned myself with the *greatest orator*, and *one of the greatest philosophers* that ever appeared. And therefore *decency* forbids my name at length in the *title page*. But at the same time the world will be so just, I hope, to the *translator*, as to compute upon the sense he has of *your favours*, in proportion to the eminence of your *author's character*.

Cicero, as appears by his dedicating so great a part of his works to Brutus, found

few of his *fellow-citizens* that deserved his *address*. Had he lived in our days, whatever some people imagine, he must have been more at a loss for men of merit. And you may be sensible that I flatter you as little as I wrong the rest of my countrymen, when I tell you there are not very many among them, worthy of Cicero's philosophy, and none worthier than yourself.

And that you may live long as admired an *example*, as you have always lived, of *religion, piety, goodness, candour, and prudence*, happy in *yourself* and *yours*, happy in the success of your *designs* and *affairs*, happy in the *exercise* and *use* of your *learning*, happy in the *neighbourhood* and *conversation* of Mr. Dodwell, (one of the greatest felicities I can wish you in this world) happy in the acquisition and enjoyment of whatever as a *good Christian* and a *wise man* you have reason to think *valuable* here, until you attain the *completion* of *human happiness* in a *better state*, is the prayer of,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obliged,

And humble Servant,

S. P.

## MR. COLLIER'S PREFACE

TO THE

READER.



THE following *treatise*, for the importance of it, may well be called the *grand question*. The inquiry is concerning the seat of the *sovereign good*, the complement of human happiness, and the farthest object of desire. And here all considerable parties are allowed to put in their claim; to argue their pretences at length, and make the most of their cause. In the first place Torquatus stands up for Epicurus, and harrangues it strongly in behalf of *pleasure*: and by concealing the defects, and heightening the advantages of this *system*, makes the argument entertaining enough. But then Tully appearing in person on the other side, pulls off Torquatus's paint, exposes the fallacy of his reasoning, and the scandal of his *hypothesis*; and in short, makes a perfect conquest of Epicurus and all his *clan*: and this is the subject of the two first *books*. In the *third* the famous Cato Uticensis comes on in defence of the *stoics*; calls *virtue* and *happiness* the same thing, and courts nothing but what is strictly honourable and just: and thus by the lustre of his *object*, by begging a principle or two, arguing con-

sistently, and flourishing handsomely upon the character of his *wise-man*, he makes his philosophy look plausible, solemn, and great. In the *fourth book*, Tully enters the lists again against Cato, takes his plea in pieces, proves the *stoical* provision for happiness too narrow, shews the vanity and canting of that *sect*, and that though their terms were different, their principles were much the same with those of the *peripatetics*, whose *moral* scheme in the *fifth book* is explained at large, and defended by Piso. This *argument* we see must have a great deal of learning and curiosity in it; insomuch that the *matter* and *notional* part would be sufficient to recommend it, though under an ordinary management: how then must it shine in the hands of so great a master as Tully? So rich in his invention, so exact in his method, so close in his reasoning, and so pompous in his elocution? As for the *translation*, I have the satisfaction to compare it with the *original*; and am of opinion the *critics* will find the *author's sense* well represented, which in so nice and uncommon a subject, is no easy performance: besides, the phraseology is English, and the turn lively and agreeable: and in some places I shall venture to say, Tully is improved by transplanting, and thrives better in our soil, than in his own.

J. COLLIER.

THE  
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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It is not the formality of the thing which draws a preamble from me, but I would gladly give my reader some necessary hints, and obviate a brace of prejudices, the one *against translations in general*, the other *against translations of those authors which are called inimitable*.

To expostulate upon the former; What is the meaning of *ignorance* and *conceitedness*, unless it be, *to understand nothing of other people's knowledge, and prefer one's own before it?* Our unhappy nation has more reason than any other to distrust itself; and, since it will never be the better for its own, to try the *cheaper experience* of *former ages* and *foreign countries*. Besides; to make *good sense inclosure* is a *contempt* of *Providence* which has designed it of more general benefit than the *sun*, and as communicable through the distances of time as place. For though it is inconsistent with the order of nature, an universal equality of privileges

and conditions ; yet *empty heads* are to be furnished from *full ones*, and not only authorized but obliged to supply themselves *as they can*. If some people have thought more to the purpose than we ; why do not we allow the *advantage*, and convert it to our own, as readily as the *juice of French grapes*, or the *manufacture of Indian artificers* ?

It is objected that *translations* make us *idle*, and forgetful of the *originals*. Rather they should seem to put us in mind of them : and this is the least good they can do. I confess they may be trifled with, and so may the *originals*, and a great many *valuable things* beside, and that is, by those who will not give themselves the trouble of making a right use of them ; for they are serviceable to those that understand the *originals*, by *illustrating the sense*, and to those that do not, by *imparting it* ; while the latter have the pleasure of *novelty*, and the former, of *variety* into the bargain.

Another *stratagem* is, either to alarm our *modesty* or dispute our *prudence* ; if the *original* is good for something, it was *arrogance* to render it ; if good for nothing, we made a *foolish choice*. Here is a *dilemma* ! in obedience to which, no doubt, we are to let the illiterate part of the world lie uninformed and destitute of those instructions, which were intended them by the learned ! What if we cannot reach the *grandeur*, *eloquence*, *neatness*, and I know not what

all, of an author's *expression*? Must we lose his *morality*? Shall we stifle the serious principles and solitary precepts of a Greek or Latin *philosopher*, in a compliment to the singular graces of his style, and very often to the fancied ones? *Reason* is not given for the sake of *language*, but *language* for the sake of *reason*; and it is rightly observed by men of sense, that *our having a relish*, as it is called, that is in plain English, *a greater regard to words than things*, may come in among the *causes* of all our *public indiscretions* and *irregularities*.

I am sensible Cicero in the title-page is enough, with some people, to prevent the good impressions of his own discourses. But no matter, he will take effect, in his *dishabille*, upon the understandings of those that deserve to be the better for him. For here they will have his argument laid out in the same equal distribution and method as Brutus himself received it, though not in the same propriety and easiness of language, which the matter will admit of as little as the author. If I have made those terms intelligible in English, which it cost him so much pains to find Latin for, let the *reader* be content. Tully derived most of his philosophical notions from the Greeks, whose thoughts were so refined and uncommon sometimes, that as rich as was their language, they were obliged to explain themselves in

words provided on purpose. Now Tully endeavoured to carry up these notions, and set them out with a greater variety of expression ; so that if our *tongue* can be made to keep pace with him, it is not a little for its credit.

As to the *argument* of the following treatise ; it is, as the author takes occasion more than once to observe, the *main question* and *most material point* that *immediately* concerns us in *philosophy*, the *origin* as well as *consummation* of it. For men are as little inclinable to act, unless for an end, as to desist till they compass it ; and therefore if they mistake the worse for the better, it is a desperate case. Tully has handled the inquiry at large : in the first and third book he reports the resolutions of the *epicureans* and *stoics* in their full force and validity, out of the mouths of two very remarkable and popular champions, each for his cause. In the second he confutes, and, as became him, lashes the pretensions of the first ; and in the fourth discovers and rectifies the errors of *stoicism*, but with all the deference due to so *generous over-sights*. In the fifth, Piso presents his *chart* of the *peripatetical* principles, according to the best intention and tenor of them. And from first to last my author's ingenuity is as observable for the constructions he puts upon the sense of his adversaries, as his reach of judgment in the detection of their absurdities. His way



of *disproving* is fair, genteel, entertaining, and politic; he first makes one enemy conquer another for him, and then subdues them both for himself. Nor has he pinched the controversy, but wrought it up with many incidental observations, reflexions, and authorities. He besprinkles it with *poetical citations* from the best *wits*, and surprising instances of virtue and wisdom, domestic and foreign. In a word, so comprehensive has he formed his *essay*, that, beside the several opinions of all the old *philosophers*, as well those whose writings are perished as others, about *moral ends*, it affords a satisfactory abridgment of all the *ancient, natural, and moral philosophy and logic*; with a faithful account of them, and a handsome judgment upon them too.

All this while it must be confessed, that sometimes he strikes upon a prejudice or an error. As when, for example in the second book *a fit of doubting* comes upon him, and he dares not aver this or that in relation to the *moral ends* there mentioned. In the same book he speaks fair of the *violences* of Lucretia and L. Virginus; so does Piso unreprieved in the fifth, though he discountenanced the practice of *self-murder* a little before. There is a passage in the fourth book inclining to a supposition of the soul's materiality; but then in the fifth, where Piso asserts the perpetuity of its operation, our author, by not afterwards questioning

or objecting against it, allows it, and declares vigorously for the probability of it, in the first book of his *Tusculan Questions* and Scipio's *dream*. Elsewhere Piso ventures too far, and Cicero takes no notice of it. *No man, says he, could mistake his chief good, nor consequently his own measures, did he but understand the full significancy of his nature as soon as he was born.* If these two great men had lived long enough to be acquainted with St. Paul's doctrine, that *we are not sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God*, and the reasons he gives for it, they had altered their opinion. These are some of the most exceptionable positions: I should have mentioned one more which leads up the rear, but that the *reader* will find considered at length in the *Appendix*.

To make some amends for these *illusions*, his allowed sentences are all weighty, consequential, clear, and apposite. He is a stranger to the *windings* of Plato, the intricacies of Aristotle, and the hastiness of Seneca. He has Epictetus's *morals*, not without the *rationale*. And had he not been by birth a *republican*, was qualified by nature to have argued as majestically and compendiously as Antonine himself. However in one respect no author has been more unhappy than Cicero, that the excellence of his performances has baulked the use of them, and begot such a superstitious reve-

rence in those that might have been his interpreters, as to hinder the distribution of that influence which he designed universal. I know some parts of his *philosophy* have within these few years appeared in English. An attempt, as it happens, an unkind one, has been made upon his *Tusculan Questions*, and his books of *the Nature of the Deities*. The British Cicero alone has copied the Roman to the life, in his admirable and envied *translation of the Offices*. It is true, *these three*, with that which follows, are the *substance* of his *ethics*; but what other profitable precepts and suggestions are to be collected from the *remainder*, I believe, might do some service among us recommended in our own tongue, especially in an age when people rave after *experiments*, and, like the generality of *madmen*, will not be brought to their wits *but in their own way*; when the obligations of *Christianity* are disowned as well as violated; and that which should make them serious, is the subject of their mirth. *Nor can we wonder that they who have lost religion, have lost themselves.*

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CICERO  
OF  
MORAL ENDS.

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BOOK I.

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WHEN I first attempted to naturalize the notions and arguments, which the Grecian philosophers have, with such a force of wit and judgment, and such an exuberancy of curious learning, delivered in their *mother-tongue*, I easily foresaw, my friend Brutus, that in spite of fate, and my best endeavours, I should bring the critics about my ears in a plentiful manner: one sort of men (there are scholars of the party too) cannot digest so much as the business of philosophy in general; while others are willing to dispense with you for a little smattering; but for a constant and entire application to it, they can upon no terms approve of it. A third party are our *hellenized* countrymen, topful of Greek, and too learned for the pedantry of Latin; and these know not how to excuse it to their own consciences, if they look into any but

Greek authors. Others, of a fourth kind, I expect to meet with, directing me to the pursuit of more significant studies: they grant philosophical exercises are very polite and genteel, but then they do not suit the dignity of my character and condition. To each of these I shall return a satisfactory answer: and first, as for the professed enemies of all philosophy, I refer them to a certain book of mine, (they know which I mean,) where upon occasion of Hortensius's invectives, I have drawn up its defence, and vindicated its merit; a work, which yourself, and some other discerning persons, have been pleased to favour with such encouraging commendations, that I cannot forbear entering upon new essays, and should be sorry, if after I have once carried my point as to men's opinions, the world should have cause to believe it is more than I can do to keep it. As for the second sort, who condescend to gratify us with a small allowance, it is an impracticable lesson they teach us, when they talk of our abridging ourselves in the use of that which when we once come to meddle with, we loose the command of our own inclinations; and in earnest I had rather shake hands with your thorough-paced *abjurers* of philosophy, than your people that would cramp us in a study which is almost infinite in its nature, and pretend to warn us against excesses, where temperance were a fault. For either a finished wisdom is attainable; and then it is pity but, when we have

made prize of it, we should have time to enjoy the fruits of our expedition; or the difficulty is seemingly as great as if it were not so; but then, first of all, the search of truth ought to stop no where till there is no more to find; and secondly, it were an eternal blemish upon us to flag in the chace when the game is inestimable. Again; is there a real satisfaction in writing upon philosophical arguments? Then certainly, nothing but envy and peevishness will interrupt us. Or is it a very laborious toil? It is hard, indeed, if a man may not have the liberty of being as industrious as he pleases. Old Chremes in the play, perhaps, thought it was good nature, when it disturbed him so much, that his new neighbour *should dig and plough, and gaul his shoulders*—not that he would balk his bustling, but only wished him to work upon matter more suitable to his quality: and just as obliging are those solicitous gentlemen, whose bowels yearn over us for that intention of thought which is properly a recreation to the thinkers. But it is not so easy to give our whole-sale Greeks content; as surprising an absurdity as, I conceive, it is, that they will not reconcile themselves to serious points discussed in the language of their own country, and yet find themselves entertainment in the verbal translations of the Greek mythologies. For where is the man so inveterately bent against the credit of his country, as to undervalue and throw aside Ennius's *Medea*, or Pacuvius's *An-*

tiopa? To admire them as they stand in Euripides, and nauseate them as made ours? And yet the cry runs, Menander in the original for my money; Cæcilius's Synephebi, and Terence's Andria are trash to it. It may be so, but still, as good an author as we have of Sophocles, I had rather read Attilius's bald translation of Sophocles's Electra than the original itself. And though Licinius indeed would make Attilius a rough and a crabbed author, perhaps not without reason, yet he may and ought to be read; and not only Attilius, but all the rest of our poets, the neglect of them proceeding either from a lethargic laziness, or a foppish delicacy. Besides, (or I am mistaken,) he scarce deserves the name of a learned man that is not competently versed in the productions of the Latins. Now with tags of metre translated from the Greek, such as *utinam ne in nemore*, &c. we can dispense well enough; where is the harm then, should we render what Plato has discoursed upon the subject of a good and happy life into Latin? Or, waving the project of a translation, what if I engage to make good what such authors of character have asserted, and annex my own opinion of things in my own method and style? Will there yet remain room for prejudice in favour of the Greeks, provided we write as handsomely as the best of them, without being beholden to any of them? It will not suffice to tell us, the Greeks have been canvassing all these questions before-



hand. By the same argument the objectors are debarred their poring upon half of the Greeks themselves that are extant. What has Chrysippus omitted that concerns the doctrine of the Stoics? and yet nothing will serve but we must read Diogenes, Antipater, Mnesarchus, Panætius, my friend Posidonius, (that should have been mentioned in the first place,) and an hundred besides. Do we not conceive a mighty satisfaction when we peruse Theophrastus upon the very same heads which Aristotle had treated of before him? And so for the Epicureans; do they ever scruple to come over again with the same suggestions that Epicurus and their predecessors had set a foot formerly? Well then, if the Greeks think it worth their while to read one another, though many proceed upon the same matter, because they handle it different ways; it is a very hard case, if our people will not do the same justice to the labours of their countrymen. I confess, were I resolved upon as formal a translation of Plato and Aristotle, as our poets have made of the Grecian fables, I should be far from deserving the thanks of my fellow-citizens for the importation of those mighty *genii*; but I have not yet made the attempt, though I know of no impediment or prohibition to stop me; and when it comes in my way, I shall use my own discretion in citing passages, especially from the authors aforesaid, as Ennius has quoted from Homer, and Afranius from Menander. At the same time

I will not do as Lucilius did, challenge and empannel my readers. No, I will wish for a Persius, and call out for a Scipio and a Rutilius, whose depth of judgment was such a bug-bear, it seems, to the poet, that upon the apprehension he presently addresses himself to the Tarentines, Consentines, and Sicilians. This was one of that bard's many merry conceits, and in the days when critics had as little of politeness and learning in them, as his works, of solidity; for, it is certain, they discover more of humour and the gentleman than scholarship. But as to my own concern, I need not stand in awe of any reader whatsoever, having presumed to dedicate these notes to a person, who so fairly makes his party good, upon the comparison, with the best of the Grecian sages; though it was yourself that laid an obligation upon me to do so, by the present you were pleased to make me of your book about *Virtue*. That which has begot so strange an abhorrency in some people to the compositions of the Latins, is, I believe, the misfortune of meeting with uncouth translations from wretched Greek originals, deliciously improved in the brewing. Nor will I blame those that have had no better luck, for their antipathy, upon condition they will cashier the Greeks too that harangue them to the same effect in the same strain. But who would refuse any valuable hints, whatsoever, or whencesoever, dressed up in expressions elegant and proper? Certainly no body, unless it were the same person's

ambition to be thought a native of Greece, as Al-  
bucius had his mock-title, the Athenian prætor,  
given him by Scævola. Our Lucilius's account of  
it is very comical and satyrical in those lines which  
he puts into Scævola's mouth, *Græcum te, Albuci,*  
&c.

'Tis well, Albucius, you shall be no more  
A Roman, as we counted you before ;  
No, nor the Sabine, who so loudly boasts  
Of patrons, pensions, honourable posts.  
When'er we meet, my brave Athenian lord  
I kiss your hand, and χαῖρε be the word.  
Your troopers, lictors, all the tribe of state,  
With χαῖρε shall alarm the people's hate.

The reflections were just: nor is any thing more  
unaccountable than this prevailing aversion to our  
own *manufacture*. But that the disquisition is for  
another place, I am sensible I could prove, and  
have often insisted upon it, that the Latin tongue  
is so far from the barrenness which it is generally  
charged with, as to be more copious even than the  
Greck. When or where have any of our first or  
second-rate orators or poets betrayed any defici-  
ency, either as to *richness* or *elegance* of expression,  
when once provided with a pattern to follow?  
The commonwealth of Rome has thought me wor-  
thy to be made an instrument of serving her inter-  
est; and, I hope, what with the fatigues of the  
bar, and a thousand drudgeries and dangers, I  
have in that respect acquitted myself as I ought;

yet one duty more is, I think, incumbent upon me, and that is the propagation of learning among my countrymen, whatever pains or perplexities it may cost me. Furthermore, I promise all such as are disposed rather to read the Greeks, they shall never be discouraged by me, if they will really study them, and put no tricks upon us; and as for those who trade in both languages, or are inclinable to prefer their own to any other so far as it will serve their purpose, I will do them what service I can. To proceed, they who would have me lay out my talent another way, are somewhat severe, seeing no body of Roman extraction has wrote more than I have done already; not that I am yet without a reserve, if I live long enough to make it public, though among all my productions there are none preferable to the ensuing Philosophical Treatise, as every one that well digests it will allow. For how can we better exercise our thoughts and our curiosity than upon philosophical *Queres*, and particularly the present; namely, What is ultimately the scope and end to which all our resolutions of living honestly and virtuously are pointed: what nature bids us pursue as the choicest of eligible things, and what to avoid as the greatest of evils: a question about which there has ever depended a mighty controversy among the men of letters; and therefore, I conceive, I shall not seem to depart from the dignity of my character, by setting myself to learn wherein consists the solidity

and perfection of whatever occurs in the concerns of life. Shall two such patriots as Publius Scævola and Marcus Manilius maintain a dispute whether a master's title be good to the child of his slave? And shall Marcus Brutus dislike an argument of such an admirable kind and so general a use as mine? I have heretofore with pleasure gone through that *case* beside many others of the same stamp, and design to go over them again; but must we therefore never look after those *resolves* which settle the main and only business of life? The first, perhaps, may sell best; but the last, I am sure, will serve best; as I need not inform those who will but apply themselves to read them. Let me add, that I have dissected and sifted the whole question about the ends of good and evil, for I have not only dwelt upon such notions as I myself could approve, but stated the several hypotheses which philosophers of all sorts have advanced. To begin with the plainest, let Epicurus's model, being the most generally known, lead the van; and you will see my account of it is as accurate as you can meet with any where among the Epicureans themselves, it being not my design to make *prose-lytes*, but to clear up truth. Once upon a time, you must know, I heard Epicurus's cause pleaded as to his opinion about pleasure, by that complete scholar Lucius Torquatus. Caius Triarius, a well instructed, serious young gentleman was present. And I answered what we had from Torquatus.

They were pleased to make me a visit at my seat in the country; and so after a short conference about learned matters, to which my two guests were much addicted; once in our lives, says Torquatus, we have caught you at leisure; now then I must know your reason why you refuse your vote for my friend Epicurus, for you are not so bad as the rest, that not satisfied with dissenting from him, bear him a mortal hatred. I take him to be the only man of them all that had truth before his eyes, and was able to rescue the mind from the grossest errors, and find out a complete method to make us good and happy. But I suppose yours and Triarius's objection is one and the same, that he wants all the elegancies of Plato, Aristotle, and Theophrastus. For as to the truth and stanchness of his assertions I cannot suppose you will pretend to dispute it. Never, Torquatus, replied I, were you wider of the mark. I am not at all displeased with the style of your philosopher; it is expressive and clear: and though I would not turn my back upon a philosopher's eloquence if it came in my way; yet at the same time I would never fall out with him for having none to shew. No, it is his matter which I cannot relish, at least as to a great many instances that might be produced. But so many men so many minds, and none infallible. To this Torquatus: and what, I beseech you, may be your exceptions? for I am well satisfied of your candour, and therefore conclude you have

some way or other mistook the philosopher's meaning. If I have, said I, my instructors Phædrus and Zeno must answer for it, who with all the knowledge they communicated of the Epicurean principles, could never reconcile me to any but the proofs they gave of their own diligence. Atticus and I were two of their most constant auditors; for Atticus had an esteem for them both, and was a passionate admirer of Phædrus; nor did we let a day pass without interchanging our notions upon what had been dictated by our tutors. *Then* it never used to be any part of our debate whether I understood, but only which way I held the question. If you please, answered Torquatus, let us hear what it is that you cannot digest. In the first place said I, as much as he values himself upon his natural philosophy, never any man's abounded more with blunders and absurdities. He attempts improving upon Democritus, but in my opinion so very unfortunately, that whatever he mends he makes ten times worse than it was before. Democritus had supposed an infinite space, uncircumscribed by dimensions or extremities, and therein a multitude of atoms or indivisible bodies, and these to frisk about hither and thither till they danced themselves into a consistency and continuity, so as to make up the material world; and that these atoms derived not their agitation from the impulse of any *efficient cause*, but that they had been in motion from all eternity. Now

so long as Epicurus keeps touch with Democritus, for the most part he makes a pretty good shift, though both advance a great many suppositions to which I can never subscribe, as particularly and especially, when there are two fundamental principles at least which every naturalist is obliged to consider, the efficient and the material cause, they have excluded the former, and wholly concerned themselves with the latter. In this nonsense they are equally interested; but the next monster of imagination is Epicurus's own; for when he has given the word of command to his little indivisible *solids*, that they should all descend by the force of their own weight in a direct line, according to the natural tendency, forsooth! of all bodies, the subtle *virtuoso* at last bethought himself that if every atom fell from its place in a straight line, they might fall long enough before any two of them encountered. Hereupon he casts about for an expedient; and what do you think it was? Why truly his atoms had unaccountably got a trick of *reeling*, and so met and shook hands, and combined themselves into a world. Now this is a mere school-boy's invention; and yet it will not bring him off at last: for this motion of inclination is all precarious and arbitrary, and no more cause assigned for it, than for his depriving his atoms of that direct motion which is natural to gravitation. What a strange creature is a natural philosopher, erecting hypotheses without a physical cause? and that im-



pertinently to his own design in doing so? For if all his atoms must descend *sideling*, they will never join one another; or, if some are to fall *aslant*, and some right down, just according as he lays his commands upon them; this is teaching them to lead up *courants* and *minuets*. And then this tumultuary conflux of atoms to the disappointment of Democritus as well as Epicurus, could never, after all, have produced such a beautiful and regular universe. Indeed the very supposing of an indivisible body proves him sufficiently defective and ignorant in his own way, as himself might have understood, if instead of unteaching his friend Polycænus *geometry*, he had submitted to learn a little of it from him. Democritus, who was a man of learning and a complete *geometrician*, allows the sun to be a very large body, while the other is contented with two feet, or thereabouts, for its diameter, making its real bigness the same, or much the same, as its apparent. Thus whatever he changes, he spoils; and whatever he takes without altering belongs to Democritus; as his *atoms*, his *space*, his *representations* or *species*, which obtruding themselves upon us, are the cause as well of thought as of sight; his *apiria*, or *infinity*; his *innumerable worlds*, and his *daily originations* of *some*, and *dissolutions* of *others*. These *chimeras* I know not what to make of; but yet, methinks, it is pity Democritus, after the applause which others have bestowed upon him, should lose

all his reputation through the default of one of his most devoted and servile followers. Then as for that other part of philosophy which contains the mystery of disputation, and is termed *logic*, your *oracle* is absolutely unfurnished and defenceless: for he has nothing to say, not he, to *definitions*, *divisions*, and *partitions*; neither will he put us in a way to form a conclusion, unravel a fallacy, or distinguish *equivocals*: he appropriates all discrimination to the external senses; and affirms that if ever they should entertain a falsehood for a truth, we are destitute of any further means of discerning one from the other. And as for his *ethics*, the third part of his philosophy, when he brings into the light his moral end, it is a dishonorable and a sordid one. The grand proof which he urges for his position is fetched from this natural principle, that we should pursue pleasure and avoid trouble; and therefore his division of things is into *delectables* and *detestables*. This is all *Aristippicism* revived, only the *Cyrenaics* managed their cause more artfully and ingeniously. Now human nature could not receive a greater affront than this implies. Our being, with its furniture and distinction, was certainly designed to much nobler purposes: and I cannot believe (though I know myself liable to error) that the *original* Torquatus took the enemies gold chain from him, in order to the perception of any bodily pleasure; or that in the time of his third consulship he engaged the Latins in the battle of Vesperis,

for the sake of any sensual gratification. So when he gave his child the fatal blow with his own hand, preferring the rights and authority of the public establishment to the natural tenderness and duty of a parent, I suppose, the satisfaction of this discipline, if he had any, was severely embittered by the relation. So again, when Lucius Torquatus, that was fellow consul with Cneius Octavius, treated his son, that had been adopted by Silanus, with such severity, upon articles exhibited against him by the Macedonian delegates, for acts of extortion, while he was *prætor* in that province, strictly commanding him to come to his trial, then after an hearing of both parties, declaring that his behaviour in his government had been unworthy of the family from which he was descended, and banishing him for ever from his presence: will you say that the father when he did all this had any raptures and transports in his eye? Not to enumerate the dangers, the toils, the calamities, which are welcome to every true patriot and protector of his dependents, in such a rational defiance to all outward enjoyments as to embrace extremities rather than forego a duty; not to reckon up these, I say, let us descend to more familiar instances, though not weaker evidences. I appeal to yourselves, gentlemen, where is the *nectar* and *ambrosia* you taste in the several authors you converse with, historians, philosophers, poets, and the many verses you have imprinted upon your me-

mory? It will not serve the turn to tell me they are entertaining and diverting. No doubt the Torquatuses found a pleasure too in what they did. But Epicurus is wiser than to put his cause upon that issue; and so are yourselves, and every body that understands the merits of it. If here, as of course, it is demanded, how the Epicureans then come to be so numerous, among other causes, a principal one is this, that Epicurus is vulgarly conceived to maintain, that virtue and probity are essentially and intrinsically delightful; and whether any regard be had to corporeal satisfactions or not, virtue and wisdom would be desirable irrespectively, and for themselves, which he can by no means away with. And therefore I can as little approve of Epicurus's opinion. But it is as good as could be expected from that illiterate man: for, I presume, even Torquatus himself must acknowledge him to have been but a very superficial scholar. However, he had no reason to seduce other people from following their studies: though, it seems, he could not influence you in that respect. This was what I offered, not so much to explain myself, as to alarm Torquatus. In earnest, said Triarius with a smile, you have effectually stripped Epicurus of all his philosophy, and left him no pretension to cheer up his spirits, but only this; that as extravagantly as he talks, you understand his drift. His natural philosophy is borrowed ware, and all of it in your opinion bad;

but none of it so bad as his own alterations and amendments. He knew not one tittle of *logic*. His placing the *sovereign good* in pleasure, is a conceit that is none of his own; and the very *choice* discovers the shallowness of his judgment: for Aristippus had defended it before, and with a much better grace too. And when you have thus divested the man of common sense, it is no wonder you should make him a *dunce* into the bargain. If I am to declare myself obliged, Sir, said I, to dissent from any man, would you have me do it without informing you what it is I dislike in him? If I could receive all that Epicurus has taught, what should keep me from going over to him? especially when I consider, that to learn his philosophy is no more than to learn a game. It is true, I think it beneath the dignity of a philosopher to blemish a dispute with contumelious and spiteful suggestions, passionate excursions, or a positive, peremptory obstinacy. But why disputants may not find *flaws* as fast as they can, I do not apprehend. Most freely, says Torquatus, I agree with you there; for it is impossible to dispute at all without the liberty of carping, as to dispute without impartiality and temper to any purpose. But for other matters, you shall have my answer immediately, if you will give yourself the trouble to hear it. What, said I, do you think I have been promising myself all this while? Then the question was, whether he should take in all the

parts of the Epicurean institution, or confine himself to the topic of pleasure, the point in controversy : and when I had left him to his choice, why then, said he, I will at present speak to the main question only, deferring the vindication of his *physics* for a more seasonable opportunity. And I do not question but to satisfy your scruples, and remove your prejudices about the deviatory motion of the atoms, the bigness of the sun, and the reasonableness of the improvements made by Epicurus upon Democritus. For this time I shall only explain myself upon the subject of pleasure, neither advancing new notions, nor any other that I think you will have reason to reject. For my part, said I, an unconvincible humour is my aversion ; and assure yourself, if you can fairly prove your point, you make me your convert. Then I do not despair, said he, provided you will be as good as your word ; but to prevent the interruptions of *queries* and *replies*, I crave leave to carry on my discourse in a continued series. And when for that I had left him to his own discretion, thus he addressed the company : I will begin in that method which my master observed before me, and define the subject of the question ; not that I suppose you want any such instruction, but that we may proceed more regularly. It is therefore demanded what is our chief and ultimate good, into which, as it is agreed among all philosophers whatsoever, the rest are universally resolved, and itself

into none. Epicurus will have this to be *pleasure* ; as, on the contrary, *pain* to be the greatest of evils ; and he thus proposes to prove it. Every animal, says he, is no sooner born, but it begins the chase after pleasure, and indulges itself in that, as the only expedient of its well-being ; while to the utmost of its power it avoids and rescues itself from pain ; and this in an unprejudiced and an undepraved state of nature. And therefore he denies any necessity of expostulating for a reason why we should affect pleasure and abhor pain. These he accounts the immediate results of sensation, as we perceive that *fire* makes us warm, that *snow* is white, and *honey* sweet ; of all which particulars, we need no other demonstration to convince us, than that of impressions from without, the difference being wide between syllogistical deductions, and the simple perceptions of sense : the one unlocks doubts and obscurities, and lets you into truth ; the other is a *thorough-fare*, and lets in truth upon you. Now in regard a man without any senses is no better than a carcase ; from hence it follows, that nature is the best judge of her own desires and aversions : and that pleasure is the immediate object of the first, and pain of the other. For is there any thing which a man is capable of perceiving and distinguishing in order to pursue or shun it, besides pleasure or pain ? Others there are of Epicurus's disciples that carry the thing further ; and not enduring that the distinctions of good and

evil should be ingrossed by the senses, understand it as a dictate of the judgment, and a rule of right reason, that pleasure is in its own nature desirable, and pain odious. And say that the consequence, which is, that we should pursue the first, and avoid the last, is an *innate principle*. But another party, to which I properly belong, observing how strangely the dispute concerning excellency of pleasure and the evil of pain has been bandied about, are of opinion, that we ought not to manage our cause with pertness and bigotry, but lay our reasonings carefully together, and confer *at large* upon the nature of pleasure and pain. Wherefore for the easier detection and disproof of their error that declaim against pleasure, and speak favourably of pain, I will set the whole matter in a true light, and give you the sense of what I find suggested to our purpose by our great *alchymist of truth* and *projector of human felicity*. Nobody conceives an aversion to pleasure; but because, if we take imprudent measures to attain it, we suffer for it in the consequences. As on the other hand, nobody can be a friend to *pain*, as *pain*; but yet it may meet with a favourable reception, because it frequently happens, that pain and labour prove a necessary means towards the procurement of exquisite pleasures. To propose a trivial instance; which of us three would fatigue himself with our bodily exercises, if he did not find his account in it? At the same time shall I blame a man for pre-



ferring that pleasure which he can purchase without any manner of trouble, or for excusing himself from that pain which is not productive of pleasure? Notwithstanding, when the blandishments of any present delights prevail so far as to intoxicate and incapacitate us for judging what difficulties and inconveniences *we had better* embrace, we are highly to be blamed, and deserve to have no favour shewed us; as do also those people, whose effeminacy, and lightness, and antipathy to pain and labour betray them into dishonourable courses. But here the right distinction is very obvious. As thus; when we are free from all conditional bars and limitations, and warranted to make directly after that which pleases us best, then we must resign up ourselves entirely to the pleasure, and admit no treaty with the pain. But when, as it falls out sometimes, either our duty or our circumstances oblige us to give up our pleasures, and wade into vexations, there is this choice yet reserved for every wise man, either to secure to himself greater pleasures at the price of lesser, or to escape severer vexations by accepting lighter. This is my notion of the business; and I would gladly understand why the instances of our family will not agree with it—seeing you were pleased, upon recollection, out of respect and kindness to fasten there. A notable stratagem (if it would take) to stroke your adversary into a peaceable indifference! But, I beseech you, what account will

you give us of their acting as they did? Can you believe when the enemy was charged so briskly, and their own flesh and blood handled so roughly, that no ends or interests were to be served? The very beasts of prey are wiser than to expose and disorder themselves for nothing: and can you fancy that persons of such a character would have acted so singularly, if they knew not why? Hereafter we shall see what grounds they went upon. At present it is enough to be assured, that if they did what became them, they acted upon some other motive than that of simple and abstracted virtue. One of them carried off his enemy's chain; and when he had done so, made armour on it *for his own security*. Well, but there was a dangerous obstacle that faced him, called *an army*. And what could be the temptation then? Why a prospect of raising his reputation, and fortifying his interest with applause and popularity. The same person knocked his child on the head; but had he been so rash and inhuman as to do such a thing without a reason, I should blush to own myself his *relation*. Now, if it was his intent rather to destroy his own quiet, than suffer the *military discipline* to be infringed, or his orders and authority neglected among the soldiers, when the danger was imminent; he made a wise provision for the safety of his countrymen, well-knowing that his own was comprehended therein. The same observations are applicable to a vast variety of in-

stances. And as industriously as both of you, especially my antagonist, who thrashes at the study of antiquity, exercise your lungs upon the characters of gallant and extraordinary men, and magnify their actions, as not resulting from any mercenary considerations, but purely from a principle of virtue and honour, you are tied to retract, provided, as in the premisses, it be made a rule of option, that lesser satisfactions are to be quitted for the obtaining of greater, and lesser inconveniences borne with to divert worse. And thus much may suffice in relation to your instances of glorious and heroic actions, it being by this time proper to come forward and observe how directly all virtue tends to pleasure. And here I shall explain what it is I mean by pleasure, that so the common misconstructions may be prevented, and the seriousness and even austerity of that philosophy, which passes for such a luscious, effeminate system, may be set forth. For indeed that sort of pleasure which strikes the senses, and affects the economy of our bodies with an obliging influence, we do not pursue exclusively of the other incomparable pleasure, which consists in *indolency*, or an exemption from pain: for since pleasure is nothing else but the agreeableness, nor pain but the disagreeableness of things to the percipient; and sincethe very removal and intermission of pain is a thing so very agreeable to us, no wonder if we pronounce the absence of pain to be a pleasure.

Thus for the purpose, the consequence of taking off hunger, and extinguishing thirst is an actual satisfaction: and so, as to all other particulars, a cessation of disturbance is the very birth of pleasure. Hence it was that Epicurus denied a *medium* between *pleasure* and *pain*, because that *medium*, as understood by those who talk of it, implies freedom from pain; which he will have to be not a pleasure barely, but the *queen* of all pleasures; it being impossible but that every man who feels at any time within himself after what manner he is affected, should be sensible either of some pleasure or some molestation: whereas it is Epicurus's maxim, that the sublimest pleasure terminates in an entire discharge from pain; and that although it further admits of specifications and variety, yet it is capable of no higher improvements. Upon this occasion, I remember, my father has told me, when he has been in the humour of rallying *stoicism*, that at Athens, in one of the Ceramici, there is a statue of Chrysippus sitting, and holding out his hand, as if he would propose his favourite *quere*, *Do you find any cravings in your hand in the present crisis of its affairs?* None, I dare say, which yet it would not but have, if *pleasure* were a real good; and therefore it cannot be such. My father was positive, the statue itself, if able to speak, would talk more *à propos*. It is true, the argument holds handsomely against the Cyrenaics; but Epicurus is by no means concerned in it. If

there were no pleasure but that which exhilarates and captivates the senses, the mere absence of pain, without the force of a little lively pleasure, could never have given his hand *content*: but if Epicurus's indolence be the highest of all pleasures, we may grant Chrysippus the first supposition, that his hand, while he held it out, felt no want of any thing; but for the next, that if *pleasure* were a real *good*, his hand would be grasping at it, we must beg his pardon; for it could not possibly feel the want of any thing, because that which is free from pain is in a state of pleasure. Further, to make it plain that pleasure is our utmost *good*, let us represent to ourselves the condition of a man perpetually regaled with all the variety conceivable of the most ravishing pleasures incident either to the mind or body, without the least alloy of pain, either present or approaching: can any condition of life be more advantageous, or more desirable than this? especially since it must include such a firmness of soul, as renders it proof against the fears of death or pain; death being a loss of all sensation, and pain either long and moderate, or acute and short; so that which ever it proves, there is room for comfort: though to finish the felicity of it, it is necessary that the dread of a Deity be forgotten, and the sweetness of past pleasures very frequently recollected. Again: let us imagine a man afflicted with the saddest agonies and tortures of mind and body, utterly despairing

of any relief or relaxation, and wholly lost as well to the remembrance of past, and the expectation of future, as the fruition of any present pleasure; what could we call him but the very accomplishment and *idea* of *misery* itself? If therefore a life of torment is the most detestable, undoubtedly it is the greatest evil, and consequently a life of pleasure must be the greatest good, on this side whereof the mind of man finds nothing for it *finally* to fix upon; as there is nothing besides pain, as that comprehends all sorts of terrors and molestations, which simply and from itself can either disturb or shatter us. In short, pleasure and pain are the first occasions and springs of all affection, aversion, and action; whence it is evident, that all the concerns of wisdom and virtue are to be reckoned into the account of a life of pleasure. And thus while we convince ourselves, that when we have said all, a life of jollity and pleasure is the *summum bonum*, the last and the completest good, into which all others must be resolved, and itself into none; there are some people abroad that widely mistaking the intendment and scope of nature, affirm, that virtue and glory claim that denomination; an absurdity, from which Epicurus, if they would lend him an ear, would easily free them: for what becomes of the dignity and value of all your fine charming virtues, in case they are no longer effective of pleasure? But for the sake of health, we should look upon the science of *medicine* as an idle piece of

curiosity; and a pilot is esteemed, not for his theory of navigation, but the benefit of his conduct: accordingly wisdom, or the *science of living*, were it no more than a barren amusement, would be undeserving of our application, whereas it claims our attention, because we are by it put in a way to come at pleasure. What pleasure I mean, I hope you know so well by this time, that I need not fear the *odium* of the word will stand in the way of my argument. The thing which I drive at is this. All the unhappiness of our lives is notoriously imputable to the false estimates we pass upon the nature of things, and these misapprehensions frequently forfeit us our choicest pleasures, and lay us open to the most melancholy discomposures; against which, wisdom is our antidote, as being that which subdues our fears, and our desires, corrects our vain opinions and prejudices, and certainly brings us to the possession of true pleasure. It is this alone that quells our solicitude, and all our panic fears, that slakes the vehemence of our appetites, and teaches us the art of living happily, our appetites being so insatiable as to bring destruction upon ourselves and our neighbours, upon entire families, nay upon whole common-wealths. These are the fountains of emulation, ruptures, faction, and war. And yet as wildly and impetuously as they are raised against other people, the tempests and tumults they excite in our own breasts are such, that the comforts of life are totally lost

in them ; and till a man has the discretion to prune away his levity, and his mistakes, and contain himself within the restrictions of nature, it is not in his power to live without disturbance and terror. To this purpose is that most useful and edifying division, which Epicurus has introduced of our desires into *those that are both natural and necessary ; those that are natural but not necessary ; and those that are neither natural nor necessary.* The first may be satisfied easily and cheaply : the second will also come to very reasonable terms, requiring no more than a moderate competency of what provisions offer themselves : but the third will not be restrained or stinted at all. Now then, as sure as ignorance and false reasonings over-cast the serenity of human life, and nothing but wisdom rescues us from the tyranny of our inclinations and terrors, and makes us a match for the malice of fortune, and masters of our own ease and quiet : so surely it is pleasure we propose to ourselves, when we labour to be wise, and fear of infelicity that keeps us from courses of indiscretion. Thus ought we to be ambitious of having a command over ourselves, not for the sake of the virtue, but the inward satisfaction, complacency, and harmony arising out of it. For this virtue is that which governs us in all our pursuits and aversions, inasmuch as it is not enough for us to distinguish between what methods are fit or unfit to be taken, but our determinations must be followed with suit-



able resolutions and practices; whereas usually when we come to know what we have to trust to, some one phantom or other of pleasure enchants us; we yield ourselves prisoners to our own desires, and lose all apprehensions of the consequences; and so for the love perhaps of a poor insignificant satisfaction, that might have been obtained some other way, or if not, it had been never the worse for us, we run ourselves into diseases, distresses, and disgraces; nay, frequently upon the very weapons of public justice: while they who contrive and regulate their pleasures in such a manner that no subsequent inconveniences attend them, and deal so ingenuously by themselves as not to do, for any solicitations of pleasure, what they are satisfied ought not to be done, receive always double interest for any pleasure they quit; and to put by a greater evil they surrender themselves to a less. Whence we infer, that as moderation and temperance are not desirable qualities, as they retrench our pleasures, but only as they commute them to our advantage, so extravagances and intemperance are not purely upon their own account detestable. The same is to be said of *fortitude*. It is not for the blessedness either of taking or enduring pains that we give proofs of our patience, our vigilance, nay our industry, and even our bravery itself: but these, we know, are the best physic toward a cure of the solitudes and discouragements of human life, and a philosophical *garde*

*du corps* against our daily disasters. The fear of death murders the repose of life; and, when affliction once overpowers and unmanus us, we must be miserable: thus multitudes have become dispirited and desperate, and done violence to their parents, their friends, their country, and themselves. But a man of a sturdy, brave spirit is beyond the reach of care and disquietude: he is unconcerned at the thoughts of death, as remanding him into the same condition he was in before he was begot, and fortified against pain by recollecting, that, if violent, death stops it; if gentle, it has intermissions; if between both, we have it under command; and so as long as it is supportable, may endure, and when we can no longer endure it, may be as glad to leave life, as the diversion of an *opera* when we are tired. All this effectually proves that cowardice and larciness are not essentially such ill qualities, nor fortitude and tolerance, such good ones, as they are made to be, but only for that the effects of the first are so pernicious, and those of the latter so pleasant and beneficial. *Justice* only remains of the four cardinal virtues to be considered, and this will take the same application as the former, it having been shewn, that the union between pleasure, prudence, temperance, and fortitude, is indissoluble; and it holds as well between *pleasure* and *justice*, which is not only inoffensive, but fills the soul either with satisfactions arising immediately from itself, or

from an assurance of all those felicities which are incompatible with a corrupted conscience, just as precipitancy, impetuosity and impotency tease and torment the mind; for the consciousness of justice is a charm against all discomposure, whereas your knave's lying close and undetected for some time, can by no means make him secure that his practises shall never be discovered. For foul play creates suspicions, which ripen into rumours, and then come the informers and the judges, unless the very parties betray themselves, as they did under your consulship; or if some people of wealth and interest, fancy themselves sufficiently fenced against prosecution and disturbance from men, yet there is the dread of a Deity which they cannot elude; and those dismal apprehensions which haunt and macerate them night and day, pass into a certain earnest, and a convincing proof of the divine vengeance. How great, alas! are the odds between the advantages proposed in doing an ill thing, and the mortifications we suffer for it from our own consciences, from public justice, and public *odium*. And yet some people's avarice, pride, ambition, lust, luxury, and vices in general are so insatiable, that the more they extend their conquest, the more they are encouraged and animated, and will not be reclaimed, and therefore must be restrained. Upon the whole, we see right reason binds us to the duties of justice, equity, and honesty. Man is but a poor helpless infant, and

fair-dealing is his interest, and the best means to compass his ends. By right, our generosity should be the steward of our fortunes, and abilities, which, if impowered, will procure us the main ingredients of a comfortable life, that is, the benevolence and favour of others; and that without crossing upon any plausible temptation, for the wants of nature are easily supplied without our betaking ourselves to injurious methods, and of all other wants we are to take no notice, for the matter of them is unworthy the least regard, and the booty cannot prove so valuable as the injury prejudicial. Wherefore we dare not affirm even of *justice* that it is eligible and valuable for itself, but because of the satisfactions which attend it, for there is a mighty consolation in being esteemed and beloved, inasmuch as the interests of life are thereby confirmed, and so the pleasures of it doubled. And therefore villany and disingenuity ought to scare us not so much by the calamities which they bring upon ill men, as because they banish repose and cheerfulness from the mind that entertains them. Now then if all the glorious pretensions of virtue itself which your other philosophers have spent their harangues upon, dwindle into nothing, unless consummated by pleasure; and pleasure is the only thing which by its own force invites and attracts us to itself, it is apparent that pleasure must be our main and ultimate good, and a happy life, only another name for a life of pleasure. My

principal assertion being thus made out, I shall now briefly dispatch some remaining observations. Whether pleasure and pain are the true moral ends, is not questioned by any of our sect: but the error of some among us lies in their ignorance of the true origins of pleasure and pain. It cannot be denied that the pleasures and pains of the mind spring from the pleasures and pains of the body: and I must own, whatever Epicureans think otherwise, as I know there are a great many superficial ones that do, must not, as you observe, hope to carry their point. The pleasures, it is true, and disturbances of the mind affect us with joy and sorrow; but then both of them begin at the body, and because of the intimate relation that is between them, it comes to pass that the pleasure and grief which the mind perceives, exceeds the pleasures and pains of the body, for the body is sensible of none but the objects present; whereas the mind moreover employs itself upon precedent and future. And if when the body is in pain, the mind is proportionably afflicted, any expectations of eternal and infinite evils, must add very considerably to the weight of our troubles, as on the other hand, to be free from such apprehensions must mightily increase our pleasures. In short, it is past dispute that the richest satisfactions, and the blackest anxieties of the mind conduce more either to the happiness or unhappiness of our lives, than either of them, if their duration be measured

only by the continuance of the pleasures and pains of the body. Further, it is to be intimated that dissatisfaction does not immediately succeed upon intermission of pleasure, unless a positive sorrow supplies the place of a departed pleasure; although intermission of pain is itself a very sensible refreshment, whether accompanied by any bodily pleasures or not. And this hint sufficiently illustrates the choiceness of the pleasure of indolency. Again, as the prospect of a future good is a wonderful support and encouragement, so is the remembrance and recapitulation of satisfactions past and gone. Men of sense will entertain and amuse themselves with reviving the images and ideas of the sweets they have formerly tasted, and none but a fool troubles his head with recollecting the miseries he has undergone. It is in our own power as well to bury past perplexities in oblivion, as to retrieve and dwell upon the very phantom of what has heretofore delighted us. And those recollections, if enforced with earnestness and attention, will as the matter of them appears either hurtful or beneficial in its nature, accordingly disturb or compose. Behold then how plain, direct and admirable a method I recommend to make you happy! for since we cannot wish ourselves a greater happiness than to be absolutely free from pain and disquietude, and to enjoy the completest pleasures imaginable both of mind and body, what is there a way that can further contribute toward our attaining that

chief and ultimate good which we seek for? *Out upon that voluptuary Epicurus*, is continually in your mouths, and yet he proclaims it an impossibility for him that would not keep up to the rules of wisdom, justice and ingenuity, to live happily, and as impossible for him that does, to live unhappily: for if there can be no peace as long as there is faction and rebellion in a body politic, nor in a family where the leading members of it are divided; for the same reason the mind that is at variance with itself is not in a condition to relish any thing that may be called a savory and a genuine pleasure. Where inconsistent purposes and resolutions take place, ease and tranquillity have no concerns. If any harsher bodily distempers create such lamentable perturbations, how much more must the diseases of our minds impair our happiness? By the diseases of the mind, I mean all our excessive and fantastical desires after riches, glory, dominion, sensual pleasures. Add to these discontent, disappointment, and vexation, which distract and consume us while we will not understand that our minds ought to take no impressions but of bodily pain either present or in reversion. And because every unwise man labours under one or other of these diseases, therefore we meet with nobody that is properly happy. Besides, death like a stone, suppose, over Tantalus, is perpetually dangling above our heads; and then there is another thing called *superstition* that certainly if indulged destroys our quiet,

Nor is it in the power of any unwise man to enjoy any present comforts, or the remembrance of any past, but barely the hopes of future; the uncertainty of which fills him with fear and anguish, and when in the upshot he finds that the gay promises he had made himself of wealth, empire, greatness, and glory come to nothing, he loses all patience: for, indeed, let him act as vigorously as he will, it is impossible for such a man to find fuel enough for the flame of his own passions and appetites. There are also your puny, abject, disconsolate, malicious, envious, peevish, unconvertible, exceptionous, unaccountable sorts of souls, not forgetting the amorous, impertinent, impudent, lewd, intemperate, idle, insignificant, inconstant: and these poor wretches never know what means a moment's relaxation from misery. So that happiness cannot be the portion of fools, nor unhappiness of understanding men. And this we prove from principles which are far more just and rational than those of the *stoics*, who will have nothing to be properly good, but an empty *chimera* of their own which they have dignified with the title of *honestum*, affirming that virtue lodged in this *honestum* or *principle of honour and honesty*, alone and exclusively of all pleasure, suffices to render us completely happy. Not but this is a real truth too in one sense, (and instead of opposing it so understood, we will stand by it) for it is constantly Epicurus's character of a wise man, that he



governs his appetites, that he despises death, that he is not afraid to make his own conclusions when he is thinking of the gods, nor unwilling to leave the world when it is convenient. So soon as he is thus disposed he cannot help being happy; at least the pleasures of his life, though blended with a few disturbances, will be predominant. He freely indulges himself in his meditations upon delights that are fled, and makes the most of objects and opportunities that lie before him, expecting, without depending upon things to come, and ever securing the present. He steers aloof from all the ill habits mentioned before, and upon comparing the life of a fool with his own, is cheered and satisfied. If any uneasiness attacks him, it is never of that force, but that still he is master of a superior proportion of happiness. What can be nobler theorems than those of Epicurus, that fortune has very little power over a wise man, and that he governs the world by the force and authority of his understanding, and that a state of mortality fills up the measure of his happiness as effectually as immortality itself could. Your logic Epicurus neglected, as affording no helps either in the business of *morality* or *argumentation*: and yet his natural philosophy abounds with instances and exemplifications of the force both of that art and *rhetoric* in their several branches. But it is the knowledge of nature's *phænomena* that dissipates those terrors which else

had imposed upon us, that cures our superstition, and hardens us against the fear of death; and what is more, until we have thoroughly examined what are the severals which the order and economy of the universe require, we have not done all that lies in our power toward finishing our behaviour and manners. But then, provided we keep close to our general criterion, or determining rule, as a divine irradiation of truth from heaven, and once come to form and fix rightly our notions of things, it will not be in the power of wit or words to drive us from our hold. Neither yet so long as we are ignorant of the natures and properties of beings, can we prove the verity of sensible representations and suggestions. All ideas of the mind are derived from the senses; if these therefore are all faithful, as Epicurus tells us, we are capacitated in some sort both to apprehend and comprehend. But if these are to be cashiered, and there can be no such thing as a right perception, the reasons of either position must be such as demonstrate both to be precarious; over and above the frustration of all our intercourses and enterprises which such a scepticism implies. Upon the whole, our natural philosophy is our *orvitan* against the fears of death, or the horrors of a religious melancholy. It discovers the secret dependances of natural causes, and makes us easy and secure. It shews us what and how various our appetites are, and whence we may best form our measures to regulate them.

And lastly it serves for a rule of judgment and science to state our distinctions by, between truths and untruths. I must not make an end until I have explained myself upon one head more, and that is the subject of friendship, which you tell us is never to be contracted, if pleasure be the *greatest good*, though Epicurus declares it his opinion, that wisdom among all the ingredients of happiness has not a nobler, a richer, or a more delicious one than friendship. And this he did not only assert in his writings, but gave a practical proof of it in his life and conversation. How singular a commendation this is, appears from the rare instances of friendship, which the mythology of the ancients, as voluminous and as full of variety as it is, contains, at most amounting but to three couples, when we have traced them from Theseus to Orestes. But O! what a numerous, what an harmonious company of friends did Epicurus crowd into his own little habitation! and the Epicureans have ever followed the example. But to return; the disputants of our sect have managed the question of friendship upon three different bottoms. One party of them that confess the communicative satisfactions which pass from friend to friend, are not so desirable upon their own account as every individual's proper pleasure, (a confession very prejudicial, as some people conceive, to the interest of friendship) yet vigorously maintain their point, and, to do them justice, with very good success, it ap-

pearing to them an absurdity, that the virtues before specified should be inseparable from pleasure, and friendship not so. Even common sense prompts us to friendly associations and alliances upon the view of the many and mighty dangers and frights that go along with unconversableness and solitude. For these alliances make us bold and sprightly, and are the certain fore-runners of an advancing happiness. For if malice, envy, and disregard are the bane of tranquillity, the consequence will be, that friendliness, I will not say promotes, but completes our satisfactions, as well common as personal: and as fast as it furnishes out the present, it heightens them on with promises of future. Seeing therefore the comforts of life must be very uncertain and volatile, unless fixed by friendship; and friendship is no way to be cultivated but by loving our friends no less than ourselves: pleasure is as necessarily the concomitant, as mutual affections are the indentures of friendship; and hence it is that friends equally share one another's content or discontent, and every wise man has as quick a sense of the circumstances of his friend as of his own, and will bustle as briskly to gratify his friend as to gratify himself. So that whatever has been urged to prove that virtue and pleasure cannot be alienated from each other, may as well be applied to prove that neither can friendship and pleasure be divorced; according to what Epicurus has excellently remarked, that the same philosophy which

has baffled the damping supposition of an eternal or permanent state of misery, has pronounced friendship the best security of human life. A second sort of Epicureans, and a very shrewed one too, apprehending more danger than those of the first *hypothesis* form your ill-natured objections, and doubting whether the cause of *friendly offices* will not be lost, if we make pleasure the scope and end of them, answer you, that the first motive and occasion of striking an acquaintance and confederating, is the pleasure of compassing an amicable union, which being wrought up into familiarity, the endearments prevail so far at last, that, all considerations of profit thrown aside, one friend loves another for the other's proper sake. Thus we commonly entertain a partiality for particular places, as cloisters, towns, schools, fields, dogs, horses, games, because they have been the stages or instruments of our exercises or diversions: how much more natural is it then for conversation to breed and heighten friendship? A third sort alledge articles of a tacit compact, wherein all wise men are parties, and whereby they are obliged to love their friends full as well as themselves. This we all know is practicable, and the method holds true in fact. I need not add how subservient it is to our happiness, this mingling of interests. And now we have laid together an account of the whole matter; by which it appears, that the doctrine of pleasure's being the *summum bonum*, is so far from

weakening the foundations of friendship, that without it there can be no such thing. And if the reasonableness of what has been insisted upon is, as it is, as bright and radiant as the sun in the meridian; if nature herself seals it all with her own testimony, if that testimony be further corroborated by the full and unbiassed evidence of our own senses; nay, if children, infants, and even the dumb animals themselves, antecedently to any degeneracies, and prepossessions, upon the bare dictate and instinct of their natures, give us to understand, that nothing is grateful to our being but pleasure, nothing disagreeable but pain: what veneration and acknowledgments are due to the man, that having first soberly and rightly digested the lessons which nature taught him, has put us all in a way, if we have but our wits about us, to make our own lives easy, quiet, and pleasant? If he was nothing of a scholar, it was because he would not seem upon any terms to extend the province of learning beyond the study of human happiness. You, I warrant, would have advised him to do, as I and Triarius here have done by your advice, play the fool and waste his time in conning over the poets; or else to follow Plato's example, and lay out himself upon music, geometry, arithmetic, and astronomy. All of them amusements that proceed upon principles notoriously false; and which, though they were never so solid, signify not a rush towards the improving of our lives, that is,

of our pleasures. What? would you have had him to have employed his hours upon the sciences aforesaid, and to have spared all his laborious, beneficial enquiries about the conduct and regulation of life! No, no; the men that want better teaching, are they who require of a philosopher, when he is beyond his *climacteric*, to make the *elements* of his education his business: they, and not Epicurus. Then he concluded in these words; you have now, sir, what I had to propose, and I expect you will vouchsafe me your sentiments upon it; and then I shall have my ends of you, which, for want of a fair opportunity, I could never have before.







CICERO  
OF  
MORAL ENDS.

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BOOK II.

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IMMEDIATELY they both turned their eyes upon me; and when I observed them expecting, I told them in the first place I would not be guilty of that which I had condemned in the philosophers; of reading a lecture upon a question. Did ever Socrates, that great master in the faculty, take such a course? It was an abuse brought in by the sophists, as they were called. Leontinus Gorgias, one of that tribe, was the first man that presumed to frequent the public exercises and *challenge a question*; I mean, demand a subject to be disputed upon *off-hand*. This was bold, or rather impudent; if our philosophers, that afterwards trod in Gorgias's steps, can forgive the term. Though, as we learn from Plato, Socrates routed the sophists as he pleased, and particularly the challenger aforesaid. His way was to put questions and receive answers, and to make the person he conferred with explain his own opinions; and then he spoke again to those answers, as he

saw convenient. This manner of disputing in process of time grew quite out of use, till it was revived by Arcesilas, who made his auditors open their minds to him instead of inquiring what was *his*, and afterwards he came in with his animadversions upon their propositions, which nevertheless they were permitted to defend as long as they were able. The general and ordinary procedure was, and is still, among the *academics*, to have the question proposed, and then the proposers keep silence. As thus; *Pleasure*, say you, *is according to my sense of things, the summum bonum*: whereupon immediately follows the disproof at large, in a fair and full dissertation; the assigner of the question being not conceived to hold it as he has been pleased to state it, but to call for such reasons as any body else can object. It happens our affair is in a great forwardness, Torquatus having already not only informed us *how* he holds the question, but *why* he holds it so. And notwithstanding, sir, your discourse, as you continued it in one thread, was extremely taking, yet perhaps it had been more advisable, as particulars came to be urged in order, and when what one side or the other granted or denied was well understood, then to have deduced your particular conclusions from the premisses agreed upon, until you had gone through all parts of the dispute. For a *running oration* is like a *rapid stream*: it carries all before it, but with such violence and precipitation, that there is no laying hold upon, or making

prize of any thing. In all methodical and rational inquiries the law-form of *ea res agatur, pray keep to that*, must be allowed for a leading direction; for if we will dispute, we must be first agreed upon the matter we dispute about: so says Plato in his Phædrus; and Epicurus himself has approved of it, and passed it into a *standing law*; not observing the notorious inconsistency of this rule with another of his, prohibiting *definitions*, without the help of which it is very often impossible for the parties in suspense to agree upon the meaning of the matter in debate; as particularly in the case before us. We are looking out for the *ultimate good*. And after a thousand arguings about it, *pro* and *con*, how much the wiser, think you, are we like to be until we have settled and paired our notions, as of *good* in general, so of an *ultimate good* in particular. And these illustrations and characterizings of the forms and essences of things are called *definitions*. You yourself stumbled upon them sometimes—for want of due caution! else you had omitted your excellent account of the *last* or *final good*, that it is that good which is the scope and end of all our commendable actions, and which is never pursued for the sake of any thing else. I suppose, had you thought it of consequence, you would not have scrupled to give us also a definition of *bonum, good in general*, as that it is *the object of our natural desires*, or that it is *every thing that is really beneficial*, or *advances our welfare*, or *creates*

*us a pleasure.* It should seem then, you can reconcile yourself as often as you see fit to the business of defining; and if so, give me leave to put you to the trouble of defining *pleasure*, the subject of our present disquisition. Is it supposable, said he, that any body can be ignorant of the nature of *pleasure*, or demand a definition to give him a light into it? But that for my own part I know, said I, how true and adequate an idea of pleasure I have, I could find in my heart to confess myself an exception to your *Is it supposable*: but let it suffice that a certain philosopher, who goes by the name of Epicurus, as carefully as he inculcates the expediency of learning the significations of words, not only hesitates and varies in the importance of the word *pleasure*, but utterly mistakes it. I profess, a glorious paradox! replied he smiling, that the man who asserts pleasure with all his force to be our *utmost good*, the perfection and complement of all our felicity, should not conceive what *pleasure* is? In earnest, either Epicurus did not understand the nature of pleasure; or, if he did, no mortal beside himself ever understood it. I was asked how that appeared. I replied, that every body meant by pleasure, no more than the satisfactions and gratifications of sense. Well! said Torquatus, and does Epicurus take no cognizance at all of such a sort of pleasure? Oftener, said I, than makes for his credit; as when he frankly declares if there be any other *good* be-

sides good eating, good drinking, good music, and something else not fit to be named, he neither apprehends where, or what it is. I appeal to yourself; have I misrepresented him? And what if he has affirmed thus much? said Torquatus, where is the harm, if you will put that favourable construction upon the words which they will very well bear, and I will undertake to vindicate. O, no question! said I, and pray be proud withal of your being listed under *the pink of penetration*, the only bashful poor creature that ever seized upon the title of *wise!* for Metrodorus did not write *himself* so, but Epicurus very graciously conferred that honour upon him. As the *seven sages* had the same epithet adjudged them by the general consent and suffrage of the world: but no matter for that; as long as it is plain Epicurus in the passage before quoted means by *pleasure* the same thing that other people do, a certain delightful *tremor* in the senses, called in Greek *ἡδονή*, in Latin *voluptas*. It was demanded then, what I took offence at. I will tell you, sir, said I, and really not so much with a design to reprimand either yourself or Epicurus, as for our better information. As much of that, said he, as you please, and as little correction. Do you know, said I, what Hieronymus Rhodius has allotted for the *summum bonum*? I know, said Torquatus, he resolves it into *nihil dolere, mere indolence*. And what is his opinion as to *pleasure*? That it is not

a thing to be desired for its own sake. It seems then, said I, he puts a distinction between *pleasure* and *indolence*! He does so, said he, and against all reason, as is clear from what I formerly observed to you, that the removal of all uneasiness is the consummation of all pleasure. As for the effect of indolence I shall examine, said I, what it is in the sequel. Meantime, I assure myself you cannot be so perverse as to deny there is a difference in the result between *actual pleasure* and *bare indolence*. I assure you, said he, I must be so perverse, and am confident my cause is good. Is it a pleasure to drink when we are thirsty? No doubt on it. Is it the same pleasure that follows when our thirst is quenched? Not the same *species* of pleasure. The latter is a *still* or *stable pleasure*; the former an *active* or *operative one*. But if, said I, they so little resemble one another, why do you confound them? Have I, said he, so lately told you to so little purpose, that pleasure arising from the absence of pain admits of variety, though not of intension? I have not forgot it, said I, and you spoke *good Latin* when you told me so, but not *clear sense*. *Varietas* is a Latin word properly signifying a *diversity of colours*, though taking it in a larger acceptance, we adapt it to a *diversity* or *multiplicity* of *peculiarities* in any thing else. Thus we say a *poem full of variety*, an *oration full of variety*, and *variety in a man's manners or fortune*; and *variety of pleasure* too, that is, as there hap-

pens to be *a variety of objects* and *motives* that occasion different pleasures. Had you spoke of such a variety as this, I had understood you with as little help as I understand my own meaning; but when you are pleased to teach us, first, that a state of *indolency* is the very uttermost perfection of *pleasure*; secondly, that the approximation of things operating agreeably upon our senses is an *active* or *fermenting pleasure* begetting a *variety of pleasures*; and yet that *your pleasure of indolence* admits of no *intension* or *improvement*, I am as much at a loss for a notion of what you mean by your *variety*, as for a reason, why *indolence* must have the name of *pleasure*. Can you imagine a greater blessing, said he, than to be free from all manner of pain or trouble? For the present, suppose it, said I; will it follow that *pleasure* and *indolence* are one and the same thing? Certainly *indolence* is not only a pleasure, said he, but an unparal-  
lelled one too. If you are resolved, said I, that it shall be the *summum bonum*, *your unparal-  
lelled pleasure*, why will you not stick by it sincerely, stoutly, and faithfully? And why will nothing satisfy you, unless *pleasure* be received into the *college* of *virtues*, that is, a *common prostitute* into a familiar-  
ity with *ladies of reputation and honour*? The reason is plain, because when she is by herself she is loathsome and scandalous; and all the apology you can make for her is to cry, You do not apprehend Epicurus's meaning when he mentions her!

I have myself been frequently admonished thus. But I must own, such is the affront, that as little apt as I am to grow warm in a dispute, I cannot forbear sometimes expressing my resentments when I am told so. Hard luck indeed! the *dunce* is to be taught what *ἡδονή* signifies in Greek, and *voluptas* in Latin! Which of the tongues is it that I am a perfect stranger to? Or why cannot I understand what the word *pleasure* imports, as well as every body that, forsooth! will commence Epicurean? Especially in regard it is a celebrated maxim of your professors, that *philosophy* requires not *a foundation of learning*. Accordingly as the old Romans took Cincinnatus from the plough and made him *dictator*, just so you travel to Greece for your worthies, and let them be but honest fellows, you care not how little they are taught or polished. Dull Cicero! not to comprehend Epicurus's dictates half so well as they; though I am very sure and positive that the words *ἡδονή* and *voluptas* (*pleasure*) stand for the same *idea*. We are ever and anon at a loss for want of a Latin word that will exactly answer in signification to a Greek one; but for the present occasion there is not a word in all our language more expressive of the propriety of its Greek than the word *voluptas*; nor a Roman that is tolerably acquainted with his mother-tongue, but knows that *voluptas* implies two things, *a serenity or satisfaction in the mind*, and the *activity of any gay sensations in the body*.



Therefore Trabeas we see, makes use of the word *lætitia* where he is speaking of the same excess of pleasure that Cæcilianus represents by *omnibus lætitiis lætum esse, tumbling in an ocean of delight*. Note by the way, that the *stoics* take the word always in an ill sense, ascribing a viciousness even to pleasure of the mind, and thus defining it, *pleasure of mind is a fantastical elevation grounded upon a dream of the presence of a substantial good*. When the word has a reference to the body, it is not properly the same as *lætitia* or *gaudium* (joy,) but *primarily*, and in the strictness of the Latin idiom it stands for the *influence and impressions of any delight upon our senses*. Though it is true the word *jucunditas*, a *delicious perception*, may be made *metaphorically* and *improperly* to respect the mind, *jucundum* being derived from *juvare*, a term equally significative, whether accommodated to the concerns of the mind or of the body. Though not so improperly neither, sir, as that we must explode a *medium* between *all joy* and *all grief*; between

Tanta lætitia auctus sum, &c.

O! 'tis a dangerous joy, my soul gives way!

And,

Nunc demum mihi animus ardet,

A conflagration wars about my heart.

for what think you of (to the tune of neither the first nor the last)

Quanquam hæc inter nos, &c.

It matters not how long or how lately we have been acquainted, neighbour——

There is a middle condition between an affluence of pleasure and an extremity of pain, and that is, when we are affected by neither. What say you now? Can you dispense yet with my returning to my *school-dame*, and my *school-master*? If not, do me the justice to examine whether it is for want of a competent knowledge of the Greek, that I do not understand Epicurus, or for want of perspicuity in Epicurus, that his meaning is absolutely unintelligible. A fault which was never excused but in two cases; either when it was designed, as Heraclitus affected intricacies in his *natural philosophy*, and so got himself the surname of *obscure*; or else when our subject-matter is abstruse, though not our manner of explication, as in the instance of Plato's *Timæus*. Now Epicurus, unless I much mistake him, is neither unwilling to signify his meaning clearly, nor argues about any *physical riddle* or *mathematical subtilty*, but a familiar manageable *common-place*. You yourselves do not suppose us ignorant of the nature of pleasure; no, but of Epicurus's notion of it: and that supposition will justify the inference, that although we are thoroughly instructed in the signification of the word *pleasure*, he would not use it in that sense, but affix to it a new and singular one of his own. If he is agreed with Hieronymus, and places the *summum bonum*

in an *easy, unmolested state of life*, why will he not speak out as plain as the other, abrogate the name of pleasure, and adhere to *vacuitas doloris, freedom from disturbance*? Or if he will have pleasure for his *summum bonum*, I mean his pleasure of *indolence* or *unactive pleasure*, let him not leave the other in the lurch, his dear enchantress which bears the name of *operative pleasure, or pleasure in motu*. Why is he so concerned to persuade every mortal man out of the consciousness of his own nature, and to convince him in spite of his senses that *indolence* and *pleasure*, are the very same thing? It is hard, let me tell you, Torquatus, that all our faculties must be *stormed* at this rate, and our apprehensions rifled of the plainest and the most universal meanings. Is it not obvious and uncontrovertible that we are all subject to a threefold variety of circumstances, either *actual pleasure, or actual pain, or mere composedness*, which is the *company's* condition? One man receives a refreshment upon eating, another a violence of torment upon the rack, but nobody much, I think, of one or the other in sitting still. Do you not, as we converse, take notice how many thousands of living arguments of a state of *indifference* move this way and that way about us? But for all that, said Torquatus, I must abide by it, that it is not only a pleasure, but the very *quintessence* of pleasure not to be in pain. So that, answered I, my *skinker* perceives himself as agree-

ably affected in filling me out a glass when he has no inclination to drink, as I can do, for my life, when I am taking it off to quench my drought. Let me pray you, said he, no more of your interrogatories and expostulations. I thought I had provided against your *Socratical* snares in a *preliminary article*. Are you then, said I, rather for a *rhetorical* than any *logical* methods of disputation? For, both, said he, unless you will affirm that the *philosophers* have not so good a claim as the *orators* to the process of *discoursing at length*. Aristotle, said I, and after him Zeno the *stoic*, distributed the *energies of speech* into two kinds, the *rhetorical* and the *logical*. The first are compared by Zeno to the hand of a man, expanded, because an *orator's business* is to amplify and expatiate; the latter to the *hand clenched*, because a *philosopher's business* is to say as much in as few words as he can. But in compliance with your *désire*, I will try to philosophise in the vein of a *rhetorician*, that is of a *philosophising* for, as for our *forensic oratory*, it will of necessity be flat and jejune, because it obliges us to suit our measures to vulgar understandings. Not that by thus complying I would countenance Epicurus's contempt of *logic*, a science that brings home the full benefit of all our simple conceptions, and disposes aright as well the discursive faculty as the judgment, and by means whereof Epicurus might have kept himself upon his legs, had he but condescended to the dull

discipline of distinguishing ; at least in the particular before us. Pleasure, you assert, is the *summum bonum* ; the next thing to be looked into, is, What is *pleasure*, and this is the ready way to set clear the full sense of the *question*. Had Epicurus troubled himself to explain what pleasure is, he had never been so bewildered. For either he must have stuck to Aristippus's pleasure. sensual, soft, and effeminate, that which our cattle, if they could speak, would call *pleasure* ; or if he would have opposed his own proprieties to the sense and language of all Greece beside, *the brave Achæan, Argive, attic youths, omnes danai, &c.* (as the *anapæstic* has it,) then he must have rejected Aristippus, and appropriated the name of pleasure to *indolence*. Or if he intended, as he did, to patronise both, he would have given us them together in the terms of *indolence joined with actual pleasure* for the *two ultimate goods*. And for this he might have pleaded several renowned precedents among the *philosophers*, as Aristotle for one, who constitutes his *summum bonum* of two parts, *a virtuous life with an entire prosperity*. For the same purpose Callipho couples *honesty* and *pleasure* ; Diodorus, *honesty* and *indolence* ; and Epicurus had no more to do than to yoke together that which is the modern opinion of Hieronymus with the ancient opinion of Aristippus, though their distinct *hypotheses* naturally carried them to the choice of distinct *moral ends*. I may venture to say they

understood Greek full as well as Epicurus; and yet Aristippus never sprinkles his *summum bonum* of pleasure with *indolence*. Neither does Hieronymus at any time miscall his *summum bonum* of *indolence* by the name of pleasure, as even denying that things of a desirable nature are effective of pleasure. Do not mistake yourself; *to be without pain and to be under the sense of pleasure*, are not only two distinct modes of expression, but two distinct things: And yet, as if it were not enough to make these two distinct modes convertible, which is venial in comparison with the other, you must be straining at impossibilities and *identifying* the distant natures of the things themselves. If Epicurus thought good to pitch upon both *pleasure* and *indolence*, he should, as he does, but still so as to jumble them into one by confounding the names, have retained both alike for a *summum bonum*. There are many passages in him I could cite where he extols *pleasure*, properly so called, and very modestly professes in a place where he is handling the subject of *summum bonum*, that he cannot imagine what can pass for *good*, beside the *aristippic* species of pleasure. In another book (judge yourself, Torquatus, whether I translate his words unfairly, for I am going to quote one of his weighty, demonstrative periods, his *oracles of wisdom*, as they are called, the *ἀντὶ τῶν ἀδρόξαι*, the constant *pole-stars*, which yourself and the rest of your fraternity consult and sail by in pursuit of

happiness) the same author thus declares himself, I should have nothing at all to object against *luxury*, if the pleasures of it could disengage the mind of man from all dread of the gods, of death, and of pain, and implied the proper scope and end of our appetites, for thus refined they would make up the total of human happiness, and become a *charm* against the evils of *pain* or *sorrow*. But does Epicurus really talk at this rate? said Triarius to Torquatus, for he could no longer contain himself, and though he knew well enough how the case really stood, he had a mind to bring Torquatus to confession. But Torquatus took him up with a ready assurance, owned the charge, and told us we did not relish the sense of Epicurus's words rightly. And it is impossible I should, said I, so long as he says one thing and means another. However, here I fully comprehend the drift of what he asserts, and the absurdity too. A luxurious fellow does not deserve to be discommended, provided he be but a wise man! It is pity he did not tell us that neither would a parricide deserve a reproof, if it were not for his own avarice and his dread of the gods, of death, and of pain! To what purpose does our great philosopher compound with his gluttons, or offer at such a wild supposition as the existence of a luxurious person that is a stranger to those other mistakes and vices, which if he had not entertained, he might have been dispensed with for his luxury? Would not

himself have rebuked a luxurious man for such a blind pursuit of confused pleasures, if it were but in behalf of the *sovereign pleasure of mere indolence*? Besides too, there are *sots* in the world that make no conscience of scrambling for the sacrifices upon the altars, and brave death every day with a

Mihi sex menses, &c.

Let me but lead a *jolly life* mean while,  
And lay me seven months hence upon the fatal *pile*.

It may be against pain Epicurus has furnished their *snush-boxes* with his *nostrum, si gravis, brevis: si longus, levis; if exquisite, short, and moderate, if long*. Be it so: yet am I puzzled how to conceive such a thing as a mortal abandoned to luxury, and yet abridging his appetites! Why then should Epicurus give himself the trouble of informing us, that truly he has no exceptions against a luxurious man, provided he lays a limitation upon his appetites? which is as much as to say in other words, *I have no exceptions against a sot, but that he is a sot; nor, in general, against a vicious man, if he were but virtuous*. Observe the sage's austerity! He has no quarrel, not he, against luxury considered in itself! And in good truth, Torquatus, if pleasure be the *summum bonum*, the man is in the right. Never hope to bring him off with your *imagery* of a club of wretches vomiting over the punch-bowl, and afterwards carried



to bed by the *drawers* in order to be capacitated for renewing the debauch upon a foundation of *crudities* the next morning. Nobody supposes *the brutes of this predicament*, who, perhaps never got sober enough to know, as they say, *when it is day or night*, until after a revolution of some years, they have consumed the very means of subsistence; nobody supposes these *prodigies* have much enjoyment of their lives. Your men of delicacy, that employ all the noted cooks, bakers, fishmongers, and poulterers they can hear of, to furnish their table with curiosities as agreeable as may be procured to stomach and palate; *whose wines*, as Lucilius has it,

Cascading from a mighty goblet flow,  
Without or skinny tang, or dash of snow:  
Their business assignations, balls, &c.

—not to forget the womanish *valets* that wait upon them, and, conformable to all the rest, their clothes, their plate, and the stateliness of their *halls* and *parlours*. Defile these off the account, cries Epicurus, and a fig for any other *good* whatsoever; and yet, say I, the sensualist with all these appurtenances, though according to one meaning he *lives well*, yet in no sense can live *happily*. Nor think that *pleasure*, because it is not the *summum bonum*, is not *pleasure*. It was not an insensibility, but a contempt of the sweetness of *pleasure* that got Lælius, pupil in his youth to Diogenes the

*stoic*, afterwards, to Panætius, the character of a *wise man*. He had the *sense of tasting* as well as other people; but then he had the *sense of a philosopher* too. Remember *O lapathe, ut jactere, &c.*

Be proud, ye *dock-leaves*, be for ever proud;  
 When Lælius had you on his plate, aloud.  
 Lælius the great, the wise, impartial rage  
 Discharg'd upon the gluttons o' the age,  
 Gallonius, Publius, poor unhappy men,  
 That ev'ry day devour as much as ten,  
 And mortgage farms to treat a fool with fish,  
 Yet ne'er could get a dinner worth a wish!

The *declaimer*, who made no account of *pleasure*, has not the confidence to deny Gallonius was pleased with his meals; but yet he is positive, you see, that Gallonius, or any other slave to pleasure, never *dined well*. Here we have the separate interests of *pleasure* and *bonum* very gravely and judiciously insisted on, and may learn from the distinction, that although *whosoever dines well, dines to his own satisfaction*, yet it will not hold convertibly, *that he that dines to his own satisfaction, dines well*. As for example; Lælius used to dine well, that is, as Lucilius explains it, *cocto, condito, upon ordinary fare*. His principal dish was *sermo bonus, profitable discourse*. And thus he made up a dinner, *si queri libenter, much to his own satisfaction*. He knew no other end in eating, but soberly to satisfy the cravings of nature. He had good reason therefore to affirm, as he did, that notwithstanding Gallonius might like his victuals well

enough, yet the poor man, with all the pains and expenses he was at, had never the good fortune once in his life to *eat well*, that is, to be plain, that he never eat *frugally, temperately, and as he ought to have eaten*, but *brutishly, indulgingly*, and in all respects as he ought not to have eaten. It was the lusciousness of the satisfaction that Lælius loathed: upon any other consideration he had scarce admired his *dock-leaves* above a *Gallonian fish-dinner*. For why? It is not to be suffered, thought he, that *pleasure* shall usurp the title of *summum bonum*. And indeed to give it that title is no better than *high-treason* as well in *word* as in *fact* against virtue and common honesty. To be short, if it is not our *summum bonum* at *dinner*, it is strange how it comes to be the *summum bonum* of our *lives*. In the next place, how untowardly has your philosopher distributed our inclinations and desires into *three sorts, such as are both natural and necessary; such as are natural, but not necessary, and such as are neither natural nor necessary?* What can be less artificial than this division? Which, whereas it should have no more than two, is branched into three members. This is *drawing and quartering of comprehensive terms* instead of *dividing them*. It is a lamentable oversight in settling a *division* to clap *inferior* and *superior kinds* together. Had he first divided our *desires* into *natural* and *unreasonable*; and the *natural* again into *necessary* and *unnecessary*, he had gone

the right way to work. However, if he will but reason as he should do, we will not fall out with him for the confusedness of his method, because he professes and vindicates *inaccuracy* and *negligence*. Accordingly, for once I will do violence to my judgment, and give a philosopher leave to read mankind a lecture about limiting their desires. What? Restrain our desires? (*I mean our irregular ones according to the proper signification of the word cupiditates*) No: totally suppress and exterminate them, unless you will shew me a man of a covetous temper, just as covetous as he ought to be, or a sort of adulterers and gluttons that keep within bounds. As if it were pity to treat our depravities in so cruel a manner, but we must descend forsooth! to terms of accommodation with our vices! incomparable philosophy this! Not but that I am as well pleased with the substance and import of the division, as I am offended at the form and dress he has given it. It were advisable to couch the *desideria naturæ*, the common solicitations of our constitution under a more reputable word than *cupiditas*, which should have been reserved for his titles of avarice, intemperance, and the like enormous habits, and among them received its condemnation. But alas! these are liberties which he makes a common practice of taking. Neither will I censure him upon that score, because he had been modest in obtruding his doctrines upon us, his *philosophic majesty* must have

lessened his own prerogative, which rather than he will do, after he has once taken *voluptas* (*sensual pleasure*) into his especial favour and protection, in the sense which all mankind has imposed upon that word: whatever difficulties hamper him, he will not desert her; nay, although he must utterly overthrow the *regalia of conscience*, and the throne being declared vacant, place in it *voluptas* to play her own arbitrary game. But because he found his *rational*, and would ever and anon be sallying out in blushes upon his *animal part*, he had always that other proposition to retire to in his confusion, *that no additions can be made to the pleasure of indolence*. But what if *indolence* be not a term equivalent to *voluptas*? Why the philosopher is not concerned about the precise signification of the terms. But what if the things differ widely from one another? And suppose (for although the Epicureans are very nice and untractable, yet there are millions of men that may be won with ease to yield almost an assent to any thing) suppose I should frame an argument to this effect, *If indolence be the greatest of pleasures, then is the absence of pleasure the greatest of pains?* Will it not hold? No, because we may not oppose the *absence of pleasure* but a *privation of pain* to *pain*. However this is not obvious, and the darkness of the distinction exposes the absurdity of his retaining that other pleasure, which if denied him, he declares he knows not what deserves

to be deemed *our good*. And it is this pleasure, for which we are beholden to our palates and our ears (not to mention in regard to good manners and modesty some other organs of it) that is the ruling favourite, the singular and sole *good*, which our demure and rigorous philosopher had ever any notion of, and yet while he vacates that pleasure under the raptures of *indolence*, he has most unadvisedly contradicted himself, and made that *sole good of his* to be not so much as a thing valuable or desirable. And in all these repugnancies has he tangled himself, purely because he thought it beneath him to meddle with definitions, divisions, logic, grammar, or language. By this time you may be sensible how wise he was in his contrivances. He assumes the supposition of two pleasures, one his *vcluptas in motu*, his *excited pleasure*, the other a new pleasure which nobody ever heard of before, and he melts down both at last into one and the same. The first of these, his delicious *double-refined* pleasure you shall have him sometimes decrying at the rate of Manius Curius himself; and celebrating it at other times as his individual *bonum* or *good*, a position to which rather the public *ensor's* than any private philosopher's animadversions are due, as being not half so bad a *solecism* in point of *grammar*, as in point of *morality*. Only excesses and solitudes must not go along with luxury; or else he has no manner of complaint against it. I confess this is one way

to strengthen his party, when whoever will be a thorough-paced voluptuary is to commence first a philosopher of the Epicurean stamp. Notwithstanding all this we have received our directions to look for the origin of *summum bonum* in the nests and nurseries of animals, for that the notices they suggest about *good* and *evil* before their natural powers have taken a wrong bias, may best determine us ; and these are no sooner born, but they pursue and espouse pleasure as a *good*, and on the other hand eschew pain as an *evil*. This is one of your positions, and this the exact sense of it as you have worded it. But though the position is one, the faults of it are many. For I beseech you, sir, whether is it of the two pleasures, the *still* and *stable*, or *the active* and *operative* (in the style made sacred by Epicurus) by which an infant amidst his moans is to distinguish for us between *good* and *evil*? If by the *still* and *stable*, we are as ready to grant as you can wish, that nature consults for and enforces her own preservation. If by the *active* and *operative*, as you conceive, this principle will recommend to mankind the rankest and the most dishonest pleasures. Besides that your new-born animal does not enter upon life with so much as your *transcendent pleasure of indolence*. Neither does Epicurus himself appeal to his brats and his brutes, as much as he takes them for the *mirrors* and *dictionaries* of nature, to prove that according to nature we are incited to

pursue the *pleasure of indolence*, the influence whereof has not force enough to rouse and irritate the appetite. And the same objection will equally affect Hieronymus. For it is the pleasure which soothes and solaces the sense, that actuates and excites. And this is the reason why Epicurus advances the instance aforesaid to shew that we are prompted by nature to pursue, not the *dormant pleasure of indolence*, but that *cogent and active* one that gives life to all the motions of *little children* and *irrational animals*. And what now can savour of absurdity more than that, after he has admonished us of nature's early impulses to one sort of pleasure, he should constitute another for the *summum bonum*? Then, as for the suffrage of brutes, I lay no stress upon it, for although their authority be not incompetent upon the score of *depravities*, yet it is certainly so upon the score of *imperfections*. They are not capable of entertaining any *wrong* persuasions, and therefore incapable of intimating any *right*. It is one thing to bend a stick till you make it stand awry; and another thing when it grows crooked. Again; your infant is not instigated by the force of any *innate principle* to a pursuit of pleasure, but to a love of its own being, and a care of its own preservation; it being natural for every living creature to wish well to itself, and every part of itself. It is *primarily* fond of the body and soul, which make up the whole of it, and *proportionably* of the powers



and parts of each. For there are certain privileges and advantages of prime account which appertain both to the body and the mind. And when we have passed a judgment upon these, we come to observe that it is consonant to the measures of nature to further those interests which herself has principally regarded, and to protest against the contrary. Whether pleasure be one of those *prima naturalia* or not, is much disputed. But that it is the only one, scarce any body, I should think, could have the hardiness to maintain, that had not lost the use of his limbs, five senses, and understanding, and never knew what it is to have a sound body and a hale constitution. Take notice withal, that the present article is the grand *hinge* upon which the whole *rationale* of the disquisition about the nature of *good* and *evil* turns. The old *academics* and *peripatetics* have pronounced it the *summum bonum, secundam naturam vivere, a life unsullied with any thing that is disagreeable to our nature*; or in other words, *a life of virtue, not destitute of the prima naturalia*. Callipho required no additions to virtue but pleasure; Diodorus none but indolence. After these came Aristippus's *simplex voluptas, pleasure by itself*; and the *stoics* consentire naturæ, *entire submission and conformity to the establishments of nature*, which they resolve into living *virtuously, or as a man of honour and honesty is bound to live*, and which they explain by a life, the perfection whereof is to be thoroughly

acquainted with the condition and circumstances of those things which occur in nature, to make choice of the measures which she prescribes, and not to venture upon the contrary for the world. So then, as there are three *hypotheses* of moral ends, excluding *honestas*, *honesty* and *virtue*, that of Aristippus and Epicurus, that of Hieronymus, and that of Carneades; so there are three *hypotheses* which link *honestas* and something accessional together, as those of Poëmo, Callipho, and Diodorus; besides which there is that of Zeno in favour of *pure* and *abstracted honesty*, or *moral decorum*; not to mention the obsolete, abandoned schemes of Pyrrho, Aristo, and Herillus. Among these Aristippus, Hieronymus, Carneades, &c. had the discretion to contrive, every man for himself, that his own system should be all of a piece, whether it were Aristippus's pleasure, Hieronymus's indolence, Carneades's *frui principiis naturalibus*, that we should make the most we can of all principles in nature whatsoever; or whether it were any one of them beside. But *unfortunate* Epicurus, when he had engaged himself at first in behalf of *pleasure*, must be understood either to mean Aristippus's pleasure, and then he ought to have been true to Aristippus's *summum bonum*; or else Hieronymus's; but how can that be? when it is plain his first essay was in recommendation of the *Aristippean pleasure*. As unadvisedly has he empowered his senses to determine him about the *goodness* of *pleasure*, and the

*evil of pain.* This is giving them a larger commission than the law vouchsafes to any man in the company. We are allowed to judge or arbitrate in a private capacity ; but may not assume to ourselves the determination of any matters which lie beyond our proper cognizance. As it would be trifling and ridiculous for a judge upon the bench, when he has pronounced the sentence, to conclude with a *si quid mei judicii est, if my judgment avails any thing.* And in case Epicurus's senses were not, and could not be sufficiently authorized, such a *proviso* stands them in as little stead ; for it will not render the decision, I hope, ever the more valid, if his senses have sometime or other been pleased to adjudge that which was *sweet* to be *bitter*, that which was *smooth* to be *rough*, that which was *nigh* to be *afar-off*, that which *stood still* to be *in motion*, and that which was *four-square* to be *round.* Let *right reason* therefore interpose her authority in the decision, and how will she proceed ? With a nice regard, no doubt, to the counsels of *wisdom*, as that is truly defined *a knowledge extending to things as well divine as human ;* and with as precise a deference to *virtues* of all denominations, which notwithstanding you treat as no better than so many pimps and prentices to your *pleasures*, right reason proclaims them so many empresses and heroines ; and, as their herald, has notified aloud in defiance to *pleasure*, that instead of its having any title to the character of the *summum bonum*, after

which we are enquiring, it is altogether unworthy to be the *colleague* of *honesty* and *virtue*. Neither is poor *indolence* in a better taking; nor yet the hypothesis of Carneades, nor those which take in *pleasure* or *indolence* into the substance of *summum bonum*, or shut *honesty* or *virtue* out of it. So that there are now no more than two behind, and these to be discussed and weighed with all imaginable diligence and advertency; for it must either be concluded that *bonum* and *malum*, *good* and *evil*, are neither more nor less than *honestum* and *turpe*, *what is honest*, and *what is not*; and as for any *collateral* or *supernumerary* advantages, that they are not at all to be minded; or however as things barely *eligible* or *unacceptable*; not as things truly and simply *desirable* or *detestable*: or else *right reason* will assign the pre-eminence to that account of *summum bonum* which comprehends all the excellencies and ornaments of *honesty* and *virtue*, and all the perfections of a life regulated and refined according to the model and scheme of nature. And toward this determination right reason will make the happier advances, if she satisfies herself in the first place whether the controversy relating to these conclusions be *real* or only *verbal*. Pursuant therefore to the admonishments of so good a directress, I design to take that course, resolving to contract the dispute into as narrow a compass as I can, and to deny a place in the province of *philosophy* to all those *uncomplex ideas* of

*summum bonum*, which do not include virtue. And first, it was a gross and foggy dulness of apprehension in Aristippus and the Cyrenaics, when they had the impudence to carve themselves a *summum bonum*, not out of so despicable a nullity as *indolence*, but out of those *busy pleasures* which dally with our *senses*; to miss of what Aristotle has remarked, that man is a kind of mortal deity, and that the ends whereunto he is born, are *observation* and *action*, as a *horse* to *racing*, an *ox* to *ploughing*, a *finder* to *beating*; nay, contrariwise to maintain so wild and unaccountable a doctrine, as that man with all his natural dignities and eminences received his existence for the same ignoble ends as *baboons* and *swines* received theirs, to indulge themselves in the fulsome satisfactions of *eating*, *drinking*, and *venery*. This *bill* I am obliged to *file* against Aristippus, though, to do him justice, he has dealt more ingenuously by us than you, and owns he means the same that the rest of mankind mean by the *voluptas* or *pleasure* which he has entitled *sovereign and sole*. Not that this palliates the offensiveness of his error, the very structure of our bodies, as well as the excellence and majesty of our rational faculties demonstrating that the enjoyment of *pleasures* cannot possibly be the genuine end of our existence. Hieronymus's *summum bonum* of *indolence*, and yours too upon occasion, or rather without occasion, deserves as little to be regarded. For it is no consequence, that

because pain is an evil, therefore we cannot but be sufficiently happy when the evil of pain is away. That *apophthegm* of Ennius we will allow in him as a poet, *nimum boni est cui, nihil est mali*;

————— 'Tis an excess  
Of pleasure not to feel uneasiness.

But we, as *philosophers*, must measure our felicity, not by the *absence of evil*, but by the *acquisition of real good*, and may expect to compass it, not upon the footing of Aristippus's oscitancy and voluptuousness, nor of Hieronymus's *negative* of indolence, but by a *studious* vigilance, and an *industrious* application. The *summum bonum* of Carneades falls under the stroak of the same censure and disproof. Indeed it was not from the opinion which he had of it himself that he was moved to propose it, but merely that he might mortify the *stoics*, against whom he was implacable. This however must be said for it, that in consort and conjunction with *virtue*, it might appear plausibly enough to take in the entire latitude of human happiness, and reach up to the tenor of the present question. Nor may we shew half the same tenderness and favour toward any of the other *complex summum-bonums* as *virtue* coupled with *pleasure*, her greatest nuisance, or with *indolence*, which has in it so little of *summum bonum*, that it is only the *bare negation* of an evil. I cannot imagine what some philosophers intend by thus lessening and derogating

from the character of *virtue*. They will not stop at the demand of something *to boot* with her, but the *allotments* required must be the most unbecoming too, and those only of a few scanty particulars, instead of the whole *set* of the *prima naturalia*; as Aristo and Pyrrho, for their part, set so little by the *prima naturalia*, that they would by all means make us believe, there is not an ace to choose between a state of *perfect health*, and a most *uncomfortable habit of body*. And therefore nobody has, for a long time, thought it worth while to wrangle with them. Rather than *virtue* should not be the most complete and comprehensive *good*, they took away the liberty of *comparison* and *option*, and consequently the *seminal* principle out of which it should emerge, and the *aliment* by which it should sustain itself. Herillus was for shutting up every other good in the *good of science*. But as this, it is evident, is not our *greatest good*, so neither does it infer a regularity in our practices and manners. Upon this account Herillus has long since shared the same fate with the two former; for nobody has took him to task after Chrysippus. The *academics*, you know, will aver nothing *categorically*, but as in despair of ever grasping any absolute certainty, take up with whatever looks the most probable; and therefore we can form no judgment in relation to them. Epicurus makes his entrance in the rear, and creates us the more trouble, first, because he has brought a bed of more

than one kind of *pleasure* ; and, secondly, because both himself and his philosophy had the good fortune to make themselves at first a great many friends, and to live in as numerous a succession of vindicators ; nay, however it comes about, the general applause of the multitude, which is a very suspicious sign of the contrary being deserved, some of these people, whom it is our duty to confute, as we tender the interests of virtue, honour, and merit, pretend to convert into a demonstrative argument. Thus I have drove the pretences of all the other philosophers out of the field, and the two combatants that remain, are, it should seem, not I and Torquatus, but *virtue* and *pleasure*. Chrysippus, a man of a mighty reach, and an assiduity proportionable, has led the way, and cast the whole dispute about the nature of *summum bonum*, upon the comparison that lies between those two. And I am so far of his mind, that I conceive I have cut the throat of Epicurus's cause so soon as I can make out any one *honestum*, or principle of virtue, to be a thing desirable for its own sake, and by virtue of its own influence. Having therefore first defined and stated the true notion and the proper grounds of this *honestum*, with a *seasonable brevity*, I shall proceed, sir, to unravel all that you have offered, and hope, as you see cause, you will make good the omissions of a defective memory. *Honestum*, or every honourable, ingenuous, commendable principle, *is that which challenges our esteem and*



*best affections upon the merit of its own intrinsic worth and excellence, exclusively of any prospect of profit or compensation.* Here, I conceive, we have the *rough-draft* and *out-lines* of *honestum*; but he that is disposed to contemplate the natural symmetry and features of it, must look into *conscience*, and survey the original presenting itself in the intentions, purposes, and practices of such worthy persons, as overlooking all the invitations of advantage and interest are devoted to the accomplishing of great and glorious enterprises, purely upon the evidence of their suitableness to rational faculties and a generous disposition. For among many other properties wherein a man differs from a brute, the most conspicuous one is this, that he is endowed with *rational abilities*, has a large capacity of soul, a quick and lively apprehension, and such a force of sagacity and thought as to collect and observe diversity of *ideas* at one act, and in one view, by the force of which powers he finds out causes and consequences, and the relative disagreements and correspondences of things with things. We anticipate futurities and connect them with the *present juncture*, and predetermine ourselves about the general circumstances and events of life. The further effect of all this is a kind of inclination in one man to another, and a mutual communication of desires, notions, and interests, and according to the order of nature, these alliances first obtain among the several relations of the same

family; next among the members of the same civil community; and lastly among the several parties of the universal society of mankind. Hence Plato in one of his Epistles takes occasion to admonish Architas, *that the end of his coming into the world was to be serviceable to his country, and his friends, for that he was intitled to a very small portion of himself and his own actions.* And in regard we are born with a very vehement propensity to acquire the knowledge of truth, as is evident from that eagerness of attention, with which sometimes when we have nothing else to do, we look up to the heavenly bodies, and gaze at the places and the motions of them; this principle by degrees kindles in the mind a veneration and fondness for all truths in general, especially all fundamental, stanch, and solid truths, and as great an aversion to illusions, falsities, and fallacies, as particularly to frauds, perjuries, malice and injustice. But there is yet a higher proficiency of human reason, and that is, an august and awful resoluteness, that fixes us in an absolute command of ourselves, and as if it were not enough to render disappointments and misfortunes tolerable, makes them scarce perceivable; that erects and exalts the soul, ensures it against all the power of fear, or any other impressions whatsoever. By this time we have a three-fold division of *honestum*: the fourth and last to be superinduced upon the three former *species*, and no less amiable and engaging, respects

order and a regulation of our behaviour; for the very shape and lineaments of our bodies are as monitors to mind us of the dignity of our nature, and caution us against licentious indecencies in word or action. And these intimations, at least those motives concurring which arise out of the three precedent kinds of *honestum*, restrain us from doing any thing rash and extravagant, and make us beware of uttering or attempting whatever may give offence, occasion mischief, or argue a littleness and poverty of spirit. Behold the full dimensions and proportions of our *honestas* (*our principle of honour, honesty and virtue!*) and how they comprise the four virtues which yourself, sir, so mainly insisted on. Be it so: yet Epicurus protests he cannot conceive what some people would have him understand by their confining the *summum bonum* to this *honestas*. It is gibberish and jargon, he tells us, to talk of resigning up all to this *honestas*, unless you will suppose it high-seasoned with pleasure; neither could it ever enter into his head after all the mighty bustle about the word *honestas*, what is the proper sense of it. In the vulgar acceptation the word *honestum*, as he understands, goes for every thing that is cried up and applauded in the world. And although, continues he, that which is thus celebrated may by chance now and then surpass the sweetness of some sorts of pleasure, yet it is the pleasure it affords which invests it with its value and significancy. Take notice now how

widely the opinion of your matchless philosopher that has extended his conquests over Greece, Italy, and all the barbarous nations, differs from mine. The term *honestum* he will maintain is unintelligible, unless either you make it stand for *voluptas*, (*pleasure*) or intend it shall denote any thing that has the acclamations of the multitude to magnify it: whereas I am fully satisfied they as often bestow their encomiums upon things, which carry in them a *moral turpitude*, and though sometimes it happens otherwise, and they place their commendations right, yet nothing can owe its goodness to their commendations. Whatever upon the score of its own excellency and rectitude becomes the subject of praise, lays no claim to the word *honestum* by virtue of any *certificate* from a multitude, but because, although no mortal had known any thing of it, or spoke any thing concerning it, in its own nature it would be lovely and laudable. Accordingly, finding himself unable to hold out against his own convictions, Epicurus elsewhere changes his note, and says as you do, that there is no living a life of pleasure but for him that lives up to the rules of ingenuity and virtue. *And what is living up to the rules of ingenuity and virtue?* Why the same thing as *living a life of pleasure*. Very good! That is as much as to say *living up to the rules of ingenuity and virtue* is all one with *living up to the rules of ingenuity and virtue*; as *the rules of ingenuity and virtue* are all one with *the voice of a*

*multitude.* Why? No life of pleasure without their *good liking*? For shame! Shall a wise man spread the sails of life to the breath of ideots? Well then! What are we to understand in this passage by *honestum*? That, and only that, for certain, which is truly and in its own nature valuable. For if it were valuable because of the consequent pleasure, so is every good joint of meat that hangs in the shambles. One would therefore imagine Epicurus not to be the man, that having set so high a price upon *honestas* as to declare it impossible for us to live a life of pleasure without it, makes the people's applause the very essence of this *honestas*, and a most necessary condition of pleasure too: as who would not wonder that he should suppose any such thing as *honestum*, that is not rationally and in a moral construction such, and that does not recommend itself by the lustre of its own excellency? Wherefore, Torquatus, I could not forbear observing with what ostentation and emphasis you brought out that express assertion of Epicurus, that there is no coming at the pleasures of life, but upon the terms of honour, honesty, regularity, and prudence. The dignity and eminence of the qualities answering to those words had you under such an influence that you sprung upward in the pronouncing, kept your body raised, and fixed your eyes upon us the better to rivet your apology for Epicurus, *that there are passages to be found in him, where he attributes their due praises to honour and justice.*

And undoubtedly you did well and wisely to make your use and advantage of those words, which are of that peculiar importance, that did they not stand adopted into *philosophic* terms, we could not so much as know what occasion we have for philosophy! Those very sounds, *prudence, fortitude, justice, temperance*, a language almost unknown to Epicurus, are, and have ever been, so many philtres upon the souls of the greatest men to engage them in philosophical studies. The most acute sense is the sense of sight, says Plato, yet not so acute as to compass a view of all those charms and graces of *wisdom*, which might we but once behold, O! how entirely would they captivate our affections and faculties! For no reason in the world, to be sure, but because *wisdom* has a ready hand at catering and preparing our pleasures! It is this that *justice* is only good for! And that antiquated proverb has nothing in it, *quicum in tenebris*, which is as much as to say, that we are to take no advantages against any man upon an improbability of being discovered! This adage may serve for a general instruction, not to consider so much who sees our actions as what our actions are. So that when you suggested how miserably the minds of profligate people are tortured, as well by their own acts of reflection upon themselves, as by the terrors and gastliness of punishments either present or expected, pardon me if I think you trifled: for it is not necessary only to make an instance of your

fearful, faltering sinners, with so much grace left about them as to execute the rigour of the law upon themselves, and so little courage as to start at their own shadow. No, no: we are ready to produce you your politic, ingenious rascals that make a *science* of villany as well as a *trade*, and are safe enough if they can but practice out of all danger of an *information*. At present we have nothing to say to Lucius Tabulus the *prætor*, that was so notoriously corrupted in a cause of homicide, as upon a motion made the year after to the people by their *tribune* Publius Scævola, whether he should be called to account for it, and upon a resolution of the people that he should stand his trial, to be arraigned before Cneius Cæpio the consul, appointed judge by an order of senate: and when the sentence of banishment was after a short hearing passed upon him, the fact had been so clearly proved that he did not so much as open his mouth in his own defence. Our business is with your close intriguing offenders, (such was Quintus Pompeius when he denied the Numantian league,) and with your men of boldness and brass, that have bound conscience, perhaps without much difficulty, to its good behaviour, and are become such artists at keeping their own counsel, such finished proficient in dissimulation and grimace as to bemoan the iniquity of the age when they hear of other people's crimes. These are your *seasoned wags*. For example Publius Sextilus Rufus, I remember, made oath how that Quintus

Fadius Gallus had left him his heir, and in the body of the testator's will it was found that he had directed Sextilius to write his daughter Fadia sole *inheritress*. But Sextilius averred he knew nothing of it. And so he might securely, for there was none of us who as friends of the deceased were concerned in the arbitration that could disprove him, though it was abundantly more reasonable to believe that Sextilius had forsworn himself to come by the estate than that Fadius could have so little natural affection as not really to have given those directions which were mentioned in his will. Sextilius urged moreover that he had been sworn to the observance of the Voconian law, and might not act against the tenor of it, unless we, the friends of the deceased, would bear him harmless. To be short, it was the opinion not only of us young men, but of all the judicious and eminent sages upon the spot, that the daughter could inherit no more than what she might claim by the Voconian law. So Sextilius run away with a large estate, which had never fallen into his clutches, had he been such a fool of a philosopher as to prefer honesty and fair-dealing to his own lucre and advantage. O! but I warrant you he never enjoyed himself afterwards! Yes, and his estate too, and the more for getting it so dextrously. The morsel was the richer and the sweeter, because even the letter of the law conspired to bring it him; though rather than wantonness and pleasure should go without so plentiful a fund, he ought, at least if he was a



true Epicurean, to have run hazards for it : seeing if every man who affirms that honour and probity are things for themselves desirable is obliged to encounter any danger in their service, then on the other hand ought every body that consecrates all things else to his idol of pleasure, when his way towards his *pleasures* lies through dangers, to venture on. Either Epicurus must not think it worth his while to press the pursuit of his own *summum bonum*, or if he does, whenever he has it in his power to make prize of a tempting inheritance, which will be a means of improving and multiplying his pleasures, he must enterprise as daringly as if a Scipio in thirst of glory were to drive a Hannibal back into his own country. Scipio, let me tell you, run an ugly risk, and that consulting not his *pleasure* but his *honour*. And therefore your philosopher cannot for shame, but when an interest may be served, face all opposition rather than not gain his point ; as provided none of his enormities takes air, he furnishes himself with diversion out of them, or if he come to be discovered he is wiser than to let the formidable face of *punishment* affect him, having been trained up to a contempt of death, of banishment, or pain ! which, by the way, though tolerable to a wise man, because forsooth ! his share of *good* must surpass his share of *evil* of course, yet, as you manage the matter, is to a wicked man an insupportable grievance. Further, let us suppose a knave that with his good parts

has power and authority, a man of as wide a command was Marcus Crassus: not that Crassus abused those advantages: or such as Pompey at this time of day, who fairly deserves the thanks of his country-men for dealing so handsomely by them, when if he pleased, he might do them a thousand ill turns, and not smart for it. The base tricks are innumerable that a man might play, without so much as forfeiting his reputation or incurring any censure. Should your friend upon his death-bed leave his instructions with you by word of mouth for his daughter to succeed as sole *inheritress* to the estate, without any body by to attest it, and not commit them to writing as Fadius did, I make no question but you would punctually fulfil those instructions, and so perhaps Epicurus too would have done. Thus Sextus Peducæus, son to Sextus, that miracle of worth and integrity, a gentleman of letters too, and blessed, as we see, with a son as upright and ingenuous in all his dealings as his father, when Caius Plotius of Nursia, a noble Roman knight had notified his will to him only by word of mouth, and before no witnesses, went directly to his relict, who was altogether ignorant of the matter, acquainted the lady how her husband had disposed of the estate, and saw her settled in the full and free possession of it. I am confident Torquatus would have acquitted himself as honestly. But then at the same time he must have advanced a

manifest proof against his own doctrine ; for that how much soever he pretends to subject all things besides to pleasure and self-ends, yet in his practice and conduct he would give *pleasure* the *go-by*, and stick to his *duty* ; which makes it a clear case that a right disposition and temper of mind has and must have the ascendant over all the sinister cajoling persuasions of a perverted judgment. Suppose (as the casuistry of Carneades supposes) a person whose death would turn to your advantage were preparing without any suspicion to seat himself over the nest of an adder, and you knew of an adder's being there ; though the law takes no hold of you, and nobody can make appear that you knew it, you are nevertheless a murderer unless you gave him a timely caution. But I have dwelt already too long upon this head, especially considering I have handled it at large under the person of Lælius in my discourses *concerning a common-wealth*, and that it is indeed a proposition which carries its own evidence in its bowels, that there can be no such thing as a good man, unless it be taken for granted that nature herself ties upon us all the duties of justice and fair-dealing, and that these duties are not to be resolved into pretences of *utility*. Let this be further applied to those two virtues which consist in bringing the brutal part of us under obedience to the sceptre of reason, the virtues of *modesty* and *temperance*. Does not *chastity* suffer if bestialities be commit-

ted, though all passes in privacy and darkness? Or suppose you no crime can be flagitious if it escape the brand of public infamy? Again, is it the way of *heroes* to make an estimate and computation of the pleasures they are to carry off with them, before they break in upon the enemy's ranks, and sacrifice their lives to the interest of their country? Or is it a noble vehemence and *explosion* of the soul that drives them forward? Tell me freely, Torquatus, were that illustrious ancestor of yours now present at the conferences we are holding, whether of the constructions we have passed upon his behaviour would he take to himself, yours or mine? Would he rather have it asseverated by me that he had no other aims than to be an instrument of good to his country, or by yourself, that he only designed to *make his own pennyworths* and *advantages*? At least if you had unfolded your meaning in plain terms, and told him to his face he never did a brave thing in his life, but *still* there was an expectation of *pleasure* at the bottom, how had he taken it at your hands, do you think? No matter, because you will have it so, though I can never consent that such a gallant captain as Torquatus shall be said to have served under the banner of *pleasure*, yet for once let him take his place among the *mercenary rout*. But then must his poor colleague, Publius Decius, the first *consul* of the family, have had the *scab* of *pleasure* upon him too, when the *knight-errant* so solemnly vowed himself

a victim for his country, and galloped full-speed into the main body of the Latin army? It tickled his fancy, undoubtedly, to think of being hacked to pieces within a quarter of an hour! Nothing less than the charms of that assurance could have spurred him on to destruction, and with a keener appetite too than if he had been riding in as much haste after Epicurus's pleasure as Epicurus himself could have wished. What is more, I cannot persuade myself his son, had the father acted upon any other than a principle of bravery and honour, would have copied after him as he did in the time of his fourth consulship; nor that his *grandson*, the third in a direct line that lost his life for the public (and he a *consul* too when he fell) would have fought and died so desperately in the war with Pyrrhus. After these I could produce you instances of Greeks, but that, in comparison of our own, they are neither eminent nor many, as those of Leonidas, Epaminondas, and three or four besides; whereas were I to reckon up all the bright ornaments of this kind with which our own country has blossomed; your principle of pleasure must immediately prostrate itself a captive before our principle of *virtue*; nor would the remainder of the day be long enough for such an enumeration. Beside, I may fairly say as Aulus Varius, that old testy, severe judge, used to say to the person that sat next him in the court, when a good many witnesses had given in their depositions, and new ones

were called, *O me! O me!* if we have not had enough of evidences yet, we shall never have enough of them, take my word for it. Nay, to come nearer home and appeal to a gentleman of such renowned ancestors as yourself; was *pleasure* the inducement in your younger years when you opened a charge before that magnanimous patriot, as the common-wealth knew him to be at all times, but especially during his consulship, and afterwards, I mean your own father? Under whose conduct, and by whose suggestion I too was so happy as to give some proofs how much more I thought myself obliged to be concerned for the good of the community than for any private interests of my own. It made me smile when I heard you stating the opposition between the circumstances of a mortal beset with the greatest variety imaginable of the most exquisite pleasures, and not so much as under the pain of a *scratch*, or obnoxious to any future; and the circumstances of a poor creature torn with inexpressible torments in all parts of his body, without so much as the least hopes of a relaxation; and then putting the question, whether any thing could exceed the happiness of the former, or the misery of the latter; and so making your conclusion, that *pain* must be the greatest of evils, and *pleasure* the *summum bonum*. There was one Lucius Thorius Balbus, of Lanuvium. (Probably you do not remember him) this man was thoroughly devoted to pleasure, had so perfect

a knowledge of the whole mystery of it, and kept himself so well furnished with all accommodations for it, that he could have challenged any man to name him a pleasure, though it were never so racy and delicate, which his ware-house did not afford in plenty and perfection ; so little troubled with superstitious grumblings, as to make a jest of all the sacrifices and temples ; and so unapprehensive of the terrors of death, that he died with his sword in his hand for the service of his country. He measured his appetites and desires by his *capacity of fruition*, and had nothing to say to Epicurus's *division* of them : only he had an eye to his *health*, and used wholesome exercise, to quicken the inclinations of his palate. His diet was rich and picquant, but as easy of digestion as he could contrive it. His wines luscious, but then he drank with caution. In a word, he left not out one of all those ingredients, which, if we deduct, Epicurus has told us he knows not for his part, what we mean by any *bonum* or *human good*. He laboured under no sort of pain, though if any had seized him, he would have undergone it like a soldier, and made more use, believe me, of the *physicians* than of the *philosophers*. Nobody had a more cheerful complexion, a better state of health, a livelier air and appearance, or a larger portion of all the delights and pleasures in which he could possibly indulge himself. Here then we have found such a *casket of happiness* as comes up to

your own description. And yet shall I? No; virtue herself takes the assertion out of my mouth, and speaks her Markus Regulus to have been ten thousand times a happier man, even at that juncture, when of his own accord, and without any compulsion but of conscience, in respect of his faith which he had engaged to the enemy, he left his own country, returned to Carthage, and lay deprived of the means of sleep and sustenance; even then, if virtue may be heard and heeded, he was a happier man than Thorius with his bottles upon a bed of roses. He had been a renowned commander in the wars, received the honour of a triumph, and born the office of *consul* more than once, but the glory of all former passages of his life he thought by no means equal to that of the last evidence he gave of his integrity and constancy. We that hear the story may fancy his condition was miserable; but the party that is the subject of it, embraced condition as very eligible. It is not wantonness, merriment, laughter, jests, nor any other symptoms of levity that imply happiness, but resolution and constancy of mind, whatever outward aspect persons and things may carry. When the king's son had committed a rape upon Lucretia, after she had *abjured* in a solemn manner the whole body of the citizens, without more ado she stabbed herself to the heart; and by the loss of her, at the instigation of Brutus who led on the people, the community at first made seizure of



their *democratical liberties*; as in honour to her memory her father and husband were created the first *consuls*. Lucius Virginius, a poor plebeian, about sixty years after put an end to the life of his own daughter Virginia, rather than she should be debauched by Appius Claudius, then sitting at the helm. Now therefore, Torquatus, you have no other choice but either to fall foul upon these examples, or to drop your pleas for pleasure. Very ponderous pleas, no doubt, and a hopeful cause that has not so much as a testimonial or a recommendation to countenance it from any one illustrious instance whatsoever! The way which we usually take is to appeal to historical monuments for the authority of such extraordinary persons as have bestowed the whole course of their lives in conquering difficulties, and would have stopped their ears at the name of *pleasure*, which none of you, whenever you dispute, dare pretend to fetch out a *record* or a *precedent*. You shall have all other pretenders to philosophy telling you stories ever and anon of Lycurgus, Solon, Miltiades, Themistocles, and Epaminondas; but the Epicurean schools dare not so much as whisper their names. To give one hint more upon the matter in hand; we have reason to think ourselves abundantly supplied with the choicest instances of merit by my friend Atticus's collections. Let any man single out ever a one of the lives he has written, and then tell us impartially his opinion, whether it

does not eclipse the splendor of all the voluminous accounts about Themistocles. Not to disparage the Greeks neither, because it must be confessed we derived our philosophy and politeness from them. But still they took those liberties which in us it were a fault to take. The *stòics* and *peripatetics* are by no means agreed. The former will not vouchsafe the title of *good* to any thing but *virtue* and *moral worth*; while the latter assign a very peculiar priority and preeminence to *virtue* and *moral worth*, but say withal, that the external advantages of body and fortune are *good* in their degree. This is a truly noble and sublime controversy, *virtue* being the subject, and the superiority of it presupposed on both sides. Now whenever we come to engage with *your* men, we must have our ears, of course, offended with *clauses* relating to those sordid and obscene pleasures which Epicurus rarely dismisses for a period together. Do but meditate some time, Torquatus, upon your own counsels and resolutions, and I am confident you will presently grow sick of your *hypothesis*. Cleantes's *emblem* shames you out of it. It was a pertinent and a pretty design as he set it forth in his discourses to the imaginations of his scholars. He bid them conceive *pleasure* in *effigy*, a *bellé* very gaudily and royally attired, seated upon a throne, and figures all about her symbolizing so many *virtues* for her *majesty's maids of honour*, and supposed to have no other employment or office but to

wait upon her and serve her, except now and then to advise her in her ear, (that is, as much as one party in a picture can advise another) to behave herself like a *well-bred gentlewoman*, and do nothing that might shock the minds of men, or prove fatal in the consequences; *Neither, may it please your highness, are we ignorant that the end of our being, and the whole of our business is to obey your commands.* O! but still Epicurus lays it down as an impossibility that any man should be happy, unless he lives *prudently* and *virtuously*. This is the proposition which is to dazzle us. But what is it to me whether Epicurus maintains the affirmative or the negative? I am only concerned to examine what the man that makes pleasure the *summum bonum* must maintain, if he will talk consistently with himself. Urge any thing like a reason if you can, why the pleasures of Thorius, Posthumius, Chius, and Orata, the most accomplished voluptuary of them all, were not of the first rate? I have before observed how gently Epicurus deals by his voluptuaries, only cautioning them against the folly of indulging their passions either of *desire* or *fear*, and prescribing such a remedy against both, as will not bear hard upon the vices of *luxury* and *excess*; for truly the philosopher has no objections that he knows of, to point against sensuality, when it is no longer encumbered by these two passions. It remains, therefore, that while you go on to make pleasure the standard of all human good,

you cannot pretend to patronise or lay claim to *virtue*, in as much as even he that takes care how he hurts his neighbour purely for fear of incommoding himself, is far from being or deserving to be called a *good* or a *just man*. Do not you know, *nemo pius est, &c.* *It is downright irreligion to be religious out of fear?* Lay that to heart, I beseech you, as an indisputable truth. No man, believe me, is the honestest for lying under such an awe; and if that be all the restraint that is upon him, whenever it goes off, he must be a *rogue*; as his fears will certainly vanish upon the first opportunity of solitude or privacy that flatters him, or at least, if he thrives and rises, upon the stock of his power and prosperity. In a word, we may very charitably presume he would much rather be thought a good man in order to his being a rogue, than really be a good man though he was sure to have his honesty misconstrued. Upon the whole, you must acknowledge you have palmed a spurious mimic justice upon us, instead of that which is genuine and invariable, and favoured us with two notable pieces of advice; first to make slight of all the eternal rules of conscience, and secondly to court and move by the precarious estimations of other people. And this that we alledge against you in relation to the virtue of justice, affects you equally as to the other three virtues, all which you suppose fixed upon a pedestal of pleasure, that is to say, stone walls upon a surface of water. I

would gladly be informed concerning that same Torquatus we were discoursing of just now, whether he had any thing in him of *fortitude* or not; for as little hopes as you give me of ever seducing yourself, I cannot, if I would, force the dear and honoured examples of your family out of my head, but must enjoy myself in the remembrance of them, especially of that incomparable person Aulus Torquatus, as having been my particular friend, and zealous supporter in very dangerous times. Both of you can witness it. And yet as much as I presume to value myself, and wish to be valued upon a sincere principle and love of gratitude, I could not have any relish of those obligations, if I suspected that he was pleased to befriend me, not out of *tenderness*, but for his own *ends* and *emolument*. It will not save your cause to reply upon me, that every good action is itself an advantage and a gain for the agent. Keep to that, and we have you to ourselves. For all that we affirm and contend for, is this, *that virtue is its own reward*. Epicurus will not hear of it; on the other hand, he makes pleasure the wages and reward of all our actions and purposes. But not to forget your *relation*; I tell you plainly, if when he accepted of the challenge of the Gall, fought him at the battle of Anien, despoiled him of his chain, and acquired along with it an honourable appellation, and all this, as I conceive, upon the score of the congruity of such an action to the dignity of human nature; if he

would not have thus exerted himself, but upon the motive of *pleasure*, I cannot have any opinion of his *fortitude*. Again; let only the fear of *punishment* or *infamy* be security for all our *modesty*, our *chastity*, and our *temperance*, instead of the real sacredness of those ties which ought to guard them: and what lewdness and brutality is there so vile and abominable which a man will demur upon, when he can trust to secrecy, impunity, or the loftiness of his condition and character? How foul and untoward an imputation were it, sir, to lie at your own door, should we put the case that, bright and admired as is your sense, your virtue, and the magnificence of your character: yet so dishonourable are your intentions, pursuits, and endeavours, and so detestable is that very end into which you resolve the whole conduct of your life, that you could not make a discovery of them to the world but you must colour and tremble? Ere long you are to put on the magistrate, and on that occasion must make your harangue to the people, and let them understand what measures you design to follow in the administration of justice. I suppose you will think it proper also to go on in the old road, and to give your auditory an account both of your ancestors and yourself. Now will it not be very engaging and popular, to declare that as you never did any one action in your life but pleasure was your aim in it, so you will regard none but inducements of *pleasure* throughout the course of your

*consulat*? O but, say you, I hope I have a little more wit than so to bespeak a mob of ignorant *mechanics*! What think you then of one of the courts of justice to discover your mind in, or if that be too public yet, of the *senate-house* itself? Nor there neither will you try the experiment, I dare answer for you. But why, if it were not scandalous to utter such a period? And if so, methinks I and Triarius, before whom you can talk at this rate, have not had fair quarter from you. It may be so, but the fault is our own. We impose an odious and an undeserved signification upon a word of mighty merit, or rather we are no judges of the meaning of *voluptas* or *pleasure*. This is everlastingly your evasion. You can dissect the dark *orthography* when you please, and we too are allowed to comprehend your projects when you read us lessons about the impossibilities you are big with of *atoms* and *spaces between world and world*, but are fatally incapable of any notion of *pleasure*, which every *sparrow* understands; though, whenever I think fit, I can force you to confess that I comprehend not only what is *pleasure*, a pleasing *tremor* upon the *senses*, but also what is the *pleasure* whose quarrel is espoused by yourself; and sometimes we have it in the shape of that *tremulous, active pleasure* which I have now defined, and then it is capable of *variations*; and sometimes we have it in the phantom of that incomparable pleasure of *indolence*, and then it is a *still, fixed*

*pleasure*, and admits of no *variations*. And even let it go for a pleasure, upon condition I may ask you the question, whether you will set so stupid a pleasure before you as the scope of all your actions? If you are ashamed to answer *me* in the affirmative, however take heart, be plain with *the people*, and make known your resolution, never to act, while you are in office, and when you are not, upon any other bottom than that of *self-interest*, never to play any other game but what you are to be a winner by; and guess how the assembly will rend their throats to return the compliment, and what a *golden age* they will promise themselves upon your advancement to the *consular power*, which they are impatient at this time to put into your hands; and yet if *propositions* of this nature be so scandalous, that you have neither confidence nor courage enough to make them part of a public declamation; what prevails with you to riot in them to yourself, and to your friends? *With you*, that are habituated to the language of the *peripatetics* and the *stoics*, and talk loud, especially in all places of public judicature, about duty, justice, honour, honesty, performance of promises, what comports with the dignity of the government and grandeur of the Roman republic, and what dangers, what deaths are to be rushed upon for the sake of it. Now we poor easy *cits*, little imagining how you laugh at us all the while in your sleeve, glow again with admiration and extasy. None but high flights



and Catonian strains of philosophy escape your lips upon such occasions; not a single word of *pleasure*, neither of your *active pleasure* or *voluptas*, (as that word is understood in town and country by all who are acquainted with our language) nor yet of that *still, composed* pleasure, which nobody gives the name of *pleasure* to but yourselves. Recollect a little and shew us how you got a dispensation to make use of our words, and affix your own meanings to them. Should a humour take you of affecting in your aspect or gate more than ordinary pretences to *gravity*, you would not be the same person you were before; how then can you put upon us nothing but out-side and ostentation? How can you adulterate words, say one thing, and mean another, and do by your *notions* as you do by your *garb*, put them on or off as occasion calls you from your house to the chair of public authority, or thence to your house? Can you reckon this latitude allowable? Commend me much rather to such frank and sound, such candid, handsome, and brave assertions, as a man without any base and pitiful reservations would be glad to have either the *senate*, the *people*, or any *council* or *concourse* in the world hear him delivering. As to the matter of *friendship*, I cannot see where you have left any room for such a thing, or how one man should be another's friend, unless it be for the sake of his friend that he loves him. For what does the word *amare*, (*to love*) from which

*amicitia*, (*friendship*) import, but to wish all the good we can to another, though we shall reap no advantage by it ourselves? Doubtless, you will tell me, I shall find my account in it, if I will take up with such a principle as this. It is odds I might if I dissembled it very artfully. But, I hope, you have no thoughts of being *a friend* according to true *etymology*, till you are such indeed; and that you can never be, till your breast is lined with a sincerity and ardour of affection, an affection of *spontaneous growth*, and not propagated out of any precarious pursuits of private advantage. But what if I would make my own fortune? then just so long as you find you are a *gainer*, you will be *a friend*, and when there is no more to be got, the *jewel fails* and the *friendship goes out*. For *friendship* and *interest* are not always inseparable, and how will you contrive when they once come to interfere? Will you renounce the former? If so, it must have been of an unaccountable kind. Will you be true to it? Then you are no longer true to your own principles, if I rightly represent them, as proposing *personal utility* for the *final cause* of all *friendship*. It is possible, you will desire not to be reproached with it, though some time or other you should abandon your friend. But why reproached with it, if it were not a matter well worthy of *reproach*? Now here lies the point; though perhaps you will not utterly desert a friend to avoid an inconvenience, yet you will be wishing him

out of the world when you cannot better your circumstances in it by your intimacy with him. At least, if instead of proving serviceable, it so falls out that he must cost you trouble and fatigue, estate, or perhaps life itself; then it will be high time to look about you, and bethink yourself of *yourself*, and of those *pleasures* which are the *end* of your existence. Or will you rather, as the famous Pythagorean did, present your own body in the room of your friend's to the fury of a Sicilian tyrant? Will you, rather than not redeem his life with your own, counterfeit him, and swear yourself Orestes when you are Pylades; or being Orestes confute Pylades, and demonstrate yourself Orestes? Or if you could not demonstrate it, beg both of you might not die, but that your friend might be spared? Yes, I know full well, Torquatus, you are not so ridden with apprehensions of pain or death as to hesitate at all this, or at any honourable management whatever. But our inquiry is not, which way your own disposition, but which way the principles of your philosophy lead you. And notwithstanding Epicurus rodomontades in his commendations of friendship, yet his institutions and precepts which you have imbibed, and now vindicate, utterly overthrow all duties of it. How can that be when Epicurus himself had so many bosom-friends? Did ever I question Epicurus's probity, candour, or good nature? It is not his conduct and course of life which I bring to the shrift, but the judgment he has passed upon things.

To vilify an adversary, that is for the vanity of the Greeks. I own he never failed to discharge the part of a friend ; but for all that, if what I have urged, is true, (and an academic, you know, must not be *over-positive*) it was a practice of superelevation in him. I shall be told that the generality of the world have entertained different notions of him, and thought they had very good reason for it. They have so ; but I am little influenced at any time by the noise of *that generality*. The choicest excellencies of every art, profession, or science, nay, and of virtue itself, are the least common and published. Were it not that their virtue had overpowered the principle of *pleasure*, neither Epicurus himself, nor so many of his followers could have proved such sincere, good *friends*, or men of such an exemplary stability and sobriety, so unconcerned about pleasure, and to duty so resigned. Their lives and conversations confute them. And whereas it is a reproach upon the majority of mankind that they *say* greater things than they *do*, it is acknowledged in favour of these gentlemen, that they *do* better things than they *speak*. Yet all this does not come quite home to the point, as we shall see by looking over the particulars you suggested relating to friendship, among which one had so many of Epicurus's *features*, that I could almost have sworn I heard it from himself. It was this, that it is our business to set a-foot amicable correspondences, in regard, there is no living securely, nor enjoying ourselves, unless *pleasure* be well

guarded with *friendship*. However, this has had my answer already. Of the opinion which was next mentioned, and bears a fresher date as well as a better construction, Epicurus, as I remember, has never taken the least notice; that when we first lay out for friends we are wrought upon by *self-interest*, but that when our friendships reach a maturity, the *outer-coat* of *pleasure* peels away, and we love our friends for their own sakes. This account of friendship has its flaws too, but however, I will not throw it back upon their hands. Only be it observed, that though I let it serve my turn, it will serve theirs very little that advance it, as being a plain confession out of their own mouths that sometimes a good man acts upon a better bottom than a prospect and pursuit of *pleasure*. The third notion you gave us was a supposal of a tacit compact obliging the wise to bear the same favour and good affection to their friends as to themselves, by which means they enhance their own happiness; and you tell us further, that these measures are not only practicable, but have been actually experimented. When this league was in agitation, they might as well, methinks, have tacked another to it, and agreed upon it among themselves to admire and embrace *justice*, *modesty*, and every other virtue for their own absolute intrinsic merit. And yet at last if our friendships have no other nerves than those of advantage and lucre, if we do not think them worth the

seeking, for their own sakes, upon abstracted encouragements, and purely as they are a commerce of affections; what hinders but that we should rid our hands of them, when they come in competition with a *rich farm*, or a *pleasant seat*? Here I expect you will be putting in with Epicurus's courtly sayings in commendation of friendship. And for me he may say what he will; my province is only to examine whether what he says is agreeable to right reason and his own *hypothesis*. It seems, it is for the *profits* arising out of it that we covet any man's friendship. Say you so? Then whether of the two, think you, may it be most worth your while to have a property in, our friend Triarius here, or the granaries of Puteoli? Run over your *common-places*, and urge first of all, *that friends are a munition and defence*. But if you want these, you need only have recourse to your own person, to the laws, or to any common acquaintance. Secondly, *that by contracting friendships we keep clear of the hatred and displeasure of the world*. I thought Epicurus had furnished you with his preservative precepts against any of those blasts, or however as long as you can afford good and lord-like pay, a rush for our Pyladean heartiness; you need never be without your *life-guards* and your *garrisons*. *Well, but what must you do for a companion to exchange notions, crack a jest with, and impart a secret to*. Even make a companion of yourself, or when you

are tired with soliloquies, it is but calling in an *occasional acquaintance*. Besides too, though you should be disappointed as to these, the inconvenience is a trifle, and weighs nothing against the profits of a *golden mountain* ! Now therefore to be serious, you must be convinced, that as a friendship founded upon sincerity of affection is all over excellent and noble ; so the closest intimacy, if self-interest lies at the *heart*, is presently forgotten when any body else *outbids*. And therefore if you would have us friends indeed, I beseech you, let *me* be the object of your love, and not *my possessions*. But I have already expatiated too far in so clear a case, and might at first have stopped short at the proposition itself, that if every thing must give way to *pleasure, virtue and friendship* can have no footing in the world. And now, to leave standing none of your arguments, I shall proceed to pass a few reflections on that part of your discourse, which as yet I have not spoke to. And first, in regard it is our own happiness to which we direct and refer all our philosophy, and in quest whereof we give ourselves up to speculations and theories, while these opiniators resolve the felicity of life into this thing, and those into that, as particularly you of the Epicurean school fasten it all upon *pleasure*, on the other hand making *infelicity and pain synonymous terms* ; let us look into the nature of this human happiness as understood by you Epicureans. That eve-

ry wise man may be master of his own happiness, wherever it lies, I suppose you will give me leave to lay it down as a *postulat*. For if he may be deprived of the happiness of his life, then is he not properly happy, since there is no depending upon the steadiness and duration of that which we know to be fickle and variable; and yet it is impossible but that, as long as Providence has not given us a lease of its favours, the fear of those distresses which the loss of them may, some time or other, bring upon us, will be perpetually affecting us, and as impossible for us to be happy while possessed with apprehensions of such severe calamities. So that happiness at this rate is never to be compassed, because it is not any lesser parcels, but the full and uninterrupted current of our time, which makes up the measure of a life of happiness: and no man's life can be denominated *happy*, unless it continue so *throughout*. The possibility of being happy at one time is destroyed by the possibility of being miserable at another, because he that finds himself obnoxious to misfortunes, is in that very respect unhappy. For a true blessedness of life, when it once commences, is as lasting and as undiscontinued as wisdom, the mother of it, and falls not under that condition of perfection, whereof, as we learn from Herodotus, Solon admonished Cræsus when he wished him to defer his judgment upon the happiness of any man's life until he had seen the close of it. Epicurus notwith-



standing, as explained by yourself, is positive that the length of its continuance adds nothing at all to the happiness of life, and that an eternal circle of delights would be no more than just adequate to those of a momentary opportunity. And here again, the man falls foul upon himself. He has made *pleasure* the *summum bonum*, and yet will stand to it, that a determinate and stinted space of time can gather under it as large a compass of *happiness* as *immortality* itself. Those philosophers, I confess, who refer all our good to virtue, have sufficient reason to deny that our *summum bonum* gains bulk by the prolongation of our lives, because they maintain that in a *plenitude* of virtue lies the complement of our happiness. But for a philosopher to pin the perfection of human happiness upon *pleasure*, and afterwards assert that how *short lived* soever *pleasure* be, we should have no more of it, though it were ever so *permanent*, this, or I am mistaken, is to contradict himself with a vengeance! Besides if *pleasure* cannot receive any increase from *permanency*, neither can *pain*. But the *continuance* of *pain* swells the *evil* of it; and shall not the *length* of its *duration* amplify the *good* of *pleasure*? Or if it shall not, what then will become of that blessed condition and its eternity, wherein Epicurus has with so much devotion seated the Deity? For if *eternity* be such an *empty circumstance*, his deity has not the least advantage of the philosopher, and the *mortal*

might vie *pleasures* and *summum bonum* with the *eternal being*. But the *mortal* you will say, was subject to *pain*. Not at all. He has declared he could sing, *O delicious!* in the belly of Phalaris's bull. And therefore if *eternity* makes no odds, as it includes no more than an infinite perpetuity of pleasure not more perfect and plenary than Epicurus himself was capable of, Epicurus, it is plain, stands upon the level with the Deity itself. Now if the man and his maxims fall out, all his declamatory flourishes and rants will stand him in very little stead. The sum total of a happy life is the pleasure of the body, (and provided you will make no more of it than what you used to do, a pleasure not distinct from that of the body,) the pleasure too, if it shall please you of the mind. But yet alas! Which way shall a wise man procure a patent to hold this pleasure *for life*? The materials of it being neither at his command, nor in his disposal, because they are not the forces of his own wisdom, but such provisions and furniture, as it ought to be the province of his wisdom to lay in for his pleasures. And these consist altogether of *externals*, and all *externals* are liable to *casualties*. The consequence therefore is obvious, that notwithstanding Epicurus's *exiguam intervenire sapienti*; *there are little or no negotiations common to a wise man with fortune*, all the happiness of human life is in the hands of *Fortune*. O but perhaps! I quote him

by *piece-meal*. *Sapientem locupletat ipsa natura* should have come in, *every wise man has a fair pension from nature*, and those perquisites Epicurus tells us are easily fetched home. There he is in the right, and about the matter I will never quarrel with him, but leave him to quarrel with himself. The pleasure, he says, which a plain and cheap diet ministers, comes not a whit behind the relishes and flavours of the most palatable dainties. And I readily agree with him herein, that the choice of our diet is a thing of an indifferent relation to the happiness of our lives. This is a real truth, and he shall have my good word for it. Socrates himself, who shewed pleasure not the least countenance or mercy, allows as much, where he makes *a good stomach the best sauce to our meat*, and *a dry throat the best improver of our liquors*. But then when I catch a man making over his *all* to pleasure, squaring his life by Gallonius's rules, and yet preaching against luxury like a Piso, I can neither give that man the hearing, nor believe he speaks from his heart. That which facilitates the procurement of nature's riches is, as he teaches us, the sufficiency of a little for the supply of her occasions: but, under favour, not for the supply of Epicurus's pleasure. And though he is express in it, *that the most ordinary accommodation yield as grateful a pleasure as the most chargeable*, yet hereby he proves no more than that his mouth was out of taste as well

his wits out of his head. Had he been a professed foe to *pleasure*, and told us he had rather make his dinner of a *red-herring* than upon a *jole* of *sturgeon*, it had been something: but seeing he has pitched upon *pleasure* for his *summum bonum*, it is no longer his *reason*, but his *senses* that must determine him, and the excellence of every thing that is valuable arises in proportion to the sweetness of the *gusto*. With all my heart however let him if he can, possess himself of his pleasures at a small rate, or even *gratis*, and let the satisfaction the Persians found in eating their *nasturtium* salads (which Xenophon speaks of) come up to the agreeableness of those profuse entertainments which so highly incensed Plato against the citizens of Syracuse. In a word, let it be as easy a concern as you please to feed your pleasures; how shall we so order it that notwithstanding *pain* is our *worst evil*, yet no torment shall be able to make a breach in the happiness of life. Metrodorus, *alias Epicurus the elder*, where he is giving a description of a happy man, supposes it necessary that he should have a *sound, healthy constitution of body, and a full assurance that he shall never lose it*. Now which way are we to obtain a full assurance of what shall be our state of health either a year or an hour hence? So that although we should escape the *greatest of evils, pain*, yet because it is possible it may seize us the next minute, we must live continually in fear of it;

and how can his life be a happy one who looks for the worst of *evils* to fall upon his head every moment? However Epicurus has put us in a way to give *pain* a diversion. A very rational undertaking! I confess, to set about instructing us how we may make slight of the worst of *evils*! Now the whole art of it lies in recollecting that the *sharpest* pains are the *shortest*. But what is it you mean by the *shortest* and *sharpest*? Think you the most acute diseases have never held a man several days, nay months together? Yet, who knows? when you talk of *sharpest pains*, you may mean, perhaps, none but such as are *immediately mortal*. Those, it is granted, have not so much terror in them; but the pains I challenge you to assuage are such as I beheld my very good friend grappling with, that worthy and obliging person, Cneius Octavius, son to Marcus, and that neither once nor twice, nor by *twinges*, but by very frequent and tedious returns. It makes me shrug when I call to mind the agonies which he suffered. Such an inflammation had overspread his whole body, that you would have thought the flame was just ready to blaze out. All this while he felt not the *worst* of evils; and although I could perceive him sensible of the anguish, yet was he by no means a man in misery, as he must have been, if his life had been all along taken up with pleasure and wantonness. In good earnest, you surprise me when you remark that the most pungent pains are the soonest over,

and the most lasting the lightest; because experience has taught me that sometimes the fiercest pains may be very lasting; and if they could never be so, that until you are won to *virtue* by her own essential charms, you cannot be duly qualified to support yourself under those pains; for *fortitude* has her *directions*, I should say, her *laws*, to embolden and confirm us against all insults of pain, which would otherwise unman us. And upon this account it is, that we contract a *moral torpitude*, not by being sensible of pain, for that we cannot always avoid, but by our impatience under it, when, like Philoctetes,

To the wild waste our shrieks and plaints we vent,  
And teach the rocks in echoes to relent.

Let Epicurus be transformed for a little while into Philoctetes, and try how he can behave himself in the *skin* of that Greek, *Cui viperino morsu, &c.*

In whose distemper'd veins the foamings flow  
Of viper's rage, and circulate his woe.

What though the pain be most afflicting, it cannot hold long! So it seems, for Philoctetes, it is supposed, had not lain already above ten years under ground. Yet still, *si longus levis*, if it be chronic, it cannot be violent, but has its times of *intermission* and *relaxation*. That is not always true neither, and when it comes, what are you the better for your relaxation, the image of your last anguish

sitting lively upon your memory, and that of the return of it upon your apprehension? But even then *death* is a certain remedy. And undoubtedly a very *savory* one! But what becomes then of your *plus semper voluptatis that every man may at all times command a predominancy of pleasure?* For if he may, it is heinous advice when you point him out that remedy: and it were a great deal the better way to convince him what an unpardonable dejection of soul it argues to sink it into impotence, and lose ourselves under the discipline of pain. All your *si gravis, brevis; si longus, levis; short, if not light; if lasting, slight;* is but a *chiming rhyming* cordial at the best. But if you would effectually relieve and dispel a patient's pain, it must be done by the *lenitives* of true fortitude, magnanimity and patience. Let me repeat, what Epicurus himself (for I am still sticking as close to his skirts as I can) freely declared when he lay upon his death-bed; and then judge whether his deportment and his rules were of a piece. *Epicurus to Hermachus, wishing all health. I date these few lines to you upon that day of my life, which, though the last, I find not at all uncomfortable. The miseries I feel in my bladder and bowels are as excessive as possibly they can be. No question, excessive enough, upon supposition that pain is the greatest evil; not else. He goes on—And yet I make all things easy to me by revolving in my mind, of what a new account, and of*

*what singular solutions of things, I have had the happiness to be the author. It remains, that, as all along from your tender years you have valued either Epicurus, or philosophy, you take Metrodorus's children into your care and protection. Now cannot I, for my life, imagine that either Epaminondas or Leonidas made a better exit than this man! though the former at the battle of Mantinea, where he had given the Lacedæmonians a defeat, having received a mortal wound, and finding himself draw near his end, first asked his soldiers whether he had lost his shield, and when, with tears running down their cheeks, they told him he had not; then he inquired, does the enemy fly? And so soon as that question was answered to his good liking, he gave order to draw the pike out of his body, and so, victorious and triumphant, spouted forth his life in a stream of blood: the latter, Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, when at Thermopylæ he had left his soldiers no other choice than that of an ignominious retreat, or a glorious excision, desperately charged the enemy with his three hundred Spartans, himself at the head of them. Something there is very noble and great in the fall of a brave general. But a philosopher grunts out his last between the blankets: as for instance; that same Epicurus who thought he should purchase at least immortal honours by leaving his friend the legacy of *compensabatur cum summis doloribus letitia*, I make all*



*things easy to me when I revolve in my mind, &c.* This it is confessed, sounds *philosophically*, but still Epicurus breaks his shins over his own *philosophy*; for either those writings and new discoveries of his, the review whereof afforded him such matter of comfort, have no truth in them; or if they have, they could afford him no comfort, as carrying in them no immediate relation to the body; it being an avowed and constant problem with Epicurus, that nothing affords matter of joy or vexation further than as it effects the body. He says, *that he delighted himself with ruminating upon what was transacted formerly.* Was the body the principal in those transactions? No, then it had been the remembrance of sensual satisfaction; and not a review of his own systems that gave him ease. Was the mind then immediately concerned? Neither is that possible, because, according to himself, the mind knows no other joy than that which directly affects the body. And then too, for what reason, Epicurus, could you think it worth your while to recommend Metrodorus's children to the care of Hermachus? This was a peculiar and a noble act of friendship, or I know not what is so. But, I beseech you, was your body interested in it? So that whatever we meet with throughout this highly-celebrated epistle of Epicurus, tilts and justles against his own principles. Thus he perpetually confutes himself, and leaves nothing besides his own *probity* and *good*

*behaviour* to make his writings bear a price, it being a clear indication of such an inbred and unmercenary goodness of temper as is wrought upon by the allurements neither of *pleasure* nor *profit*, when a man bestows his *concluding moments* in expressions and offices of respect and friendship, and particularly in making one friend guardian to another's children. When we see your own philosopher so very scrupulous at the point of death about fulfilling his duty, can we desire a more sufficient proof of what I assert, that virtue and probity are to be valued and courted for their own sakes? However, bating the incompatibleness of it all with its author's own tenets, this epistle of Epicurus's, rendered by me word for word from the original, is a piece which merits a much better place in my esteem than his last will and testament, where he does not only play booty against himself, as before, but trespasses too upon the gravity that became his beard. You must needs remember how pertinent and how large a share of that book of his, which I mentioned before, is bestowed to make out, *mortem nihil ad nos pertinere, that death touches not our copy-hold*, because absolute insensibility is the consequence of dissolution; and an absolute insensibility has no manner of effect upon us. Here, by the way, he should have delivered himself with a little more art and perspicuity. He tells us, that *absolute insensibility is the consequence of*

*dissolution*, but forgets to let us know what he means by *dissolution*. Let it suffice again that I can guess at his meaning: I will only ask, why, if *dissolution* or *death* puts an end to sense, and so nothing succeeds that can affect us, he was pleased to provide so quaintly and precisely, that his heirs *Amynomachus* and *Timocrates* defray such expenses as *Hermachus* in his discretion should appoint for the annual celebration of *Epicurus's* birth-day in the month *Gamelion*: Item, that monthly, upon the twentieth day of the moon's age, in honour of himself and *Metrodorus*, they should find the expenses of a genteel entertainment for all such persons as had been his companions, and concurred with him in his philosophy. Such a *codicil*, if the testator had been a country gentleman of gaiety and good humour, might have passed well enough: but a sage *adept*, and one too that peculiarly prides himself in his natural philosophy, might have understood better things than to encourage the vulgar error of the return of birth-days. As if it were conceivable how the same numerical day, upon which a man is born, should come over again: or indeed, one exactly so circumstantiated, till at least, after the revolution of many thousands of years, all the heavenly bodies recover the very same points and positions which they had attained upon that day. *It is nonsense, the conceit of the world about birth-days.* Well, but the world thinks otherwise:

as if I did not know that! But whether it does, or does not, wherefore, in the name of wonder, should Epicurus desire to be thus aggrandized after his decease? Why should he settle a revenue for that purpose in his will, when he had stamped it upon your minds for an oracular truth, that nothing after death can have any effect upon us? I am afraid the man improved himself very little by his travels through his innumerable worlds and unmeasurable regions! His own tutor, Democritus, that set him up, not to refer you to others, would never have made so false a step as this. But if he must have a day set apart and observed, the day whereon he came into the world was hardly so proper as the day whereon he first became a philosopher: saving, you will say, that unless he had been born, he could never have become such. No, nor unless his *great grandmother* too had been born before him! Believe me, Torquatus, it is for the illiterate and obscure part of mankind to leave a salary for the commemoration of their nativities. I will forbear making any reflections for quietness sake, upon the method you Epicureans have laid down to yourselves of passing the *festival*, and how you expose yourselves to the raillery of the wits upon that score. But this I will maintain, that it was much more incumbent upon his followers to have Epicurus's *birth-day* kept among themselves, than it was decent in him formally to order the *solemni-*

ation in his will. To return to the subject of *pain*, which was that we digressed from when we began upon dissecting the epistle: I will cast all that part of the controversy upon this short conclusion, *that man that is actually involved in the greatest of evils cannot be happy, at least so long as he is involved. But a wise man is always happy, and yet sometimes in pain. Therefore pain is not the greatest of evils.* Do not hope to turn the edge of this argument with your wonted suggestion, that it is the part of a wise man to dwell upon past felicities, and abdicate the remembrance of past afflictions. Teach me first how I shall retain or forget things, just as I have a mind to it. When Simonides, or whoever it was, profered Themistocles to render him a master in the art of memory: *the art of forgetfulness*, Themistocles told him, *he would thank him for; that is, how he might forget all that he wished to forget, because he remembered already more than he desired to remember.* This was a very pithy and sharp reply. To enjoin us forgetfulness at large is very *despotical philosophy*. If you please to consider, not Manlius himself could have set us a harder task than a down-right impossibility. And what if after all it is really a pleasure to recount those difficulties through which we have bustled? What if the proverb which says, *Jucundi acti labores, the sweetest calms are after storms*; or the tragedian, Euripides, if I can do him reason in Latin, for the

Epicureans have worn the Greek thread-bare,  
*Suavis laborum est præteritorum memoria.*

How lively are the joys we taste  
 In recollecting troubles past !

What if these have more of truth and solidity in them than all your ponderous instructions? On the other hand, as for your *bona præterita*, your *past felicities*, were they but of the right kind, such as, for example, Caius Marius's victories, (the reaction of which scenes in his imagination might very well support him, though an exile, a beggar, and laid up in a morass,) then would we attend to you, and shake hands with you ; being sensible, that were a wise man to forego the remembrance of his own great resolves and enterprises, the happiness of his life would in some measure be defective and unfinished. But it is a recapitulation of pleasures formerly enjoyed, and those proper to the body, which refines the happiness of life in your account, unless you will admit other pleasures, and then you must forego your assertion, that all the pleasures of the mind are included in its communications with the body. If the revival of a past pleasure of the body upon the memory affects us with such delight, Aristotle was a *blockhead* for making such sport with that epitaph of Sardanapalus upon himself: *Here lies the Assyrian monarch, that, when he left the world, carried off all his lusts and his pleasures with*

*him*; as if, quoth Aristotle, he had the art of embalming them in the grave for his own use, though in his life-time he could never prolong the sense of them beyond those few moments the fruition continued: for all pleasure of the body is very swift, and, as he observes, momentary from its earliest commencement; besides that the tokens it generally leaves us to remember it by are *smart* and *pennance*. How much more sincere the happiness of Africanus, while he addresses his country in those incomparable lines, *Desine, Roma, tuos hostes &c. No more, imperial Rome, thy rivals dread—*

Namque tibi monumenta mei peperere labores.

With trophies have my toils thy towr's adorned.

He hugs himself upon the recollection of past drudgery, not of any departed *pleasures*, as you advise. He will not exercise his memory with any matters of meditation that respected the delight of the *carcass*; in which the Epicurean is so totally and irrecoverably immersed. Further; how will you convince us of that which you affirm so roundly, that all the pleasures and pains of the mind have an immediate dependance upon the pleasures and pains of the body? I am now in conference with Torquatus, and to him I appeal for an answer to the question, whether he never

met with any thing that purely by its own impressions gave him a present delight? I will not instance in worth and honesty, nor the idea of any virtue, but in matters which I have mentioned above of a much inferior significancy; every oration or poem you either compose or peruse; every piece of history or geography you consult; nay, or any good statue or piece of painting; the recreations of the theatres and fields, or a pleasant rural retreat, as, suppose Lucullus's: (perhaps if I had named your own, you would have took shelter there, and I might have fallen under correction for placing it in my catalogue of things remote from the substance of the body) but is ever a one of these proper to the essence of the body? Or does it affect you with pleasure immediately from itself? If you will stand to the former, much good may it do you with your obstinacy; but if you will allow the latter, then you must throw all Epicurus's pleasure over-board. To come forward; the pleasures and pains of the mind, you are confident, must be greater than those of the body, which is only sensible of what is actually present, whereas the mind moreover collects into itself things past and future. But how will you make it out, I pray, that another who rejoices upon my account is fuller of joy than myself? The pleasure of the body conveys an occasion of pleasure to the mind, and yet you will have it, that



the pleasure of the mind exceeds the pleasure of the body, that is, he that congratulates his friend is in happier circumstances than he that is congratulated. Then again, without discerning the consequence, you crown the happiness of your man of wisdom with the perception of the most exquisite *intellectual pleasures* infinitely surpassing those of the body. Which, if true, he will be subject withal to the perception of *intellectual pains* infinitely surpassing those of the body. So that sometime or other, your man of uninterrupted happiness becomes of necessity an object of commiseration. And this cannot be prevented, if pleasure and pain are to go for the two last and *final causes*. And therefore, Torquatus, if we would get intelligence of a *summum bonum* adequate to the dignity of human nature, we must be looking out further, and leave pleasure for a property to the vouchers you call about you for the verity of your *summum bonum*, the brutes; though even these under the governance of instinct, very often set themselves of their own good purpose to toilsome tasks and enterprises, and make it evident that in the care they take to propagate their kind, and nurture their young, they serve other ends than those of pleasure. Many of them are addicted to the labour of coursing and wandering up and down; and others rather choose to embody themselves into *their* sort of *civil society*. The winged world make frequent discoveries of their apprehensiveness and memory; nay,

of a certain kind of discipline and piety among them. And if these animals practise such imitations of the virtues of the *rational* as are foreign to *pleasure*; is it not hard that *man*, of a nature so much superior to that of the beasts, shall be supposed to want all his distinguishing eminences; and to respect *virtue* only as the *tool* of pleasure? Besides, if *pleasure* be the *all* of human good, the brutes have infinitely the advantage of us, who, without giving themselves the least trouble, crop a luxuriant variety of the fruits of the earth, as they are put into their mouths by the bounty of nature; while we very often, with all the pains we can take, find it a difficult matter to glean a competency. If it were conceivable that men and brutes have the same *summum bonum* in common, how needless and superfluous must we reckon all those rules and instruments of art which we lay up and collect, all the ingenuous and liberal studies upon which we employ ourselves, and all those virtues which stand within the compass of our capacities? Are they good for nothing but to stuff out *pleasure*? Had the question been put to Xerxes, for what end and purpose he rigged out and manned so many sail of ships, kept in pay so many troops of *horse*, and companies of *foot*, dammed up the Hellespont, cut his passage through mount Athos, marched his forces over champion tracts of the sea, and rendered the continent navigable: lastly, why he made a descent with all these forces, and this incredible

violence, into Greece; and his answer had been, that his errand was only to rifle Hymettus of its *honey-combs*; without all question we should look upon the inducement to have been as weak as the attempts were astonishing. And so in the case of a wise man, well accomplished with all the particulars of a generous education and virtue, to say, that as the other led his *granadiers* a foot *over-sea*, and steered his fleets over mountains, *he*, for his part, makes within himself the *tour* of the *universe*—in order to suck a *honey-comb*—No, no, Torquatus, our beings were bestowed for designs and purposes far more excellent and sublime, as appears upon contemplating the several perfections of the mind which in its faculty of remembrance, keeps a copious journal of *ideas* and *events*; which by its divining power penetrates into the course and train of things to come; which by a natural sense of shame bids us lay a restraint upon our appetites; which ascertains the immutable laws of justice, and the rights of human society; and which arms and establishes itself by a contempt of pain and death against all the most formidable oppositions of perplexity and danger. Thus far extended lies the field of the mind's abilities and properties. Consult at leisure the senses and the fabric of your body; you will see that these too not only concur with, but are subservient and instrumental to the interests of *virtue*. For peculiar to the body how

many things are there preferable to pleasure; vigour, health, activity, symmetry of features and proportions? And how many more peculiar to the mind? Which by the most learned of the ancients was esteemed a celestial ray of the divinity itself. In good truth were you to have your will, and *pleasure* to be our *summum bonum*, there is nothing which we should have reason to covet with greater earnestness than to have all our senses, night and day, incessantly solicited by the sprightliest emotions and extacies of it. Now the animal that could be satisfied to lie thus *dissolved* from sun-rising to sun-setting, with what face does he assume to himself the definition of a man? And yet the *cyrenaicks* are such animals *profest*; and so (which your modesty, poor men! will not allow you to be) are consistent with themselves. Further; let me refer you, not to the more important exercises neither, which among our forefathers were made necessary to preserve a man from the imputation of *idleness* and *insignificancy*, but to the lesser and purely ornamental improvements of *genius*; was it, suppose you, for ends of *pleasure*, that Phidias, Polycletus, Zeuxis followed their occupations; not to say that Homer, Archilocus, and Pindar plied the *muse*? Shall a *mechanic* propose worthier ends to himself when he is handling his *chisel* or his *pencil*, than a man of character and authority when he is forming honourable and great designs? Now then, to what origin

shall we ascribe this error of yours, which has met with so general a reception? That is as easily known as this proposition, *Whoever makes pleasure the summum bonum consults the meanest of his powers which are his appetites, instead of attending to the rational and discursive.* And therefore it may be seasonably demanded, how the gods (for that there are such beings yourselves confess) having not the seat of pleasure, flesh and blood, can be capable of happiness? Or if they may be happy, though destitute of corporal pleasure, why will you not grant also that a wise man may spin his own happiness out of his own mind? Examine the characters recorded, not by Homer, of his *heroes*, nor by others of Cyrus, Agesilaus, Aristides, Themistocles, Philip, Alexander, but of our domestic worthies, and in particular those of your own family. *There was no man went beyond him in the art of screwing up his pleasures* you will find never makes a part of the *encomium*. As little to the same effect run the inscriptions of *monuments*; witness that over the gate there—*Uno ore cui plurimæ consentiunt gentes populi primarium fuisse virum*—to whose memory not a few whole nations dedicate this testimony, that he was inferior no way to the best of his fellow-citizens. And is it supposeable, than when so many nations clubbed this testimony to Calatinus, they meant only, that nobody had a happier hand and skill at contriving and compounding his pleasures? Or what if we

should stroke our young people on the head, and tell them we conceive a good hope and opinion of them, when they betray an inclination and resolution to prostitute themselves and all their actions to their own private interests? Can any thing be more apparent than what disorder and confusion such encouragements must bring into the world? Seeing they would effectually put a stop to all intercourse of benefits and obligations, and so untie the bands of public unity and agreement; it being so far from a benefit, that it is down right usury and stock-jobbing, when one man takes interest for what he accommodates another with, and consequently he that supplies me upon those terms, brings me under no manner of friendly obligation. If *pleasure* is to rule the roast, farewell, a long farewell to the very brightest of *virtues*. Convertibly; when the principle of honour and honesty is shut out of doors, I cannot understand what should hinder even a man of wisdom from letting into the room of it a thousand villanies and vices. To draw to a conclusion; (for it were tedious and endless to prosecute the dispute as far as it will run) that is the only true and meritorious *virtue*, it is certain, which blocks up the very avenues of *pleasure*: whereof your own sense of things will satisfy you much better than I can. Turn your thoughts into yourself, and be determined by yourself, whether you should rather choose to pass all the stages of life in a stream of perpetual pleasures

and that tranquillity of indolence which we hear of so often, not forgetting the other branch which (were it not impossible) you would incorporate into your happiness, an absolute unapprehensiveness of future pain; or, like yourself, the business of whose life it has been to relieve and protect the helpless, and to do mankind all the good that lay in your power, to go in quest of *Herculean labours* and *hardships* (*ærumnæ*) the tragical word, which (no affront to the god that underwent them) our progenitors made use of to signify those labours, which at the same time they thought challenged every man's imitation. And therefore I should next ensnare you with a very vexatious question, but I am afraid lest, when provoked you should affirm, that by all the operose and mighty services which Hercules himself did the world, his only intent was to force his way to *pleasure*—Here I gave over speaking, and Torquatus told me, if he pleased he could repay me in my kind, but first he would take some opportunity to discourse an old acquaintance or two that were greater proficients and masters of the argument than himself. You mean, said I, the deserving and learned pair, Syro and Philodemus. You have hit upon them, said he. But for the present, said I, Triarius is to stand forth and be our umpire. That were a good one indeed! replied Torquatus, and laughed. As for yourself, you treat us with civility; but he is the veriest *vivin* of a *stoic*—And hereafter, said

Triarius, you will find me much altered for the worse. I have hoarded up all that was urged against you, and so soon as ever your complices have made you tight again, look to it, I shall try my strength upon you. And so we broke up to rest ourselves.

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CICERO  
OF  
MORAL ENDS.

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BOOK III.

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THE business of the foregoing book, my Brutus, has been to take down the pretensions of *pleasure*, and make her truckle to *dignity* and *greatness of mind*; and that I have done this effectually even *pleasure* must acknowledge, if left to herself, and not allowed any, or at least, not a very perverse and incorrigible, *council*. For shame she can persist no longer in her defiances to *virtue*, no longer magnify that which is only grateful to the senses above that which is honest and honourable, or those enjoyments which glitter upon our corporeal organs above a sober and a steady, firm disposition of soul. Now then it is time to take leave of the *syren*, bequeathing her this caution, that she never more let us catch her sporting out of her own *royalty*, and that so serious and solemn an argument as the present one, be no more set upon and detained by the wanton importunacy of her blandishments. Seeing therefore *pleasure* is so far from being the *summum bonum*, and *indolence* at as great

a distance, the same objections in a manner lying against both, we must launch out again in search of our *summum bonum*, taking this along with us, that there can be no such thing, unless *virtue*, the great excellency of all, makes up a good part of it. So that the controversy in which I am now going to engage the *stoics*, must be managed with greater intention and a closer address than that which happened with Torquatus ; not as though I proceeded carelessly then, but the common-places and suggestions of your advocates for pleasure are, at best, but very shallow and unartificial ; as themselves are by no means quaint and subtle disputants, nor qualified to create an adversary much trouble. Epicurus, for one, has pronounced it unnecessary to come to any ratiocinations in reference to *pleasure*, because the senses are the proper judges of it, and we need go no further for instructions concerning it than to their insinuations. On which account it was, that as Torquatus went through his part of the dispute with an easy plainness, avoiding all intricacies and sophistical fetches, so I have endeavoured to answer him with an equal clearness and facility : whereas, I need not tell you, the *stoics* affect such methods of disputing as may best hamper and impose upon us, of which method we stand more in danger than the Greeks, because we have a new set of words to coin for the explication of a new set of notions. Nor will any man that is tolerably tinctured with learning make a wonder of

this, well-knowing that the professors of every distinguishing and uncommon art assign their terms of art according as the instruments and exigences proper to each art require the use of those terms. Thus the *logicians* and *natural philosophers* have a language to themselves made up of words which are not in familiar use among the Greeks. The *geometricians*, *musicians*, and *grammarians* observe their several idioms and dialects. Nay, the *rhetoricians* themselves, though the substance of their art lies wholly in judicial and declamatory pleadings, word their own rules in their own forms, and in the livery of their own *appellatives*. To step over these polite and liberal arts, the machanics could never make any thing of their manufacture, did they not invent such names of things for themselves as no body else understands. Even in an employ so unelegant and rustic as that of *agriculture*, whatever has any relation to it, or province in it, has received its *proper name*. And therefore it were strange if *philosophers* might not make the same bargain for themselves, seeing *philosophy* is no less than the *art of living*, and ordinary modes of expression will not serve a man's purpose when he treats upon that subject. Yet have none of them so much abounded in *terms*, as the *stoics*. Zeno, the founder of the sect, brought nothing new into play except words. And if Greece has so far indulged her most eminent scholars as that when they had sprung a new notion they should dress it

in new words, notwithstanding the supposed fertility of their language; certainly a Roman, and the first that has made such an attempt in his mother-tongue, may very plausibly claim the same privilege: and yet, having first represented it as a grievance either that the Greeks or those of our own people who have revolted to them, should scandalize the Latin tongue as if it were scanty and barren, and not indeed more copious than theirs; I must confess it will cost my brain some pangs before I can make as authentic Latin of the terms adapted to their *arts* and *hypotheses*, (not to mention any of our own,) as good Latin, I say, as the general titles delivered down to us from our forefathers, of *philosophy*, *rhetoric*, *logic*, *grammar*, *geometry*, *music*. Not but names might have been found for all these in the Latin tongue; however since use has made them so, we will accept of these names for our own. Thus much may suffice with relation to words and names. For as to the *ideas* themselves whereof they are the signs, whether, my Brutus, I should venture to send my thoughts to such an exquisite philosopher, (and in so excellent a *road* of philosophy, as yourself,) I have been a long time unresolved, though well assured I were not to be forgiven if I presumed thus far, as pretending to make you wiser and more knowing. That never entered into my thoughts, my intention in the present address being not to inform you in those parts of knowledge

in which no body is more conversant than Brutus, but to repose and shroud myself under your name and authority, and because I am sure to find you a fair arbiter, as well as a great proficient in these philosophical disputes. Having promised thus much I shall now bespeak your wonted attention, and your impartial judgment upon the merits of an argumentive contest which was managed against me by your uncle, that incomparable, that more than sublunary man. Being, you must know, at my country-seat and having occasion to make use of some books that were in the library of Lucullus, then a child, I went to his *villa* myself to fetch them, as I ordinarily did; where whom should I cast my eye upon but Marcus Cato seated in the library with volumes of *stoical* authors piled up round him. And this was no more than suitable to his love of reading, so very vehement and constant, that never concerning himself for the idle reflexions the populace made upon him, he would sit conning-over his lesson in the senate-house, till such time as the senators were all come together, but never so as to neglect the public business and proceedings. By which you may guess what a *gormandizer of folio's* he was (forgive the indecency of the word) when he had got the opportunity of such a *vacation*, and the conveniency of such a noble *collection*. No sooner had we spied one another but he quitted his seat, and according to customary *preliminaries* upon a

sudden encounter, What, says he, brings you hither? I suppose from your *country-home*, where I had certainly been with you before now if I had known of your arrival. Why yesterday, said I, the city was all taken up and in distraction with the theatrical entertainments that were exhibited; so I took that opportunity of leaving it in the evening, and am now come hither upon my own errand, which is to carry back with me a parcel of books for my present use. By the way, methinks it is pity, Cato, that our little Lucullus is not better acquainted yet with all this vast treasure he is master of. I would have him persuaded to look upon this as the best-furnished apartment in his house. For I have a hearty love and tenderness for him, and therefore hope you will remember how much it is your duty to breed him up to the pattern of his father, of our old friend Cæpio, and of yourself his near relation. You will perceive I have reason for my solicitude, as you cannot but be sensible how much I once honoured the person, and still reverence the memory of Cæpio, verily believing that were he now alive we should have him among the first-rate supporters of the common-wealth; and by what an entire friendship and concurrence of sentiments I was wedded to that mirror of excellence Lucullus, who stands at this time *in idea* before me. You are highly to be commended, said Cato, for the regard you shew to the memory of those two persons, and the affection you bear to the young successor of the family that remains,

especially considering they both by *will* appointed you a share in the guardianship of their children. Nor shall I be wanting to that duty whereof you admonish me, neither must you in assisting me to discharge it. And let me tell you, the youth gives us already very pregnant intimations of a sweet and modest disposition and a large capacity of soul. But then you may remember how little a while since he came into the world. I do so, said I, and yet account this a proper season for him to be trying at those introductory studies and improvements, which the more haste he makes to perfect himself in, the better and the sooner will he be qualified to step into greater affairs. Of this matter, said Cato, we shall be obliged frequently and on set-purpose to confer and deliberate. At present, if you please, let us choose each his seat, which we did, and so far satisfy my curiosity as to tell me what books they can be which you, that have so good a study of your own, are come hither for? Some Aristotelian treatises: I am sure to meet with them here, and design to take them home with me to bestow that leisure upon, which you and I, you know, can command but seldom. And are there, said he, no hopes of your conversion to *stoicism*? No, not of Cicero's, who had always all the reason he possibly could have to admit nothing *good* besides *virtue*? Not more reason neither, said I, than there is for your not affixing new names to things when we are both agreed upon the things

themselves. For the difference between us is not in the *principle*, but wholly in the *expression*. Pardon me there : said he, as often as you make any thing *desirable* and a *real good* beside that which is precisely *honestum* (*honest honourable* and *virtuous*) you totally eclipse and for ever supplant what is such. Loftily and majestically asserted ! But then carry it along with you, Cato, said I, that even Pyrrho and Aristo, though they stand up for an exact *parity* in the *goodness* of things, talk with as much ostentation as you can do for your life. May a body enquire what is your opinion of them ? What is *my opinion* ! said he ; it is this, that all the good, great, just, and virtuous members of our common-wealth, whether known to us by fame or in person, who exclusively of the advantages of learning, and purely upon the sincerity of their intentions have acquitted themselves like gallant and glorious men, were much more happily instructed by the dictates of natural reason than any *philosophy* in the world, which had taught them to reckon upon any thing as *good* or *ill*, beside *moral honesty* or *turpitude*, could have instructed them. All the other schemes of philosophical institution are some less, others more valuable : but in short, I am so far from allowing that any discipline whatsoever extending the denomination of *good* or *evil* to any thing remote from the region of *moral virtue*, can conduce to the rectifying and advancing of human nature, that I am sure it must debauch



it, there being left us no means of proving *happiness of life* to be the effect of *virtue*, when once we have surrendered this proposition, *virtue is the only good*. And if *happiness of life* be not the effect of *virtue*, where is the need to busy ourselves about any such thing as philosophy? If *unhappiness* is incident to a wise man, as great as is the glory and reputation of *virtue*, I do not see what it has for which we should value it. All this, Cato, said I, you might have urged had you been pupil to Pyrrho or Aristo, and as much to the purpose, for these two, you know well enough, determine *virtue* to be not only the *sovereign good*, but the *sole*, and that is what yourself would have. And if it hold, the other consequence you are zealous for is as necessary, that every wise man's happiness is constant and continual. So that it lies upon you to receive as your favourites those philosophers and their opinion. Soft and fair! said he: to the province of virtue it belongs, the singling out and defining of what is most conformable to the measures of nature. And therefore, as the parties aforesaid have reduced all things to a level of indifference, and so made them equally eligible, they have struck at the very vitals of *virtue*. Excellently observed, said I, but while nothing passes with you for *good* but mere *virtue* and *honesty*, suppose you a *stoic* has a better pretence to abrogate the discriminating properties of other things? I know not, said he, what you mean by *abrogating*.

I think I leave them as I found them. Be *virtue*, said I, or *honesty*, or *moral rectitude*, *goodness*, or *decorum*, (the greater variety of names we give it, the better we shall set forth its nature) be it our sole and single *good*, and no other will remain worthy of our regard; as again, let *moral evil*, *turpitude*, *dishonesty*, *dishonourableness*, *pravity*, *flagitiousness*, *pollution*, to explain this *idea* likewise to the best advantage, let this be an evil by itself, and the only one we are in danger of, and then it is the only one from which we should be careful to preserve ourselves. You take me up, said he, before I am down, foreseeing what more I was designing to add; and therefore not to try my teeth upon your scraps of argument, I will rather with your approbation spend a portion of those hours we have now to spare, in giving a complete account of Zeno's and the *stoical* philosophy. It will do mighty well, said I, and go a great way toward expediting a due conclusion of our debate. Now then to make an experiment, said he, for the *stoical* hypothesis is full of perplexing difficulties and obscurities! The new terms which they signify their new notions by, though in process of time they are become familiar and trite, appeared novel and strange to the Greeks themselves; and therefore well may they look awkward and uncooth in Latin. Trouble not yourself, said I, about that. Zeno took the liberty of expressing those new thoughts which presented themselves by words

as unknown; and shall Cato be denied the same privilege? Not that it will be requisite to do like a pedantic translator, when a word either more or less in use might be had exactly opposite to the sense, to squeeze the words in the translation, one by one, out of the words of the original. Whenever I am brought to such a pinch, my way is to render by a circumlocution what the Greeks have thrown into a single word. Or if a man cannot pick out a proper Latin word, I will by no means debar him from taking the Greek. It were hard if we might call a *horses's harness ephippia*, and the *drunkard's jolly full bowels acratophora*; and yet must not instead of *præposita* and *rejecta*, words that signify *things comparatively eligible*, or *not at all eligible*, substitute from the Greek *proegmena*, and *apoproegmena*, notwithstanding that *præposita* and *rejecta* will serve as well. I thank you, said he, for the succours you have lent, and shall adopt the two Latin words you recommend, requesting you to set me forward when you find me at a stand for want of any other. The *bold*, said I, are *fortune's darlings*: however I will second you with all my strength. Only make haste and begin, for it is a divine one and the very best we could have chosen, that exercise for which we are preparing. Then he set out: That every *living creature* is from its nativity (whence begins the *philosophical epoch*) instigated and compelled by the constitution of its *being*, to love it, and en-

deavour its own safety and preservation; to take a pleasure in every thing that may contribute thereunto; to keep as far off as it can from its own *dissolution*, and whatever may further it; is a position established among the men of my party, and that upon the evidences which *infants* give in, before they have yet scarce tasted of *pleasure* or *pain*, by reaching after what they think will be beneficial to them, and turning away from what they fear will incommode them. And this they would never do, were they not well pleased with their own natural condition, and afraid of a *change*. Neither can it be accounted for, how they should be desirous of any thing at all, if they were not conscious of their own existence and perceptions, and endeared to themselves and their own interest by that consciousness. And thus the origin of desire rises out of the principle of *self-love*: among the natural springs and sources whereof there are very few *stoics* who reckon pleasure. The reason is, because if *pleasure* be listed in the number of those things which nature has made *primarily desirable*, we should be thereby powerfully induced to pursue very lewd and unjustifiable courses; and to me this is a most satisfactory reason. Then for a sufficient one, why, in course, we are so kindly affectioned toward those things which nature has inscribed of *prime account*, we have it here, that as for *the parts of the body*, there is no one but if left to his choice, would rather his own should be entire, perfect, and

well-limbed, than defective, unserviceable, distorted. And as for *ideas* and *right conceptions* of things, (perhaps you had rather have me say *καταλήψεις*, and may understand that better) these, as being so many vehicles and subjects of truth, we suppose to be very acceptable to our minds upon their own account. And of this we receive a convincing proof from the behaviour of young children, who, as little as they gain by it, rejoice and exult, if at any time without the help of others they have compassed a new invention or discovery. Furthermore, arts and sciences are in our esteem worthy for their own sakes to be propagated amongst us, not only because considered at large they have something in them that deserves cultivation, but also, because as well the *deductions* as the *principles* upon which they proceed are rational and methodical : and with us it goes for an undoubted truth, that there is nothing so contrary and detestable to human nature as to yield our assent to an apparent falsity. The *limbs* or *parts* of the body are of *two sorts* ; either such as nature has adapted to proper uses and functions, as the hands, the legs, the feet, and the *internal organs* ; and about the various offices and operations of these the physicians themselves cannot agree among themselves ; or such as have no manifest use, but serve only to beautify, as the peacock's tail, the variegating plumes upon the *neck of a dove*, and the *tuts* and *beard* of a man. I am sorry that my

present matter will not admit of more diffusive and lively periods. We are got among the first general branches of division in nature, and to them all exuberancy and fluency of expression is foreign, not that otherwise I should be very studious of it. Though it is impossible but that when we are discoursing upon subjects of main importance, *expression* will force its way, and bring along with it both *weight* and *lustre*. I deny not, said I, but you are so far in the right ; and yet if what is attempted upon a material subject, runs easy and clear, the manager, in my opinion, has performed his part to admiration. It is for every school-boy to spread his treasure of *rhetorical foliages* upon a thesis of this kind. A man of learning and sense will study and endeavour all he can to discourse of it with plainness and perspicuity. Having then, continued he, premised as much as is sufficient concerning the aforesaid *principles*, we shall now advance to certain consequences which unavoidably result from them. The division that comes next in my way is of *things* into *æstimabilia* and *inestimabilia*, *those that are truly valuable* and *those that are not*. That which is truly valuable is the same, as I conceive, with that which is consonant to nature, or by means of which such valuable properties accrue to something else as render it very well worthy of our choice. This *valuableness* Zeno calls *ἀξία*. And that which is not truly valuable is just the contrary to that which is valuable. Now this

foundation being laid, that those things which are exactly agreeable and calculated to the rules of nature, are to be closed with and accepted for themselves, and the contrary to be rejected; the first office or duty (for so I interpret the word *καθῆκον*) is to look to, and secure ourselves in the condition and constitution that is proper to our species; the second, that we fasten upon those things which hold an exact conformity with the methods and order of nature, and that we guard against the contrary. And after we have passed this *choice and refusal*, then follows thirdly, *Cum officio selectio*, *choice in conjunction and union with duty*, and this *choice* a standing and perpetual one, ever fixed and constant, and perfectly accommodated to the nature of things. And here we have the first emergency and notice of something really good, and our first obligation to engage ourselves to those things which are consonant, to the measures of nature. But when we have run a longer thread of *knowledge*, (*ἐννοια* in the original) and beheld the relation of duties to one another, and the harmony of all in consort, we rate them far above those things which we had reckoned upon before, and thus are we brought by knowledge and reason to conclude that the great *summum bonum* of man, which deserves to be the chief subject of our praises, and the chief object of our desires, stands upon the ground-work of that *ὁμολογία*, as the *stoics* call it, or if you please, in our language, *conveni-*

*entia* (coincidence and harmony) since in this lies that *bonum* or good, to which all virtuous and worthy actions must be referred, and the good of *virtue* itself, which, though a *subsequent good*, is nevertheless recommended purely upon its own authority and excellency; whereas the *prima naturæ*, the things which offer themselves first in order of nature, are none of them *irrespectively* and *for themselves* to be prized. And because upon the *initia naturæ*, the first general provisions in nature, the duties we were mentioning subsist, they are to be looked upon as subordinate to them and dependent of them; so that in the upshot, the centre to which all duties tend, is that of the *principia naturæ*, the first general principles in nature. Not that these constitute the *last good of all*, the first analogies and coherences in nature, not including virtuous actions or practices, which, according to what I observed before, are the fruits and consequences of them. Still these actions are among those things which hold an exact conformity with the measures of nature, and engage us to bid higher for them than for any of the rest. Now here to forestal a mistake which some people may be apt to run upon, as if we introduced a couple of *ultima bona*, utmost goods, let it be remembered that when a man is to dart a spear, or shoot an arrow at a *white*, which in the parallel answers to our *ultimum in bonis*, (last and furthest good) he must neglect no motion or condition which may bring



his weapon to the mark, and thus the same person does whatever is necessary to be done, to the end that he may hit within the *white*, and likewise to the end that no means may be omitted to render him successful, with this difference still between the two ends, that the former is, as the *summum bonum* in life, the *last* and *outermost*, but the latter, namely, that no means may be omitted to make the *flight* prosperous, does not import a *good* to be prized and desired for itself, but only to be chosen and used as a *conducive* one. And in regard all *offices* and *duties* whatsoever, arise out of the *first general principles in nature*, it must needs be that *human wisdom* results also from those *principles*. Neither is it more wonderful that these *general principles* should conduct us to *wisdom*, and that we should set more by *wisdom* afterwards, than before by these *general principles* that brought her and us together, than what is known every day, that he who is handed by another into the acquaintance of a third person, comes to esteem the third person above him to whom he owes the knowledge of him. The members and organs of our body are evidently framed and disposed for a stated and uniform discharge of the offices and operations proper to the animal life. In like manner the inclinations and propensities of the mind (signified in Greek by *ὁρμαί*) and so reason too, be it never so perfect and improved in us, are allotted us not for every use we can make of them, but only for

certain uses respecting the due government of our lives. For life ought to be as little left to itself, and as much tied to rules as a *stage-player* in his *action*, or a *dancing-master* in his *steps*. And a life shaped by these rules we call a *well-ordered* or a *rational course of life*. The art of *governing*, or the science of *medicine* has not, I conceive, so near an affinity to *wisdom* as what I compared it to before, the *gestures* of a *player*, or the *motions* of a *dancing-master*, because it immediately consists in the exercise of itself, and is not to be reduced into act before it is consummate. Although the comparison will not hold throughout between *wisdom* and these *two attainments*, because let the performances of a *player* or a *dancing-master* be never so just and excellent, yet they do not singly take in the whole œconomy and complement of the respective arts. Whereas the entire substance of *virtue* comes under our particular *κατορθώματα*, *recte facta*, *good and rational acts*. For it is peculiar to *wisdom* in contradistinction to all other arts and accomplishments whatsoever, that it is to itself *all in all*, and *all in every part*. It were also a mere madness to pitch a parallel between the *end* of the art of governing or of the science of medicine, and the *end* of *wisdom*; inasmuch as it is the business of *wisdom* to fortify and rectify the mind, and raise it above the impressions and reach of external accidents, to effect which exceeds the province of all other arts and sciences: as nobody can be thus

happily disposed, till he has passed it into an infallible dictate, that whatever touches not upon the confines of *virtue* or *vice* is in its own nature *uncomparatively indifferent*. And now let me entertain you with a taste of those choice inferences which flow from the premisses. That it is the last and final *good* of man to take such measures of life as quadrate with the order and the constitutions of nature, is proved; and that the life of every wise man must be fortunate and happy, independent, never entangled, and always free and furnished, unavoidably follows from that position. By the way you may have taken notice, I presume, that when I speak of the *last* or *final*, or *principal good*, (or *end* instead of the *two former, last*, or *final good*) I mean the same by it as the Greeks by the word *τέλος*. Then as to that grand article that we should esteem *virtue*, and nothing else to be our *good*, (a direction that reaches as far into the condition of our lives, and into life itself, as into that kind of philosophy which we are now considering) I might fetch a large compass of *rhetoric*, and set out the praises of it at length in the choicest turns of speech, and the most commanding periods, but that I postpone them all to the quick and girding *conclusions* of the *stoics*; as thus, whatever is good is praise-worthy; whatever is praise-worthy is matter of virtue and honour; therefore whatever is good, is matter of virtue and honour. Can any thing be more close-

ly and fairly inferred? There is nothing to be found in the sequel but what is the genuine product of the premisses. The *major* or *first proposition*, I know, is usually denied; as if it were not true, that whatever is good is praise-worthy (for nobody questions but that whatever is matter of virtue and honour is so.) But then how extravagant is it to suppose that any thing which is good is not desirable, or that that which is desirable is not pleasing, or that that which is pleasing is not worthy of our love, or that that which is worthy of our love is not worthy of our esteem and praises, and consequently matter of virtue and honour? Again, it is not a life of misery or without felicity, but a life of real happiness that a man may boast of, and in such a life he is allowed to glory, which yet were not to be suffered if his life of happiness were not a life of virtue, and therefore both are the same. Neither is any one worthy of esteem and commendation, but upon the score of some significant claim which gives him possession of credit, honour, or happiness; and what holds as to the *man*, holds as to the *life of the man*. Consequently, if virtue and honesty are the characteristics of a happy life, nothing but what is matter of virtue or honesty may pass for *good*. To make sure work; let it once be granted, that *pain* is an *evil*; and then find me out a way, if you can, to settle, invigorate, and confirm the mind. As it is not in the power of any man, that accounts of *death* as an evil, not to

be afraid of it, nor, in general, to slight or be unconcerned at any mischief or evil, be it what it will. And when this is once admitted, which was never in this world contested, the next is a very natural superinduction, that a man of true greatness and bravery will afford contingencies and accidents of life no other consideration than that of scorn and contempt. Upon the whole therefore nothing, we see, can be an evil but what has in it an alloy of moral turpitude. Accordingly, it is the part of that great *sampler* of magnanimity, fortitude and contempt of the world (which if we cannot actually produce, we should at least be glad if we could) to rely upon himself: to be undismayed about any part of his life, and to have a good opinion of his own strength and condition, holding to this, with assurance, *that a wise man can come to no harm*. Which consideration alone makes it appear plainly, *that nothing beside virtue and honour is good*, and that a happy and a virtuous life are one and the same. I know very well what a variety and difference of opinions there was among those philosophers that seated the *summum bonum*, or the *last great good*, in the mind, and how many abettors of their mistakes they have had. But, for my part, I that follow the masters who settle it all upon the *virtues* of the *mind*, in comparison of that opinion, as little attend to the doctrines of any of those three sects which representing virtue as unentire and abortive, pretend to patch it up either with

*pleasure* or *indolence*, or the *prima naturæ*, (*the first general constituents of human nature*) as to theirs that saluting either *pleasure* for a *summum bonum*, or *indolence*, or the *prima naturæ*, make a separation between *virtue* and *summum bonum*. Beyond them all for paradoxes of absurdity, is that clan of your *academics*, who, notwithstanding they have determined the last *empyreal good* to consist in a life of speculation and science, that there is no real difference between one thing and another, and that a wise man cannot but be happy, because he strings all his circumstances upon the same thread; yet bind it upon their *wise-man* as the presiding and most fundamental of his duties to bilk his own eyesight, and forswear all manner of *assent*. The replies which are made to this account of the matter are, for the most part, much more prolix than so plain a case requires. For is it not clear, that unless we understand how to skim and drain off whatever is repugnant to the measures of nature from whatever agrees to them, it is a jest to look longer after any such thing as *prudence*, or so much as to talk of it *respectfully*? So that having dispatched the aforesaid *hypotheses*, and in them all others of the same complexion, we have now no other *summum bonum* left behind, unless it rests here, that we live under a judicious regard to the motions and emergences in nature, that we stand to her propositions, and abjure what crosses upon her; in short, that we live up and according to her

directions. The ἐπιγενηματικόν (as it is called by the men of skill) or *advance* and *progress* that is made in any specimen of any other art is subsequent and expected. But *wisdom* is always born *full-grown*, and every effect of it so complete and adequate in itself, as not to be capable of improvement, amounting to no less than that which we take to be truly *valuable* and *desirable*; it being no less a misdemeanor to be sensible of any fear, or sorrow, or fleshly inclinations, though they are not complied with in practice, as to sell our country, injure our parents, or disfurnish the temples, which are *crimes of commission*. And as these do not gather and grow into *sins* by little and little, but so soon as they are, are as great as they will be: so the exercise of any *virtue* implies an *actual* perfection of practice, not an *ascending* one. And now to explain what I mean by *bonum* or *good*, a word which makes such a figure in our present debate; somewhat variously the philosophers have expressed themselves about it, though all their definitions run at last into an equivalency. I am for that of Diogenes, with whom *bonum* or *good* is, that *whose essence is consummate*, and the ὠφέλημα or advantage derived by it, he has defined to be either those influences, or circumstances, which that *perfection of essence* conveys. And forasmuch as the mind is the fountain and residence of all our notions, whether collected from experience, relative connexions, similitude, or by comparing reason

with reason; the last of these operations produces the knowledge of our *good*, the mind after having distinguished those things which are according to the measures of nature, mounting in a road of rational *collections*, until it arrives at the comprehension of its own *good*, which is of that nature that it neither admits of accession, nor intension, nor comparison, but is absolute and singular, and makes us know that it is such. As *honey*, the principal of all sweets, does not relish by virtue of any comparative, but of its own proper and specific *sweetness*. In like manner the excellencies which make our *bonum* or *good* so valuable, are to be estimated not by *quantity* but by *kind*. Nor does our valuation ( $\acute{\alpha}\xi\lambda\iota\alpha$ ) though it should run ever so high, take it out of its proper *kind*, because it carries in it nothing of good or evil. Whence it fully appears that the estimate we pass upon virtue must not follow rules of proportion, but the definition of its essence. Next for the *perturbations* or *passions* of the mind, to the unwise the burthen and bane of their being, called in the Greek  $\pi\acute{\alpha}\theta\eta$ , which is as much as to say, *distempers* and *indispositions*, and so, perhaps, I might have translated it, were it not unusual to call *compassion* or *anger* a *disease*, or had I not thought the sense of the word *perturbation* sufficiently disadvantageous. These perturbations which are digested under four general heads, *trouble of mind*, *fear*, *lust*, and  $\eta\delta\omicron\nu\eta$ , according to the signification



the *stoics* have imposed upon it, equally applicable to the body and mind. *Lætitia* we may render it, a lively and emphatical sense of pleasure within. These are so many *unnatural fermentations* to be accounted for from false opinion, and the levity of human nature, and lie out of a wise man's way. It is advanced by a great many other philosophers beside the *stoics*, that whatever comes under the notion of *virtue* is valuable and desirable upon its own account. This all philosophers are bound to assert, however they stand affected, except the three factions that leave virtue out of the *summum bonum*; but the *stoics* especially, that leave all things out of the character of *good* beside *virtue*. And the reason why they do so, is obvious and evident, if it were no more than this, that though as to inconveniences and punishments he were sure to be excused, there neither is, nor ever was any man yet, suppose his avarice and other desires and inclinations have governed him as uncontrollably as you please, but who would much rather have brought about his designs without than by the perpetration of a crime. So when we take pains to inform ourselves rightly of the concealed distributions, motions, and efficiencies in the natural world, as for instance in the heavenly bodies; what advantage or lucre do we propose to make of our curiosity? Or what *wild man of the mountains or the forests* could ever yet so damp the force of nature's impulses within him, as not to reckon it worth his

while to converse with significant matters of science, but on the contrary to nauseate them, unless they yielded either his *purse* a *stipend*, or his *senses* a *gratification*? Who that so soon as he hears of the actions, the sayings, and the resolutions of those astonishing examples of true *fortitude* and every other virtue, our predecessors, whether the *Africani*, or (the man that takes up so much room in your thoughts and words) my *great grandfather*, or any of the rest, perceives not a mighty satisfaction diffused over his faculties? Who that ever had an ingenuous education, and among people of worth and honour, but would abominate whatever is foul and unwarrantable as such, though the consequences of it were not disagreeable? conceive a secret resentment at the sight of a libertine? and be always out of conceit with little souls, temporizers, fops, and triflers? If the dishonesty of an action is not in itself execrable and frightful; what is there to tie us up from committing the most heinous facts, when countenanced by darkness and solitude? All this amounts not to the thousandth part of what I might offer upon this point, if there were occasion. I know of nothing more indisputable, than that as *virtue* or *moral excellency* is for itself to be valued and desired, so *vice* or *moral turpitude* is to be hated and avoided. Further; if I have now evinced it sufficiently that there is no other *human good* beside *virtue* and *moral excellency*, it necessarily follows that this *moral excel-*

*lency* is to be preferred before the means which are made use of to acquire it. And therefore as often as we affirm against folly, temerity, injustice, intemperance, that we ought to beware of them because of the ill effects they bring; this must not be taken as contradictory to that other position of ours, that there is no other evil beside *moral turpitude*, the malignity of those effects not lying in the detriment which the body sustains from them, but in the immorality and viciousness of the *action*; for so the word *κακία* is better turned than by the word *malitia*, properly signifying *malice*. You are very happy, Cato, said I, in the elegance and expressiveness of your terms. Philosophy has been long accounted at Rome an *exotic*, and such is the subtilty and delicacy both of its matter and language, that we have hitherto despaired of weaving it into our mother-tongue; and yet you find no trouble to *latinize* it, and make it a complete Roman. It is true, we have those that will discourse in Latin upon philosophical subjects, but then they never proceed in the way of *divisions* and *definitions*, and only insist upon such particulars as stand explicitly ratified by nature. The questions upon which they try their skill are not at all involved; and so wrought off with ease. Permit me therefore to observe narrowly what you say, and to fix in my mind such new terms as you supply us with to help out our present controversy, because they will be serviceable to me in my turn. You sug-

gested rightly, and like a master of Latin *etymology* in the opposition you were stating between *virtue* and *vice*, the latter, as I apprehend, taking its name from *vituperabile*, because *reproach* and *accusation* stick to its very essence, unless *vituperabile* may rather come from *vitium* (*vice*;) and if you had made *malitia* (*malice*) of *κακία*, it would have denoted according to our acceptation but one particular sort of *vice*; whereas *virtue* and *vice*, as you have *indefinitely* opposed them, comprehend the several *species* of either. We are now, continued he, upon the verge of a disquisition that has been prosecuted with mighty heats. The *peripatetics*, who being destitute of *logic* seldom argue *closely*, have thought it their best way to manage it with moderation and tenderness. But your beloved Carneades, a singular good *logician* and *orator*, had well-nigh put us to our shifts. He was ever confident that the *stoics* and *peripatetics*, upon the question *de bonis et malis*, (*of good and evil*) disagreed not in their *principles*, but only in their *terms*. Now for my part I think it notorious that there is more than a *verbal* difference between the two *hypotheses*. The *stoics*, I say, and the *peripatetics* vary not half so much in *terms* as in *principles*. Thus the *peripatetics* make every thing which they call *good* an ingredient in their composition of *human happiness*: whereas we maintain that a happy life is constituted only of that which *properly and by virtue of*

*itself* challenges our esteem. Again; if *pain* is an *evil*, what can be clearer than that a wise man, when he lies in torture upon the wheel, is no longer happy? Now we, that have no notion of the *evil* of *pain*, have found a surer way to hold a wise man's happiness together in spite of the *rack* itself. And it is plain that, were it not for *opinion* and the *vapours*, in the nature of the thing we should never find this *pain* greater and that lighter. Else what makes that pain a *scratch*, when we come by it in the defence of our country, which is an *anguish* when the occasion is less honourable and important? Another article wherein the *peripatetics* dissent from us, is this. The *peripatetics* allow three kinds of things really good, and the richer allotment of advantages either of body or fortune falls to a man's share, the wider, they say, is his felicity, the accession of all such external privileges making out the whole extent of human happiness with them; so that if we were to come up to their terms, we must admit that the larger the inventory of his *externals*, the happier the man; which we cannot by any means digest. For certainly if we deny altogether, that any supposed affluence or abundance even of the *bona naturæ*, (*those things which nature signifies to be good*,) add any thing to the blessedness or value of life; we can never persuade ourselves that our happiness receives any thing from externals, be their plenty and perfection as great as you please. If *wisdom* and

*health* be, both of them, things desirable, then must both in conjunction be more desirable than *wisdom* alone; and yet, notwithstanding both deserve to be valued, in conjunction they are no more than equivalent to the first alone. For though we grant that *health* is a thing to be *made much of*, but not to be made free of the classis of *bona*, or *things absolutely good*; yet in competition and comparison with *virtue* we value it no more than a *shadow*. The *peripatetics* teach us another lesson, and affirm that a *virtuous action* which will not expose us to a present pain or loss, takes place of one that will. This now sounds very harsh in our ears, and why it does, you shall understand in the sequel. Mean while what think you of the parallel between the *peripatetics* and the *stoics*! In respect of the *final good* we stand up for, all those foreign accommodations that relate to the body are like the glimmering of a lamp before the sun in the meridian, immediately vanished and absorbed; a drop of *brine* lost in the *Ægean sea*; a stiver laid up among *Croesus's golden magazines*; or the length of a *flea's leap* deducted out of the number of leagues that lie between this place and the *Indies*. The splendor of *virtue* extinguishes them, and the bulk, exuberancy, and extent of it overbears and annihilates them. An opportunity (*εὐκαιρία*) is not more itself though the allowance of time be never so liberal, because it cannot transgress its own duration. And so a right *practice*

(κατόρθωσις, as for κατόρθωμα I would put *rectum factum*, a *regular action*) and the *concurrence* of moral principles, and the *good of conformity to the measures of nature* are incapable of being augmented. The case of these, and that former of an *opportunity* are perfectly alike. And hence it is that the *stoics* have drawn off this doctrine, that a happy life of the length of half a span is as good, and ought to be as satisfactory, as one of a longer time. The prime excellency of a *slipper* is to sit easy and handsome upon the foot, (I give you the old *simile*) which if it does, it is nothing to the purpose what size it is of, nor how many *pair* of the same size there are in the world. And thus if *symmetry* and *opportunity* make out the nature of any *good*, it is not to be multiplied into a plurality, nor advanced by being stretched. And yet some people are so weak as to infer, that because a good state of health, when it stays with us long, is better than if it lasted but a little while; therefore a long allowance of time for the cultivation and exercise of wisdom is rather to be wished for than a short one. Now they are to understand that our estimate upon *health* is determined from the circumstance of *continuation*, but our estimate upon *virtue* from the circumstance of *opportunity*. And they might as gravely inculcate that it is better to die or be born, in a *long-instant* of time than in a *short one*. Some things though very transient are as much worth as others though very perma-

nent; but it is not every body that knows the distinction. To come forward; they who attribute unto the last and final *good* a possibility of increasing, if they will be consistent with themselves, must also maintain *degrees in wisdom*, and an *inequality in the goodness or badness of any of our actions*. We that conceive the final good to be incapable of additions, deny this. He that is over head and ears in a *pool*, though he should not be further than three inches below the surface, is as little in a condition to fetch his breath as if he were at the bottom. A young puppy that is to have the use of his eyes within a day or two is as blind as another that was whelped an hour ago. In like manner, he that makes but a partial and an imperfect progress in virtue is as wretched and forlorn as he that has made none. You may call these propositions mysteries, or paradoxes; or what you please, but, sure I am, if my first principles are true and compact, and what I have now superinduced altogether comports with them, there is no pretence for questioning the truth of them. When I say that any degrees of *greater* or *less* are foreign to the nature of *virtue* and *vice*, do not mistake me, as if I denied that either the one or the other might be, as I may say, *expanded* and *rarefied*. Riches, our Diogenes conceives, may help us to *pleasure* and a good constitution, and be the vehicle of both; but for the art of living well, or any other art, riches convey nothing of it to us, though



they may convey us to it: that therefore wealth is as much a *good* as *pleasure* or a *favourable constitution*; that it is yet far from a consequence, because wisdom is a real good, therefore *current coin* must be so too: that whatever is not itself a real good cannot include that which is; that our conceptions of things, which are the ground-work and materials of all art, naturally operate upon our inclinations; and that for as much as riches are no real *good*, they cannot consequently include whatever may be called an *art*. And though this is rightly observed as to arts in general, yet there is this one thing peculiar to *virtue*, that it must be perpetually refreshed and exercised; which is not absolutely required in arts and sciences; as also that under virtue is comprehended an uniform constancy and steadiness in the tenor of a man's whole life; but this is not of the substance of any liberal art or science. To go on with our distinctions, because were we to do, as Aristo has done, not distinguish between the nature of this and that, we could never methodize the conduct of life, nor understand the proper functions and administrations of wisdom; in regard the severals, which respect or come into the management of life, would lie undistributed, and appear all equally eligible: passing therefore from the distinction between that which is absolutely good, or matter of virtue, and that which is absolutely evil or matter of vice, the *stoics* have settled another division of things, which, though they neither make for nor against the happiness of life, yet are

dissimilar and subordinate ; and these are either such as are of *some account*, of *ill account*, or *intermediate*. Those which are of some account have something in them recommending and *preferable*, as *health*, *senses perfect*, *indolence*, *a great character*, *money*, and the like ; or else they are not properly preferable, and so stand *intermediate* ; and those which are of *ill account*, having something in them discommending and unacceptable, as *pain*, *sickness*, *the want of any of our senses*, *indigence*, *ignominy*, and the like ; or else they are not properly unacceptable, and so make the other branch of the *intermediate*. Hereupon Zeno rather than he would forego his distinction of προηγμένον and ἀποπροηγμένον, took the liberty to disgrace his own copious language by bringing up those new terms, though we must be prohibited to enrich our scanty one, if you will give me leave to call it so. That I may make the meaning of these terms a little better understood, it will not be impertinent to tell you what Zeno had in his eye when he made the word προηγμένον. As it were absurd, says he, to talk of a sovereign prince being promoted to a dignity ; and places at court are not for him, but for the great men, his immediate inferiors : even so they are not the supreme but the secondary prerogatives of life, which I term προηγμένα, *producta (literally) things that obtain favour and promotion*, as ἀποπροηγμένα, *rejecta, things wherewith we are displeased*, unless we render both as before, *præposita*

or *præcipua*, *preferables*; and *rejecta*, *things disagreeable*. So we do but understand one another, we ought not to be superstitious about words. Now then, for as much as that which is really our *good* is absolute and superlative, the nature of that which is no more than a *preferable* can be neither good nor bad, but is ἀδιάφορον, what we may call *indifferent*, or something as well on this side *insignificancy*, as on this side the *greatest significancy*. That such midling *species* of things either agreeable or disagreeable to nature should not be left out of his distinctions was most necessary; and no less, that what could not be left out should be reckoned upon as of *some account*; and again, as necessary, if we affirm such and such things to be of *some account*, that our species of *præposita* or *preferables* be allowed. So that this distinction is a very just one, and the advancers of it, because they would have it sufficiently intelligible, illustrate it by a *simile*. Suppose a *die* to be thrown, upon a wager that such a number shall rise, if such a number does indeed come up, that position of it, considered *abstractedly*, approaches very near to the end for which it was thrown, as another position would utterly defeat that end; and yet that particular position does not partake of the nature of the end. Thus the *preferables* I am speaking of have a relation and affinity to the *end* itself, though neither contained in it, nor influencing in conjunction with it. Next comes on the division of good things

into *τελικὰ*, those that are of the very essence of the final good (to make use, for once, of the benefit of that concession, that we should have recourse to a *periphrasis*, when the import of the word in the original may be thereby better explained) and *ποιητικὰ*, those that are instrumental towards our attaining of it, and lastly, those that are *mixed*. *Virtuous actions* are solely those that are purely of the essence of it. *Friends* are alone the purely *instrumental*. And *wisdom* is both of the essence and *instrumental*; of the essence, because nature is concurred with in every act of it; and *instrumental*, because it directs us to and puts us upon the practice of *virtue*. The *preferables* are also either *essential ones*, *instrumental*, or *mixed*: *essential*, as our *features*, our *postures*, our *motions*, which are some of them *agreeable*, some *disagreeable*; *instrumental*, as *money*; *mixed*, as *sound sensories*, or a *good state of health*. The opinion of Chrysippus and Diogenes as to the value of *reputation* (for the present occasion requires that *εὐδοξία* be construed *reputation* and not *glory*) was, that, when we have deducted its *subserviency*, it is not worthy to cost us the trouble of extending an arm; and I am all in their interest. Although others overpowered by Carneades have since confessed, that reputation is a thing to be valued and sought for itself, and that although it could no way turn to advantage, every man of an ingenuous disposition and improved intellectuals would be glad

to sit fair in the thoughts of his parents, his kindred, and all good people; that though it will stand us in very little stead, we should endeavour to leave behind us a lasting and an honourable mention of our name, in like manner as we make provision for our children, though born after our decease, barely for their convenience. Now that being proved to be our only *good* which is *matter of virtue*, it follows that we ought to do whatever is our duty, though the nature of *duty* falls not within the account of those things which are properly *good* or *evil*; for between these lies the balance of its *reasonableness*, and the measures we are to take from the reasons which preponderate. It is certain we are to be determined to the doing of our duty by such reasons as we can shew to be the *more satisfactory*. Whence it appears that *duty* is none of those things which are either *good* or *evil* in themselves, but hovers in the middle; and since those things which are neither *virtues* nor *vices absolutely*, are nevertheless of consequence and advantage, we are not to make the least abatement of them. Now some of our actions we are determined to by the *reasons* that result from the posture and aspect of those things; as whatever is transacted upon *reasons* is that which we term *duty*. And therefore *duty* has no part in the list of those things which are either *good* or *evil* properly so called. And yet is it unquestionable that these things are matter for a wise man to work

upon, who, when he puts a duty in practice, first satisfies himself that it is a *duty*, and stands infallibly assured at the same time that that *duty* moves in a *middle sphere*. For a further proof, observe that whatever action bears the name of a *complete good one* is a duty performed, as there is also *duty unconsummate*. So to deliver up honestly what was deposited in my hands is a *complete good action*; to deliver up what is none of my own is a *duty*. The word *honestly* imports a *good act complete*; and to give every man his own, is a *particular duty defined*. And because the *middle order* of things comprehends the matter of our choice, whatever we do or say with respect thereunto, will be a point of duty. And so the unwise as well as the wise man, upon the score of that natural affection which either bears to himself, will pursue those measures which he thinks most agreeable to nature, and avoid the contrary. Thus *duty* lies in common between the *wise* and the *unwise*, and discovers the *middle order* of things to be the region of its residence. And as all *duties* whatsoever arise out of this element, so all our considerations and counsels tend to it, even those about going out of or staying in the world; as to which, when the majority is on the side of those things which *sympathise* with nature, it is a man's duty to live on; but when the majority either is, or is likely to hang on the other side, it is his duty to make his *exit*. Whence it sometimes comes to pass that a wise

man, though his condition be very happy, is obliged to remove out of life; and a fool, as bad as his circumstances are, to keep to his old quarters. For the *first* and *best generals* in the distribution of nature, the *secondary* or *middle*, and the *last* or *worst* are all offered and exposed to the judgment and choice of a *wise man*, as his materials; and the *real* and *chief good* and *evil*, which we have made such frequent mention of, reside beyond these; but these are to determine his resolutions, one way or the other, as to the advisableness of quitting or not quitting life. It is not my being virtuous or not virtuous, that should induce me to run upon *destruction*. But it is a *duty* incumbent upon a *wise man*, when the face of affairs requires it, notwithstanding he is actually in possession of the most exalted happiness, to dispatch himself, as soon as he can; as he means to conform precisely and scrupulously to the measures of nature, it being taken for granted by the *stoics*, that the circumstance of *seasonableness* or *opportunity* is the distinguishing note and measure of a happy life. Accordingly, *wisdom* lays her commands upon her *votary* to *abdicate herself too*, when he cannot play a *better game*. On the other hand, seeing our *moral defects* are in themselves no sufficient grounds for us to become our own executioners, it follows as certainly that a *fool*, though as such he is fated to be miserable, is bound-over to live on till he loses a *majority* of those advantages which are

*according to nature.* And another good reason why the man, that is instated in such a *majority*, should be tied to keep his hold of life, is because he is never the more unhappy if he keeps it than if he leaves it, its continuance not at all aggravating any disobliging conditions of it which may tempt him to throw it up. Moreover, the *stoics* advertise, that it nearly concerns us to observe how effectually it is contrived and adjusted in the nature of things, that those creatures which propagate should love what they beget; and from this natural principle we fetch and account for the fundamentals of society and commerce among men. The very figure and fabric of our bodies demonstrate procreation to be among those ends to which they were formed; and that procreation was intended upon the forming of our bodies, and not withal a love and tuition of what should spring from us, were most unaccountable. The brutes have a propensity to these offices implanted in them, and by the care and trouble which they undergo, as well in the part of nursing as of bringing forth, providence has expressly promulged and countenanced the principle; insomuch that we have not a fuller assurance of our natural aversion to *pain*, than of the importunity and impulses which we feel within us, enforcing the parent's affection toward the child. And this establishment in nature lies at the bottom of civil and personal intercourses and correspondences, and obliges every man to a



concern and regard for his neighbour, because his neighbour is a man as well as himself. It is true, some of the parts of the body serve only for their own purposes, as the eyes and ears; but then others are ministerial to their fellow-members, as the legs and hands. Thus again, there are beasts of prey, the ends of whose being seem to terminate in themselves. But then there is the *pinna* or *nacre-fish* (that in the open shell) and the *pinnoteres*, as it is called, because though it makes a custom of swimming out, yet it never deserts its tenement, but immediately closes it upon its return; as who should say, caution is an excellent thing (beside the *pismires*, the *bees*, and the *storks*) which pursue a public and common interest in the affairs they carry on. And these combinations and partnerships are much more effectual and perfect in the societies of mankind. You see then how natural it is for us to form ourselves into communities and corporations. The *stoics* further teach you, that the providence of the gods governs the universe, and that as well the college of the heavenly powers as the whole multitude of mankind, and every individual in it are of the substance of that *universe*. And thence infer, that the more *public good* is to supersede the more *private*. For that whoever pretends to any probity, wisdom, a dutiful and governable temper, or a tolerable notion of civil duties, will, in imitation of the laws, more studiously solicit the interest of the public,

than any private one whatsoever, though it were his own; and that he who is a traitor to his country, is neither better nor worse than a mercenary, corrupted *renegado* from the *common cause* of mankind: consequently that whosoever makes a present of his life to his country, merits very particular commendations, for corroborating in so signal a manner this doctrine, that we ought to be more zealous for our country's preservation than for our own; and this in reference to some barbarous and hardy wretches, who declare *they will readily give their vote for a bonfire to be made of the whole world the day after they are stepped out of it*: (there is a thread-bare Greek verse to this purpose in which I might have expressed myself.) Now with respect to these, the *stojics* urge that it is our duty to take care for the well-being of our survivors and posterity, properly and absolutely for their sakes. And these cordial, affectionate intentions are presupposed upon the dictating of a *last will*, or a dying man's recommending their respective *charges* to his friends. Furthermore; that it is natural for us to unite in confederations and alliances, is as apparent as the irreconcilableness of any man's *genius* to perpetual solitude, though he were promised it should be qualified with all imaginable amusements of recreation and pleasure. Besides, there is implanted in our constitution a good-natured eagerness to be as serviceable, and to as many of our kind, as we can, particularly by recti-

fyng their judgments, and furnishing their faculties. We are naturally as forward to communicate as to accept of notions, and he must be very singular indeed, that imparts to nobody the least portion of his own observations and acquisitions. Again; it is a rule of nature to those people who enjoy singular privileges of fortune, and may command in the world, that, after the examples of Hercules and Bacchus, they should exert themselves as the champions and protectors of mankind. So instinct animates the *bulls* to encounter the *lions* with collected force and fury in defence of the *heifers* and the *calves*. When we consecrate to Jove himself his epithets of *greatest* and *best*; when we appeal to him under his titles of *beneficial* and *benign*, *the preserver of our families and government*, (*stator*) we signify how glorious a province it is which we ascribe to him, namely, that of *guarding us against violence, and delivering us out of danger*. And therefore, if below we are unsolicitous for, and wanting to the advance of our own mutual interests, it were unreasonable and presumptuous to make it our petition to the gods, that they would be pleased to receive us into their favour and patronage. In brief; we slide as directly into civil society and commerce, as we come to the use and exercise of our limbs, before we can give a philosophical account of them. And unless we did so, justice and generosity must be very precarious and chimerical things. *They*

add, that although the laws and bonds of society hold men and men together, yet between men and brutes no such intercourses take place; agreeable to that excellent remark of Chrysippus, *that man is born to incorporation and society, and that every thing else received its existence for the use and service of the gods and him; and consequently, that man may dispose of the inferior animals as he pleases, to his own advantage, without doing them any injury*; that because the establishment of civil rights is thus natural and necessary, the *just man* is he that is careful to have them preserved; the *unjust* he that invades and infringes them. And yet that there is nothing in any common or civil rights, which interferes with the rights of individuals; as the seats in the play-house are all for common use, and yet every man's place is his own when he has taken it: that since it appears to have been the intent of the *efficient cause* that men should succour and support one another, a wise man is not at all forbidden by his character to take upon him and administer a public post, nor to marry and have children; for that wisdom and *love*, if it be chaste and pure, are compatible with one another. As for the measures and course of life peculiar to the *cy-nics*, the *stoics* are divided, some admitting that when, as it may happen, the exigencies of a man's condition call for it, he should have recourse to those measures; but others will not hear of such a *dispensation*. And the better to strengthen this

economy of commerce and natural affection, what they call *ὠφελήματα* and *βλάμματα*, *substantial emoluments*, and *substantial detriments*, they hold to be of common concernment; the former to the advantage, the latter to the disadvantage of the community. And as they affirm them to be of common concernment, so to lie in a *parity*, which they will not allow us to what they call *εὐχρησθήματα* and *δυσχρησθήματα* (*conveniencies* and *inconveniencies*) though they must make these two to be of common concernment: because that which brings a real advantage must be simply and properly good, and that which brings a real disadvantage must be simply and properly evil, and to the instances of either of these *kinds disparity* is foreign. Now *conveniencies* and *inconveniencies* are to be reduced to the *species* before mentioned of *preferables* and their *opposites*; and to those *disparity* is essential. Any particular justifiable or unjustifiable actions, *in respect of the agents*, are not of common concernment, as the *substantial emoluments* are declared to be. Of this last advantageous kind is *friendship*; and hence the *stoics* recommend the cultivation of it. There are some among them who maintain, that it is the part of a *wise man* to love his friend and himself alike, and others that say, he ought to love himself best, reserving it still as a caution in behalf of the obligations to justice which are fastened upon our nature, that there must be no *snipping my own gains out of another man's*

*cloth.* But not one of them will endure any such supposition as that considerations of profit should ingratiate or enforce the duties of friendship or equity, because the same considerations will serve as effectually to undermine and supplant them, it being unconceivable how there should be any such thing as justice or friendship in the world, unless both subsist upon their own intrinsic merit and dignity. They teach us likewise, that the notion of *right* is truly and properly that, the definition whereof we find legible in the nature of things; that a wise man will abhor all thoughts not only of injurious practices, but of practices any way prejudicial to another; as also of *associating* with his friends, or his benefactors and patrons, in any villanous devices or the execution of them. *They* contend for it with all the nerves of truth and argument that *equity* and *profit* are inseparable; that whatever is just and fair is truly honourable and becoming; and (convertibly) that whatever is truly honourable and becoming must be just and fair. In the next place, to the aforesaid variety of moral virtues they annex their corollaries of *logic* and *natural philosophy*; the former of which they denominate a *virtue*, because by it we are enabled to make our party good against all the little skirmishes of falsehood and fallacy, and to confirm and ascertain the doctrines which we lay down in relation to moral good and evil. For the *stoics* apprehend, that if a man is not something of a *logician*,

he must needs be very liable to be misled and imposed upon. So that unless inconsideration and ignorance in general are no *faults*, when they reckon upon that which remedies both as a *virtue*, they have reason. And when they ascribe as much to *natural philosophy*, they justify themselves as well; for, say they, when a man proposes to come up as near to the model of nature as he can, if he goes to work regularly, he sets out with the contemplation of the productions and methods of *providence*. Not to mention at what uncertainties we must be left about the nature of moral good and evil, until such time as we have competently satisfied ourselves about the *phenomena* of the world, how far the gods are concerned with it, in what degrees of *symmetry* man, the little universe, answers to the great one, and how much he is indebted to the sages of old for those excellent precepts of theirs; *that we should never bear against the bias of an exigency; that we should resign ourselves to the conduct of the Deity; that every man should know his own person, thoroughly, and no man exceed bounds.* Now the just importance of all these, and it is very considerable, he that is a stranger to natural philosophy cannot reach. Then too this science will carry us a great way in stating the motives and encouragements, discernible in the face of nature, to a strict observation of justice, and of all the duties of friendship and humanity. Nay, until we have made a due progress in

our physical inquiries, we can hardly have a complete *rationale* of our duties and obligations to the divine powers themselves. But, I fear, by this time, I have out-run my line, and expatiated beyond the proper limits of the question proposed. However the charming contexture of all the parts of the *stoical* discipline, and the surprising dependance of its *institutions*, one upon another, will bear me out. O heavens! are you not ravished at the review of them? What does nature herself, as unimitably elegant and exquisite as are her perfections and beauties; what does art and invention afford so delicately proportioned, and so firmly compacted? How curious the agreement between our antecedents and consequents! Does not every one of the latter *grow out of* the former? And are not all the parts of the *hypothesis* tied together with such a *continuity*, that if you crop off a syllable, you ruin the whole? and yet we challenge you to wound the least *fibre*. O! what an awful! what an heroic! what a steady example is our *man of wisdom*! He stands convinced and assured, that virtue is alone the *good* of man, and so cannot but be always happy, and in an actual possession of those privileges and eminences, which, when attributed to him, are a subject for the pedantic world to rally and joke upon. For why is Tarquin so much a monarch as he; Tarquin, who knew not how to govern either his subjects or himself? Why is not he more truly the *people's master*, I mean a *dictator*,



than Scylla, whose *province*, when all is said, lay only between his three accursed qualities, luxury, avarice, and barbarity? Why not richer than Crassus too, seeing Crassus, if it had not been for his *wants*, would never have passed the *frat*, and engaged in a groundless war? Alas! All things we may fairly say, are in his possession, and in *his alone*, who knows what use to make of every thing. A wise man is the most charming of all *beauties*, because regularity of features is much more captivating in the soul than in the body. A wise man only is in a state of freedom, as never lying at any one's mercy, or submitting to the motions of his own appetites. A wise man only is *invulnerable* and *unconquered*, because his mind cannot be made a prisoner, though his body should be covered with chains. Lastly, a wise man cuts off all occasion for suspending your judgment about the condition of his happiness until you have seen the conclusion of his life, and so proves that one of the seven *wise* men gave Cræsus very foolish advice. For if Cræsus had ever been a *happy man*, it was impossible that his happiness should leave him even at the funeral pile, which Cyrus had provided him. Well then! If of necessity all good men must be happy, and only they: what can deserve to be more cultivated by us than *philosophy*, or to be more sacred with us and dear to us than VIRTUE?



CICERO  
OF  
MORAL ENDS.

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BOOK IV.

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THUS he concluded his discourse ; and when he had done so, suffer me Cato, said I, to admire your strength of memory, and clearness of expression after the proofs you have been giving of both : and withal, either to despair of ever answering you, or at least till I have had some time to recollect myself. The *stoical* hypothesis, though perhaps not very solid, (for I will not be bold in my censures too soon) is so closely laid together, and so artificially worked up, that it is no easy matter to look through the structure of it. Are you thereabouts? replied he : What? have not I heard you since the new statute was in force, pleading for three hours together against a prosecutor's allegations upon the same day whereon they were exhibited? And do you think you shall have leave to adjourn this cause? No : though on your side it is as indefensible as a great many others, which ne-

vertheless you have carried. The controversy is no strange or new one either to yourself or others ; it has been often already in your hands ; make up to it once more, and you will find both matter and words as ready to advance. I am never in haste, said I, when I have the *stoics* to deal with, not so much for any opinion I have of their principles, as because I cannot rightly understand them, and when I am forced to tell them so, it put me out of countenance. I grant, said Cato, we talk sometimes a little out of the way, but we know not how to help it, because our subject-matter is dark and perplexing. That is remarkable indeed, said I, and yet when the *peripatetics* hold forth upon the same subject, and to the same effect, I understand every word. Upon the same subject to the same effect ? said he : then have I been proving all this while to no purpose, that the *stoics* and *peripatetics* come not near one another, not only as to terms, but by the whole distance and length of either institution ? Make that sufficiently clear, said I, and I will capitulate immediately. I verily believed I had done so, said he ; but if you think not, be pleased to fall upon that particular before you have engaged yourself in any other. With all my heart, said I, and if I may reasonably oblige you to it, speak up as well as you can for yourself in your turn. Be it so, said he, though the fairest and the best way would have been, to give every man his due, whether *stoic* or *peripatetic*, without

*making any comparisons.* I am well satisfied, Cato, said I, that the principles which had been current with Speusippus, Aristotle, and Xenocrates, all disciples of Plato; and with their two pupils afterwards Polemo and Theophrastus; are so extensive in their compass, and so handsomely laid together, that Zeno could have no pretence for separating from Polemo who had been his instructor, and from the other *leaders* of that institution. Here I must desire you not to expect a reply from me to every particular you have offered; rather, if you please, let the main body of our forces be drawn out on either side. And be you careful to let me know what it is which you think may be reformed or improved. Now the philosophers aforesaid observing that men are born with a common aptitude and tendency to the exercise of the more noted and conspicuous virtues, justice, temperance, and the like, which in their nature are analogous to other arts and sciences, though in the matter and exercise of them superior; and that we make after these virtues with all the ardour and ambition imaginable: that our souls are, as it were, *inlaid* with a love of knowledge; moreover that one great end of our coming into the world is to fall into societies and confederations, and that the greater a man's *genius* is, he strives to make himself a more considerable instance hereof: observing these things to be so; they distributed the whole of philosophy into three parts, the division which Zeno has

adopted for his own. The first limb of the division is *moral philosophy*, and our question about the end of moral good lying deep in the substance of it, I shall forbear to consider it yet a while, and at present only remark, that the old *peripatetics* and *academics*, that held the same opinions under different names, have handled at large, and very judiciously, the subject of *politics* or *civil government*. What a mighty number of treatises have we extant of theirs relating to *public establishment*? And then how many instances may we thank them for of true oratory, in their *exercises*, as well as rules of art, in their *systems*. Every nice, metaphysical definition or distinction they have been able to set out in very modish and agreeable language! So, I grant, have some of your brethren sometimes; but then it was, in the main, Cimmerian *darkness*, whereas every sentence of theirs is clear and pellucid. Then as often as they are concerned with those arguments which challenge at once both elegance of style and weight of reasoning; can any thing be more lofty and splendid than their discourses? As particularly when they write upon the subjects of justice, fortitude, friendship, conduct, philosophy, public administration, temperance, the bravery of some men †\*\*\*\*\* They are not for harrowing and scarifying like the *stoics*, but

† What is here lost, I will not pretend to retrieve, even with the assistance of Lambin, whose guesses Gruter very justly rejects.

when the matter they are to work upon is of grand importance, they garnish it with a proportionable grace of expression; and when it is more slight and humble, they never let it lose any thing by the comments they make upon it. How happy are they in their consolatory and monitory essays addressed to persons of the highest rank and repute? They had two roads or channels of disputation to answer to the double face of circumstances in the nature of the things considered by them; for either the dispute must proceed in general terms without being reduced to any certain persons or spaces of time; or if these are considered, then upon some particulars either of *fact*, or *right*, or *parties*, *complications of terms*. Accordingly, they traced things both ways, and had they not done so, could never have sallied out with such a fluency upon every subject of either kind. Now Zeno and his partizans have troubled their heads with nothing of this; whether because they would not, or could not look so far, I cannot tell. Cleanthes, it is true, and Chrysippus have published their methods of *rhētoric*: and what is the best we can say of them? Why truly that there are no *grammars* like them in the world, to teach a man silence. In short, I know no other use of them but to trepan us into a new language, and wean us from our old one. And is this his way to warm the spirits of his audience and to set them on fire? You see what a mighty business he drives at! It

is to persuade an honest bourgher that *civita vecchia* and the *universe* are the same corporation, and that he that is free of the first has the same relation and privilege in the other. Is such discourse as this like to put the blood into a ferment of satisfaction? No, it would much sooner check the passions in their career, than set them a going! I confess, it was quick and smart, your dwarfish proof of your wise man's being a king, a dictator, and a Crassus; thanks to the rhetoricians that furnished you! It were all for the *stoics* if they could speak a little more up to the merits of virtue: nay, though they extend its jurisdiction to the full complement of human happiness. For what are all their little interrogations but so many *flea bites*. We may be glad to admit of them, but can never be convinced by them, and they leave us the same as they found us. They are undoubtedly of especial concernment, and perhaps there is truth underneath them too, but then, as I take it, they are treated below their quality. Next come on *logic* and *physics*. Remember, it was my bargain that the *summum bonum* should bring up the rear of the whole dispute. Now Zeno could never find in his heart to set about a reformation of one or the other of these, having not the least fault to find with the model of either. In relation to the first; is there any omission or oversight, I beseech you, with which the ancients may be charged? Have they not bequeathed us as many definitions, and as good rules



of defining as can be desired? Have they not, as the reason of the thing prescribed, settled their divisions as well as their definitions, and likewise the whole process of dividing? Not to speak of their rules concerning *contraries*, upon which their doctrines of *kinds* and *species* are erected. For the ground of their argumentations they laid down self-evident propositions, observing a due method of connexion, and weighing the truth of every proposition till they arrive at the conclusion. Where do you meet with such a *mart* of *ratiocinations* as among them? Not like your little fallacious queries. Then too it must be remembered how frequently they press us as well to confirm the credit of our senses by our reason as of our reason by our senses, and that so, as not to confound the one with the other? Where not these the men that first launched all the rules and directions which the *logicians* keep such a clutter with at this day? Chrysippus, I grant, was a considerable pains-taker in that part, but Zeno made nothing of it, in comparison of the ancients. And if as to some things he succeeded as well as they, yet for others he never so much as took knowledge of them. Toward the perfecting of an argument, whether in the mind or in words, there concur the two arts of *invention* and *reasoning*. The latter of these has been improved both by *stoics* and *peripatetics*; the former to advantage by the *peripatetics*, for the *stoics* never meddled with it at all.

No, they little imagined, where any *mines* of argument lay, which the *peripatetics* discovered methodically and skilfully. And by this means they have eased us of the incumberance of repetitions, amplifications, and *glosses*; matters remote and involved being easily managed and come at, when once we know whereabouts they lie, and which is the way that will bring us to them. You will tell me, that there have been great *wits*, who by the strength of pure natural parts have advanced thus far: but all this while it is the safer way to steer by art than nature alone. To sprinkle expressions poetically is one thing; *judiciously* and *logically* to distribute and distinguish them is another. And thus the case runs too between the *peripatetics* and the *stoics*, with regard to your natural philosophy, the ends whereof, beside those two of Epicurus, to rid us of the terrors of *death*, and the plague of *superstition*, are made to be the teaching ourselves temperance and modesty from those circumscriptions and that *decorum* which the gods themselves have observed; *magnanimity* by contemplating their operations and achievements; and *justice* by a sufficient inquiry into the attributes, intentions, and determinations of the great sovereign of the universe. For it is a conformity of *ideas* and *purposes* within us to *ideas* and *purposes* in him, which philosophers mean when they talk of a *genuine* and *imperial* law of nature. Moreover these *physical* speculations are accompanied with

an endless delight arising from our progress in knowledge, the only pleasure upon which, after we have dispatched our affairs of urgent consequence, we may bestow our vacant hours with credit. In a word, the *stoics* have copied from the *peripatetics* as in all other principal parts of philosophy, so particularly in their two assertions of the existence of the gods, and the four elements of the material world. Not but Zeno upon that untoward question which had come abroad, whether there is any such thing as a *fifth sort of substance*, constituting the reasonable and intellectual part of the universe, (and here came in the inquiry they made about the nature of the soul,) affirmed, that it consists of *fire*; in this, and in some few instances beside, he will not agree with them. Notwithstanding as to the main point of all, that a *divine spirit* or *nature* has the management of the universe, and turns all the greater wheels of it, he determines just as they have done. And then instead of that narrow compass both of matter and things, which the *stoics* suppose, the *peripatetics* make the whole very ample and extensive; not to say what mighty advances and collections they have made, in stating the several kinds of animals, and illustrating their originals, the structure of their bodies, and the length of their lives. How fully have they acquitted themselves in relation to the *vegetative world*? How well have they explained and laid open the several causes of things,

both final and efficient? And here we have the *conduit* which supplies us with an inexhaustible plenty of sound argument to clear up our physical account of things. Upon the whole then, I am to seek for a reason why the name of the sect should be changed. For it is no matter, whether Zeno trod upon the heels of the *peripatetics* in every circumstance and particular, or not, so long as, it is certain, they led him the way. Just as Epicurus in his natural philosophy is no more than the *second edition* of Democritus, though he has made alterations, and perhaps not a few; but still the greater and the more material part of the hypothesis is old: and as ungraciously have you *stoics* dealt by the men that gave you what you enjoy. So much for that head. Next as to the matter of *summum bonum*, the very root and trunk of all philosophy, let us a little examine, whether Zeno's refinings will justify his separation from those philosophical instructors of his, that first brought that same *summum bonum* to light. Upon this occasion, Cato, I shall make bold in my turn, to set out the sense of the *final good*, as it comprises all the business of philosophy; and what is by the *stoics* looked upon to be such: not to disparage that *idea* of it which you have been at the pains to give me, but only to discover as far as we are able, how much Zeno has added to it. His *predecessors* the *peripatetics*, and in that number Polemo most expressly, would have *secundum na-*

*turam vivere, a life after nature's model, to be the summum bonum* ; and to this the *stoics* affix a three-fold exposition, as first, that it is a *life, the measures whereof result from a judgment rightly passed upon the measures of nature* : and this, they say, was *Zeno's* sense of his final good, where he pronounces it to be that which you were mentioning, *convenienter naturæ vivere, to conform to the measures of nature* ; secondly, through the whole course of our lives to discharge all, or however the best part of the *media officia* (*middle duties.*) But then this exposition clashes with the former ; for the *rectum* or *κατόρθωμα* you were speaking of (*that which is altogether just and good*) is appropriate to the man of *wisdom*, whereas the discharging of unfinished or imperfect duties is no more than many an *unwise man* is capable of. Thirdly, so to live as to make the best, if not of all, yet of the largest portion of those circumstances which are agreeable to nature. Now this is plainly trespassing beyond matters of practice ; the *summum bonum* thus explained comprehending, beside a *virtuous life*, all such things as are agreeable to nature, and not at our command. And to this third *summum bonum*, as also that character of life which it requires as including *virtue*, it is for none but a *wise man* to make any pretensions. What is this at last, by the confession of the *stoics* themselves, but the very same *summum bonum* for which *Xenocrates* and *Aristotle* had declared ?

Accordingly they have recognized that same first principle of nature which you begun with, in words to this effect: *every being in nature affects its own conservation, and endeavours to retain itself in the properties of its kind.* And hence it is, they tell us, that we apply ourselves to learn arts and sciences, because of their usefulness and subserviency to our nature, and consequently the main one of them all must be the *art of living*, that is, in such a manner as to lose nothing of what nature has bestowed upon us, and to fill up the defects remaining. Further; they divided the whole *compositum* of man into soul and body, determined both to be things valuable in themselves, and that therefore the virtues, and excellencies of both are valuable too, making the virtues of the mind as incomparably superior to all advantages of the body, as the mind itself to the body. *Wisdom* they recommended for the guardian and *governant*, the companion and helpmate of human nature, and alleged that it was its business to protect our *composition*, and hold body and mind together in a commodious union. Then after they have offered you the *gross* of their notion, they come to manage more artfully. The estimate and use we are to make of the goods of the body they conceived were obvious enough. But took a nearer and a nicer view of the goods of the mind, among the principal whereof *justice*, and as it were in *embryo*, first presented itself. These, of all the philosophers, were the first that urged the obliga-

tions of nature incumbent upon that which procreates to love its own issue, and the natural validity of conjugal ties and matrimonial union antecedent thereunto ; and that the friendships and intimacies of *relations* all resulted from this origin. When they had thus prepared the way, in the next place they set themselves to contemplate the several species of *virtue*, their derivations and progressions ; and ascended by these steps to that greatness of mind which makes a man a match for fortune, let her do her worst, upon this consideration, that a man of true wisdom *has the world in a string*. Indeed, whosoever followed the directions of the old philosophy, disappointed the treachery and malice of fortune, with all the ease imaginable. Thus they set out with the first fixed principles in nature, and then superinduced the *amplitudines bonorum*, or *consummative goods*, whether they be such as are consequent of a closer inspection into matters more difficult and dark, pursuant to that desire of knowlege and information which is radicated in the mind, and spurs it on to exercises of ratiocination, and the improvement of the apprehensive and discursive faculties ; or whether they be such as comport with human nature, in regard that man is the only animal that is born with a principle of modesty and sense of shame ; that courts *alliances* and *society* with those of his own kind, and finds himself tied up to a strict observation of honesty and decency in all his actions and words. And thus the seminary of natural principles above mentioned gives

birth to all the duties of temperance, modesty, justice, and every other virtue. I have now, Cato, summed up the scheme of that philosophy for which I am concerned, and having done so, would willingly understand upon what account Zeno and this primitive *set* of notions, could not agree together. Is there any of them which he has ever disapproved? Does he dispute whether self-preservation be a natural principle? Whether every living creature is so much in favour with itself as to promote, as far as it can, the continuance of its existence in its proper kind? Whether, seeing the end of every art is resolved into that which nature principally pursues by it, the *art of living* has the same end as the rest? Whether the mind and body we are compounded of, with their excellencies and privileges, are worth our choice and *good looking-to* for their own sakes? Whether the excellencies of the mind deservedly take the upper hand? Whether the *peripatetics* are in the right as to what they assert concerning prudence, love of knowledge, human commerce and society, temperance, modesty, magnanimity, and all other kinds of virtue? No, the *stoics* frankly acknowledge, that the *peripatetics* have succeeded admirably well upon all these heads, but that Zeno stands excused, upon other grounds, for erecting a separate interest. Undoubtedly! Zeno was for setting all things in a true light! and the errors of the ancients were intolerable! O the hideous perverseness and



stupidity of the men, to call a flourishing constitution, an ignorance of pain, a clear, good eye-sight, and all the other senses in perfection; to call these things *good*, as if any distinction were to be made between them and their contraries! One would think they might have easily perceived that these *good things* of theirs are no more than *præposita, preferables*! Again; how wise were the old gentlemen, I warrant you, when, instead of *advantages* of the body to be such as we should rather choose to have than be without, they have represented them as desirable for themselves! So for life, there ought to be nothing in it but virtue! What an escape! to say, that a condition of life, garnished with all other accommodations agreeable to nature, is the more *desirable* rather than the more *eligible*! *Virtue*, it seems, is self-sufficient, to render us as happy as it is possible for us to be; and when a *wise man* is at the *tip-top* of all felicity, can he wish things were better with him? Yes truly, he will endeavour to keep out of the way of pains, diseases, and infirmity! Now was it not shrewdly done of Zeno, to innovate upon such pretences and provocations! Neither must we overlook some other hints which you touched upon, as became a man of art and discretion, that all vicious habits and actions, whether of imprudence, injustice, or any other, are of an *equal obliquity*; and that though a man climb to as high a pitch of *virtue*, as the nerves of his natural faculties and

learning will carry him, yet his case is as much to be pitied as that of the wickedest wretch upon earth, untill he arrives at a *sinless perfection*. For example, Plato was an extraordinary man, but because he was not the *stoic's wise one*, he was as ill a liver, and as unfortunate a poor soul, as if he had been the most desperate villain in flesh. What must the old philosophy do if it were not for these *corrections* and *amendments*! But still there is no admission for them into cities, market-places, or courts of justice; for if any body should talk at this rate in public, who could have the patience to hear him set up for a professor in wisdom and morality? To persuade us there is nobody can teach the conduct of life like himself, and yet has the very same conceptions with other people, the very same principles, only he changes the significations of words, cashiers the old names of things, and fills up their places with new ones of his own! What would you say if a *prisoner's counsel*, in the conclusion of his *plea*, should flatly deny the inconveniences of banishment or confiscation, for that they are not *fugienda*, *what we should be glad to escape*, but *rejicienda*, *what we have no reason to make our choice*, and signify to the judge, that clemency will be thrown away upon his client? Or if Hannibal were advanced to the city gates, and had begun a breach, and a *stoic* should start up, and prove with might and main, that there is no harm at all in captivity, slavery, destruction, and

devastation? If the *stoic's* man of wisdom be solely entitled to virtue and happiness, how came it to pass that our senate inserted the words, QUOD EJUS VIRTUTE, AUT FELICITATE, *to whose virtue and success we owe*, in the order they passed for Africanus's triumph? In earnest, it is a very unaccountable philosophy which expresses itself *abroad* in the vulgar forms, but, when it comes from the *press*, in *its own!* and all the while the things to which new names are assigned, receive no manner of alteration but what is purely *modal* and *abstracted*. Whether we account of riches, power, and health, as things properly *good*, or only *preferable*; as long as he that affirms them to be *good*, reckons upon them no more than he that will have them called *preferable*, what does it signify? And therefore it was no wonder that Panætius, a man of such remarkable sincerity and seriousness, and a fit *privy-counsellor* for Scipio and Lælius, being to send Quintus Tubero some advice relating to *patience*, has not a word to say against pain's being an *evil*, which, if it had not been one, should have been his grand argument: but shews the nature and qualities of it, in what degree it is foreign, and may be thrown off, and by what methods we may support ourselves under it. Now this man was a *stoic*, which makes it more probable that he designed by such a management to discountenance that *abuse* of words, of which I have complained. To return, and make a nearer ad-

vance to yourself, Cato; give me leave to press hard upon you, and attempt the comparison between yours and other assertions, which I prefer before yours. And as to all points, wherein you and the ancients are both of a mind, let us allow them without more ado, and so, if you think good, fall directly upon those articles which are controverted. The proposal, said he, looks well: come as close to the business, and thrust as home as you please. Hitherto your objections have been vulgar and *of course*; and therefore I promise myself you have higher strain in reserve. Meaning me? said I, yet, so far as I am able, I will answer your expectations, and when I am at a stand for want of something better, take up with coarser conveniences. In the first place then be it established as a *postulate*, that we are instigated by nature to desire and consult for our own safety and well-being. The subject of our next meditations ought to be our own nature; for how should we look to the *mainchance*, till we know what it is? We are *men*, or beings compounded of mind and body, whatever principles they consist of. The mind and body therefore challenge our good affections upon the title of a *natural impulse*, and from them it is that we must measure and make out the condition of the ultimate good. And this, if the premisses may be depended on, appears to be the acquisition of the largest and the choicest portion of circumstances agreeable to nature. This was the *moral*

end of the *peripatetics*; only they defined it more compendiously, *secundum naturam vivere, to follow nature's rule of life*; this was their *summum bonum*. And let your brethren, or yourself, with all your abilities, satisfy us, if it is possible, how upon the footing of the precedent propositions, you will fetch a *summum bonum* out of *honesty* or *virtue*, or the *congruity*, in your sense, *of our lives to nature*? Or whereabouts, or which way you have dropped your bodies together with all those other *advantages* which lie out of *human jurisdiction*; not excepting *duty* itself? How nature should recommend, and wisdom at the same time reject all these, I am to learn. But what if instead of man's *chief good*, we were employed to look out for that of some imaginary *living-creature*, (to make use of a fiction for the lightning-up of truth) with no more than *mind* or *spirit* in its substance? Even such a *living-creature* would have nothing to say to your *moral end*. No, it would ask, where are the blessings of health and repose? And as it would be intent upon its own preservation, so it could not but be hankering after these. What other *end* therefore of its existence or action should it regard, but that of *living according to nature*? or in other words, as I have explained it above, that it should be happy in, if not all, yet the most and the best of those circumstances which are agreeable to nature? It is no matter what sort of animal I instance in, for though it should be my new fashioned one without flesh and bones, it is the

same thing: the mind is not without its *tone* and *affections* analogous to those of the body. And therefore it would finally apprehend its *final good* to be as I have described it. Chrysippus, where he makes a division of animals, observes that in some the body is the sovereign and excelling part, in others the mind, and that others again have this proportionable to that; and then he comes to state the last and final good which is proper to every *species*. *Man* he had disposed of under that *species* in which the mind is principal: and yet he allots him such a final good, as if instead of being principally *mind*, he had thought him nothing else. So that before you have lighted on some animal or other that is all over incorporeal, and utterly unacquainted with any of those things which are *secundum naturam*, *agreeable to nature*, as health, or the like, there is no foundation for a *summum bonum* of pure abstracted virtue. And how such an animal should exist without contradicting its own nature, is unconceivable. You tell us of *advantages*, which upon the comparison are found so slight and slender, as to disappear and be lost. And we grant you that such there are, as Epicurus says of some sorts of *pleasure*, so inconsiderable that in a manner they come to nothing. But are all the advantages of the body, at least when in due process of time arrived at perfection, of no better a *class* than this? As to those advantages which are so mean that they are presently eclipsed by others, it is very often indif-

ferent to us whether we have them or not, as (to use your own similitudes) it were to no purpose to light up a candle to the sun, or make over a *counter* to the treasury of Cræsus. And those which are not so easily obscured may sometimes too be of little account. As the accession of a month to a ten-years life of pleasure has something *good* in it, because it lengthens the pleasure of it, and yet if we cannot obtain it, the ten-years life of pleasure hath been a life of pleasure still. The accession of a month is what I reckon parallel to the *goods of the body*. Now it is worth our while to dive after these *accessionals*: and therefore when the *stoics* give us to learn that a wise man will rather choose that the virtuous life he leads shall have, than want, the conveniences of a *jug* and a *pitcher*, and yet that these utensils conduce nothing to his happiness; they make me smile. Shall we dispute, or rather laugh such an illustration out of doors? Could any thing in nature be more comical and ridiculous than a man in concern about the having or not having of a *jug*? It is one of the greatest services for which I can be indebted to another, the rescuing my body out of indispositions and torments. And I am apt to believe, if *the wise man* were, at the command of a tyrant, to be broke upon the wheel, he would put on another-guess countenance than if he had let his *jug* drop; and muster up all his fortitude and patience, as well knowing how desperate an expedition he is sent upon, and what a dead-doing

enemy he has, of *torment*, to encounter, and that therefore he must make the most of his virtue. To return ; it is none of those diminutive advantages which perish in comparison, but the total of those which goes to the completion of our *summum bonum*, after which it concerns me to inquire. In the life of a voluptuary any one pleasure is as none among so many, and yet it makes a part of a voluptuous life, as little as there is of it. A great would have lain undistinguished among Cræsus's heaps, and yet he would have been the richer for it. And thus, though our *advantages according to nature* should not be very significant in the *composition* of a happy life, nevertheless they come into it; and since we are agreed in this, that a *natural inclination* thrusts us upon the pursuit of those things which are according to nature, it were proper to have an inventory drawn of them, and when that is done, we may pick and choose our opportunities of inspecting *particulars*, their extent and *diameter*, the eminence of their properties, and in what degree they promote the happiness of life; and the nature of all those advantages which are so small as to be in a manner undiscernable. In short, what occasion is there for making many words about a matter decided? For nobody questions but the *summum bonum* is analogous and proportioned to the capacity and nature of the thing to which it is a *summum bonum*; and that, because every being loves itself. Did ever any one yet designedly abandon either all of itself, or



part of itself, or so much as the functions and faculties of any part of itself, or stand off from any of those circumstances which are according to nature, or any *influence* or *posture* of them? Or did it ever grow utterly insensible of its original constitution? No, there is not a being in nature but makes much of all advantages, little or great. Upon what account therefore is man so singular as to relinquish himself, to discount his body, and take up with a *summum bonum* uncommensurate to the whole of his person? It is determined and confessed not only among the *stoics*, but all parties whatever, that there must be an analogy between the *summum bonum* and the nature of *man*: but how so? if, consistently with that analogy, the *principal good* of every thing must lie within the more eminent and distinguishing part of its nature: for in that sense the *stoics* understand our *summum bonum*. So that you have no more to do but to make a change in the first principles of nature! and, quitting what you have asserted, that every animal is no sooner born than engaged to the love, and taken up with the tuition and defence of itself, to maintain henceforward, that the best affections of every living creature are only laid out upon its distinguishing excellences and privileges, and all its care and attendance engrossed by them! and that every other being solicits the welfare of no more than the worthiest and noblest part of itself! Though which way that noblest part

should be such, unless in respect of some other noble and worthy part, is unintelligible enough! And if that part claims a share too in our favourable intentions, why should not the *summum bonum* or *the full measure of all that is desirable*, be thought equivalent to an aggregate of all, or at least, the greater and choicest part of those things which we are capacitated to desire? It is equally Phidias's business to work a piece of carving, all himself; or to undertake the finishing of what another hand has left imperfect. And in this case he is an emblem of *wisdom*, which does not create men, but gives the finishing strokes. Not but that she must well weigh the steps which nature has made, if she designs there shall be no defects in her work. Very well! In what condition do we come out of the hands of nature? And what is the proper office and province of wisdom? What is there wanting for her to make up? Is there nothing else to be consummated but the operations of the intellectual faculties, which is but a *periphrasis* for our reason? Why then indeed a virtuous life must necessarily be the sole and utmost good of man, because *virtue* is the perfection and accomplishment of reason. Or if the body *alone* is to be put into the best condition, then let our *summum bonum* be patched up out of health, ease, beauty, &c. But because we are seeking after the *summum bonum* of human nature entire, what should hinder us from taking a view of the result of the question so stated? That

all the offices and efforts of *wisdom* are directed to the improvement and elevation of human nature, is universally confessed. And yet nothing will serve some people's turn (to let you see that the *stoics* are not the only men in the world from whom I differ) but *summum-bonums* which are not subject to our discretion and choice; as if we were no more than *animated mechanism*: while others of the contrary extreme, take not the least notice of any thing but the mind, as if a man's body were no more than a *chimæra*, and as if the mind itself had not its own corporeal seat and vehicle, but were a sort of *abstracted* being disengaged from all *matter*, (which is such a being as I know not what to make of) and so were to be satiated with *virtue* alone, and had no inclination to repose and freedom from pain. Now every individual of these two factions might with as good reason entertain a partiality for the left side of his body, in opposition to the right; or shake hands with Herillus, stop at the operations of the judgment, and set aside the practical concurrence of the will. For so far they are all alike, that every man's *hypothesis* is not a whole one, while he takes in as much of human nature as he pleases, and leaves us the rest. So that only they can have effectually and fully notified the *summum bonum* of man, who have depreciated no one part of his body, or power of his soul. But because, Cato, no philosopher, will put you upon proving that *virtue* is the main excellency and best

accomplishment of human nature, and because wise and good men are looked upon as instances of an adequate perfection, you are always flashing this concession upon our understandings. Whereas every animal has some good quality predominant in him; as for example, a horse or a dog: and yet his health and ease are things which turn to account. Accordingly virtue being the first and most transcendent qualification of human nature, man takes the denomination of perfect from that sovereign ingredient of his perfection. Seriously the different methods and processes of nature ought to have been better considered by you. When she has ripened men into philosophers, it is not necessary that she should do by their bodies as if they were so many stalks of corn at full age, leave them behind for *stubble*, or *loose straws*. No; she accepts of the due shadings and masterly touches without expunging the *out-lines* herself had adjusted. *Reason* is an addition and superstructure upon *sense*, and when it comes to take its place, cannot be supposed to exterminate the other. The cultivation of a vine consists in taking such a just care of it, as that all its parts may thrive: now suppose (as for explication and instruction-sake you *stoics* never make any scruple of putting imaginary cases) suppose, I say, this faculty of cultivation lay within the vine, no doubt it would set a higher value upon itself than upon all the substance of the vine, and determine for itself that nothing in the vine be-

side is comparable to it; and yet it would not willingly be destitute of whatever else in the *vine* concurs towards the support and improvement of it. In like manner when *reason* comes into play, and exercises the supreme authority; the *prima natura*, the antecedent provisions of nature, become subjects and vassals to it: and yet the sensitive part is as serviceable as ever, both to nature and itself. In the mean time *reason* is to execute that regal office which she holds, in all the parts of it, and regulate the whole *series* of life. Now these things laid together, who can choose but be surprised at the inconsistency of the *stoics*? They attribute it to the ὄρμη, or *natural appetite*, to duty and to virtue itself, the custody of those things which are according to nature; but when they take a flight to their *summum bonum*, these are all left behind, and rather than they shall be shut up together into one and the same *end*, one and the same energy of the will is subdivided, and these things we are to *make our choice*, and those we are to *pursue*. You assure us notwithstanding that if any thing beside virtue has any relation to the happiness of life, there can be no such thing as *virtue*. Whereas, on the contrary it is impossible for virtue to commence, unless her *acceptances* and *refusals* be allowed to go along with the account of the *summum bonum*. For if these are taken away, immediately we slide into Aristo's absurdities, forgetting those very principles out of which we ex-

tracted virtue; or if they are dispensed with, but not so as to retain their relation to the *summum bonum*, then we are in a direct road to the extravagances of Herillus, make life to be twofold, and institute a double rule of it answerable to his *brace* of distinct *summum bonums*, which, if they had been any, must have been united; whereas now a days they are set at distances wide enough. To see the ungainliness of some people! It is plain you are got on the wrong side of the hedge, for that unless the *antecedent provisions of nature* be reckoned along with virtue into the total of the *summum bonum*, we turn virtue into an impossibility. For *genuine* virtue, which we have now been in quest of, never neglects any part of human nature, but consults for the whole, whereas the virtue which the *stoics* patronise, takes one part of human nature into its protection, and leaves the rest to shift for itself. The earliest essays of appetite tend toward the securing of that condition of nature wherein we are born, and could our constitution speak, it would second me. Well but, say you, that is before it appears what it is to which nature has a principal regard. And let that be assigned as soon as you please; will this proposition fare the worse, *no part of our nature is to be overlooked?* Now if we are made up of nothing more than pure *reason*, then can our ultimate good be made up of nothing but pure *virtue*. But if we have bodies too, then is this the consequence of resting in any such

supposition, that so much of our nature as antecedently to that supposition we adhered to, in the result we are obliged to forgo; that is to say, if we will live according to nature, the only way is to desert her. As we have known some philosophers that when they have come within sight of objects of a more eminent and glorious kind, have bid adieu to the senses from which their first measures were taken; even so the speculators of your order, when they had been viewing the graces and charms of *virtue* through the inclinations of human nature, flung away the *telescope*, and remembering imperfectly that all desirable or valuable beings are such *throughout*, and from one to the other, they have sapped the very foundations, before they were aware, of that which they so much esteem and admire. For which reason, I conceive, all the several parties that have established *honeste vivere*, a *good and virtuous life*, for their *summum bonum*, have been overseen in that respect. Though some have had better luck than others. Pyrrho came by the worst of all, while he magnified virtue at such a rate as to make every thing else absolutely worthless and insipid. Aristo was not altogether so unmerciful; but as an occasion and motive for the inclinations of a wise man to work upon, has afforded him any subject of thought or object of imagination that at any time falls in his way. And forasmuch as he was pleased to vouchsafe *natural inclination* something to trust to, he got the start

of Pyrrho ; but came behind others of the same kidney upon this account, that he has quitted the *first provisions of nature*. The *stoics* are so far *cater-cousins* to these philosophers, that they confine the *summum bonum* to virtue, but then, as in reference to their fixing a *principle of duty* they are better advised than Pyrrho, so they have succeeded much beyond Aristo by shunning his *occasional subjects and objects*. But then again, in paring away the advantages from the substance of the *summum bonum* which they confess are natural, and simply eligible, they play fast and loose with *nature*, and border upon Aristo ; seeing as he conjured up his *riddle of occasional subjects and objects*, so they taking up the *first provisions of nature* divide them from the substance of human good, and allow them no place in the consideration of *moral ends*. Now in representing them under the notion of things eligible, they seem to assent to the suggestions of nature, until they come to deny the subserviency of those things to the happiness of life, and then they have done with her. Thus far I have prosecuted the proof of that allegation that Zeno had no real inducement to found a faction contradistinct to the *order* of the old philosophers. Let us now bethink ourselves of proceeding to new matter— But perhaps, Cato, you may have some *animadversions* to interpose, or however I shall tire you. No remarks till you have made an end, said he, and the longer you discourse, the better. It is a felicity I am proud of, said I, the liberty of con-



ferring notes about the nature of virtue with so great a patron and example of it in every *species*, as Cato. First then observe that the *stoics* are but sharers with all other philosophers who make virtue the full and ultimate good of man, in their characteristic position, *their axiom of axioms*, that virtue is our only good, and an honest life the perfection and consummation of our nature and our happiness. And as for what you urge, that if we reckon upon any thing beside virtue, we destroy the being of it, the parties aforementioned can object as much. Though I have been rather disposed to make a judgment of Zeno's exceptions against Polemo, especially because they start fair from the same first principles, the former having borrowed them from the latter; and to take notice where Zeno makes his first halt, and how he picks a quarrel, than of his character in respect of those who, notwithstanding that they held the same opinions with Zeno and Polemo, and supported them by the same arguments, declared that their *summum bonum* were no subsequent *emergencies* of nature. Another thing which scandalizes me is this, that after you have been broaching your doctrine of virtue's being our only good, you require as a thing necessary, that certain *principles* or *materials* congruous and well adapted to nature come under our *choice*, in order to the being of *virtue*. Is it a *choice* fit for virtue to be built upon, when the chief and ultimate good embraced is capable of, and imperfect without

*additions?* Certainly the *summum bonum*, or total of human good, ought to enclose every thing that is desirable or eligible, and he that has made prize of it, has already all that he can have or wish to have. Further; let us with the Epicurean single out pleasure for the total of human good, and do we not presently come to a plain rule and road of practice? Is it not apparent and notorious, the end which the men of that denomination propose to themselves in discharging offices or duties, and how far they are concerned to act or not to act; and what they are to pursue and what to decline? This is something like! here you have no sooner a *summum bonum* but you understand, of your own accord, what are the duties and practices which match with it. But for your *summum bonum* of *virtue* and *honesty*, it takes up so much room, as you have extended it, that there is not a corner left for any such thing as a principle of duty and action. And this is that for which yourselves no less than the friends of *occasional subjects and objects* are so much at a loss. You, for your parts, are driven back again to nature, and the best answer she returns you is a reproof, because you did not fetch from her as well your *ultimate good of life*, as your *principles of practice*, there being a near connection and intercourse between all *principles of action* and the *final good*. She will tell you that as Aristo has been utterly discountenanced, and with very good reason, for supposing a parity between and setting

an equal value upon all things which are not of the nature of virtue and vice; so Zeno is under a great mistake, since with him nothing but what is matter of virtue and vice is in the way to the *summum bonum*, and other things make nothing for the happiness of life, though they have that in them which is sufficient to sway the will; as if any thing out of the *summum bonum* could command such a choice or propensity. What can be more absurd and preposterous than this method of yours, first to find out the *summum bonum*, and then to retire back to the constitution of nature for your principle of practice or duty? Do not mistake yourselves. We are not first called upon by principles of practice or duty to pursue those things which are according to nature, but these are the things which set our inclinations on work, and invites us to practice. Next we are to try what we can make of your concise conclusions or *consectaries*, as you call them. And first of all for the wonder of laconism! *Whatever is good, is praise-worthy; whatever is praise-worthy, is matter of virtue and honour; therefore whatever is good is matter of virtue and honour.* This it is to be run through with a *bulrush!* But who, do you think, will connive at the *major* or *first proposition*? Or in case it should be received, where is the need of the second? For if whatsoever is good is praise-worthy, whatsoever is good must be matter of virtue and honour. Who, I say, will surrender

the premisses to you, Pyrrho, Aristo, and their complices excepted? Now with all these professors you are out of conceit. As for Aristotle, Xenocrates, and the rest of that party, they will not let you run away with it. Health, strength, riches, fame, and so forth, are good, say they, though they are not praise-worthy; and what if virtue far surpasses every other human good or excellency, must therefore virtue alone comprehend the whole substance of our *good*? Then again, what expect you from Epicurus, Hieronymus, and as many as have espoused Carneades's *summum bonum*? Will these, can you imagine, after they have deducted virtue out of that total, comply with your demands? or from Callipho, or Diodorus, who have superinduced upon virtue that which is *heterogeneous* and distinct from it? Or is it Cato's custom to lay down disputed premisses, and then make his own conclusions? There is your *sorites* also condemned by us; *whatever is good is worthy of our good wishes; whatever is worthy of our good wishes, is desirable; whatever is desirable is praise-worthy; and so on*, for I shall trace it no further. It is enough to deny you what we denied you before, that whatever is desirable is praise-worthy. As wretchedly shallow is that other *consectary*, that a man may boast of the constituents of a happy life, wherein he were not excusable if any thing beside virtue were of the essence of it. For that matter Polemo will never stand out with Zeno; no, nor

Polemo's preceptor, nor any one of that or of the other *fraternities* that compound their *summum bonum* of *virtue and other things*, though *virtue* they account the *sovereign simple*. And it is granted that *virtue* has incomparably the advantage, that this, and this alone, affords matter of boasting, and that whoever has this within him, may be happy, under the want of all the rest. But to say, that nothing must be counted *good* but *virtue!*, Polemo will never be brought to it. Neither will so much as this aphorism, *that there is any thing in a happy life which affords matter of boasting* be yielded by those who receive not *virtue* into their *summum bonum*; though by fits they will maintain, that *pleasure* may be fairly a subject of ostentation. At last you must be convinced then, either that you have assumed what will never be granted you; or, that if it should be granted you, it will do you no manner of service. The truth on it is, whenever we are meditating conclusions of this nature, it ought to be the business and aim of philosophy and philosophers, especially when they are inquiring after the *summum bonum*, to rectify and settle the counsels and conduct of life much rather than the construction of words. Your short and poinant demonstrations, with which you confess you are so much taken, will they rescue a man from his prejudices? How pain comes to be an evil, is a point debated, and we would be rightly informed about it. That it is hateful, vexatious, disagreeable to

man's nature, and hard to be borne, the *stoics* will tell you as well as other people; but then having nothing in it of dishonesty, lewdness, immorality, obliquity, or turpitude, it cannot be possibly an evil. Now when you have laid this consideration before a timorous man, though he may keep his countenance, and not think it worth his while to laugh, yet, I warrant him, he returns every jot as substantial a coward as he came to his instructors. It is very strenuously asserted by you, that so long as any man conceives pain to be an evil, he cannot but want the true spirit of fortitude. And will he not therefore become strangely strengthened and animated when he apprehends it to be, as yourselves describe it, *a sore affliction, and hardly to be endured!* Verbal distinctions and quibbles are but a very poor antidote against a real consternation. Will you stand by it still, that if we can make the least fissure in your philosophy, there is an end of the whole? What is your opinion? Is it only a syllable, or so, that I have battered down? Or have I laid all open for a considerable length together? Or what if the method, coherence, and articulations of the *stoical* hypothesis are so just and exact as you say they are? Have we any reason to befriend consequences grounded upon false principles, because they are consistent with themselves, and answer the end for which they were advanced? Zeno lost his way, and made off from nature as soon as he sallied

forth. And having resolved the *summum bonum* into that excellency of soul which we call *virtue*, and denied that any thing can be truly *good* beside *virtue* and *honesty*, and that if other things are allowed the discriminations of *better* and *worse*, *virtue* cannot stand upon its legs; having begged *all this*, he rightly pursued his inferences. It is true; he did so, and I dare say nothing to the contrary. But then those inferences are such manifest falsities, that we can no longer doubt of error in the principles from which they are deduced, according to the known *logical rule*, *if the conclusion be false, then the premisses from which that conclusion fairly follows can never be true*. And that same syllogistical process, *if that be so, then this is so; but this is not so, therefore that is not so*, is, in the opinion of the *logicians*, not only certain, but so clear and apparent as not to want a reason to back it. And therefore your inferences failing, your principles come to nothing. And this is the fate of your consequential doctrines too, *that all parties who fall short of your standard of wisdom are equally unhappy; that the wise are as happy as it is possible for them to be; that no one good action is better than another; no one ill action worse*; which at first appearance makes a *fine shew*, but will not bear the test of second thoughts. Indeed there is so little bottom for the *parities* which Zeno has supposed, that nature, truth, and common sense cry out upon him for the wildness of the

supposition. And to mend the matter, the little Carthaginian, (your Citizæan friends, I need not tell you, are a Phœnician *colony*) when he could not carry his cause, and the nature of things got the better of him; what does he, like a *cunning gamester*, but pervert the signification of words? And the things which before passed under the character of *good*, are now to retain no better epithets than those of *convenient*, *commodious*, and *suitable to nature!* Nor was it long before he confessed thus much, that a *wise man*, or a *man completely happy*, is yet happier in the possession of those things, which we must not upon any terms call good, than he can be without them. For he grants that they have their significancy in the nature of things, and that although Plato be not a giant in wisdom, yet he is not quite so bad as Dionysius the tyrant; there being no hopes that the latter will ever become a wise man, though it is not impossible but the former may. So it is advisable for Plato to live on; but the sooner the other hangs himself the better. And that forasmuch as some sins are wider deviations from duty than others, some sins are venial, others not; and that some men are born and bred up to that degree of folly, as to be utterly incapacitated for the attaining of *wisdom*; but others might acquire it, if they would mind their business. And thus he expresses himself in a language different from that of all other philosophers, though he holds



their opinions; and notwithstanding all his fury against any acknowledgment of the *goodness* of those things which others dignified with the title of *good*, he sets as high a price upon them as they. What projects then and proclamations might he have in his head when he reformed the terms! Had it been but to set up a diversity as well in sentiments as in words from the doctrine of the *peripatetics*, he ought to have reduced the weight and worth of those inferior advantages somewhat below *their* calculation. And then, with regard to that which is of the last and largest importance, a happy life, you are positive it is the sole effect of *virtue*, and no such thing as a *congeries* of whatsoever substances or circumstances are sufficient for the occasions of human nature. Either things or words are the subject-matter of all disputations; and whether you do not understand the thing, or misunderstand the name of it, you are betrayed into a double contest about both. But if we have not fallen beforehand under such an ignorance or misconstruction, then are we to take as much care as we can that the words we make use of be well known and received, and expressive of what they are applied to. Will any body, if once made sensible how right the ancients were in their judgment upon the state of things, call in question the aptness and propriety of their words? But to digress a little from the vindication of their *terms*, let us take a slight view of their

tenets. They suggest, that so soon as the mind of man apprehends *this* or *that* to be consonant and suitable to nature, it is awakened into a good-liking and desire of it: that whatever is according to nature challenges a place in our esteem, and is to be valued up to the proportion of its significancy: that of the things which are according to nature there are two sorts, either those that carry no such principle in their constitution as that of the desire aforesaid; and to these the denomination of meritorious and laudable cannot belong: or else those which take in such satisfactory and delightful sensations as are proper to animals, together with those operations and exercises of the rational faculties which are peculiar to man: that the latter of these, when they are reasonable and regular, are styled *honest, virtuous, becoming, and commendable*; the former *natural advantages*, which in conjunction with what is *honest* and *virtuous* constitute the full measure of a happy life: that *honesty* and *virtue* are infinitely superior to all those other advantages, which Zeno will not suffer us to call *good*, though they who give them that name, ascribe no more excellency to them than Zeno: that whenever we are left, suppose, to the choice of *virtue with health of body, or without it*, we are immediately determined by the voice of nature, which to prefer: that still probity and virtue are things of such an over-ruling obligation and consequence, and of so much higher

account than whatever can come in competition with them, and when once we are come to a certainty as to the *matter of truth or falsehood, right or wrong*, we must neither be influenced by any dread of punishment or hopes of reward: that those powers and perfections which adorn our nature are an over-match for the greatest difficulties, hardships, and adversities; not that we are to make a mere jesting matter of these, no disparagement, say they, to the force of *virtue*; but this we are to conclude upon, that things of this rank concur but subordinately and secondarily toward the making of our lives happy or unhappy. In a word, Zeno sets forth the inferior advantages of life under the titles of *valuable, eligible, and suitable to nature*; and *they* think fit to give them the appellation of *good*, and the largest and best share of them, they throw into the definition of a happy life. With Zeno that alone passes for *good* which is desirable in its kind: and his happiness is a good and virtuous one. So that, Cato, when we come to argue about the thing itself, it is plain we are cordially agreed, and to all intents and purposes of the same side and sentiments, provided our *terms* be once exchanged. Zeno, I am confident, could not but perceive as much, though he was borne away by an *enthusiasm* of big and bouncing words. For either he designed that the words he used should be understood according to the genuine and common signi-

fication of them; and then Pyrrho, Aristo, and himself are all of a piece: or if he will not come in a partner with them; for what reason does he distinguish himself in expression from some others, whose principles he cannot distinguish from his own? Let the old *platonists* and their scholars come out of their graves, and thus undeceive you, “ We have heard a great deal, Cato, of your “ honesty and love of philosophy; how sincere you “ are in the administration of justice; how conscientious in attesting matter of fact; and therefore it is a mighty surprise to us, that the *stoics* “ have heaved us out of your *better thoughts*, “ though they comprehend neither more nor less “ about the nature of *good* and *evil*, than what “ our brother Polemo here had thrown in Zeno’s “ way. It is true, the terms and forms of speech “ wherein they deliver themselves, kindle at the “ first hearing a sudden veneration; but when the “ substance of the matter has been well examined, “ they will give a man a fit of laughing. If therefore you resolve to stand by the opinions they “ advance, why will you not assert them in proper “ words? Or if you were prevailed upon by the “ argument of *authority*, how is it that an upstart “ has got the ascendant, to the exclusion of all us “ and of Plato himself? It is your ambition to be “ serviceable at the head of affairs; and who so “ fit as we to qualify and accomplish you for the “ service and support of the commonwealth, in

“ that high character which you sustain? *Political*  
“ *precepts* it has been one of our chief concerns to  
“ look after and lay down: and there is nothing  
“ that relates to civil government, whether as to  
“ its kinds and conditions, revolutions, laws, pro-  
“ visions, customs, or the tempers and behaviour  
“ of the people, but what our directions extend to.  
“ Further; eloquence, you know, is a *statesman’s*  
“ *beauty*, and your particular talent. O! what  
“ prodigious advantages might you reap if you  
“ would look into those volumes which we have  
“ wrote relating to it?” Suppose the great sages  
harangued you thus, what have you to say for your-  
self? Why after you had taught them their lesson,  
said he, the defendant would retain you to speak  
for him too! In the mean time I should crave the  
liberty of replying in my place, but that at present  
I shall be better pleased to hear you out, and  
promise ere long a full answer to the *platonists*  
and their *lawyer* together! Which, undoubtedly,  
Cato, will have nothing but truth in it, and there-  
fore must run to this effect: “ Gentlemen, I  
“ have always had a profound esteem for you;  
“ you are persons of no vulgar capacities, and your  
“ authority is very considerable, but excuse me if  
“ I think the *stoics upon your shoulders* have  
“ seen further than you could, and both concocted  
“ and cleared the argument with more spirit and  
“ force of reasoning. These were the men who  
“ first found it out, that a good state of health is not

“ a thing *desirable*, but purely *eligible*, as being im-  
 “ properly accounted *good*, though it is *valuable*  
 “ too in some measure; not that they ascribe a  
 “ tittle more or less to it, than you that never  
 “ scruple to give it the name of *good*. Besides,  
 “ there is another thing which is highly provoking,  
 “ that you ancients, as if you had been *barbarous*  
 “ *born and bred*, (as we Romans tell one another  
 “ sometimes,) are persuaded that a *good* and *vir-*  
 “ *tuous* man had much better live in health, repu-  
 “ tation, and plenty, than, as Ennius’s Alcmaeon,  
 “ *Circumventus morbo, &c. With sickness curst,*  
 “ *an exile, and a beggar.* It is certain, you were  
 “ strangely overtaken, in supposing that the former  
 “ leads the happier, the better, and the more  
 “ desirable life of the two. The *stoics* are so  
 “ wise as to assign such a life no more than the  
 “ *preference upon choice*, because though it does  
 “ not surpass the other in any degree of *felicity*,  
 “ yet it is better *accommodated to nature*; but else  
 “ all men whatsoever, that are not *absolutely wise*,  
 “ are shut up in one and the same circle of un-  
 “ happiness. This you were little aware of, but  
 “ the *stoics* have since discovered it, and *resolved*,  
 “ that libertines and parricides are upon an equa-  
 “ lity of happiness with the soberest and sincerest  
 “ of us all, if he step short of a *consummated wis-*  
 “ *dom.*” And then you must bring in some of  
 your *unresembling similitudes!* As if any body  
 were ignorant that if a *club of swimmers* are to

rise up out of the water, they that are almost returned to the top, are nearer advanced to the region of respiration, than they that are left at the bottom, and yet are as little able to breath? But will it follow that we must be as miserable as it is possible for us to be, if we do not come up to the very utmost verge of virtue, let us make never so successful progresses, never so near approaches to it? By all means! For we must be either eagles, or stark blind! And therefore Plato's prospect into sense and wisdom, was no better than that of Phalaris. And wherefore, I beseech you? the reason is plain. A puppy-dog, that is within a few hours of the age of *seeing*, is as blind as another that is newly whelped. These allusions, Cato, are far from being parallel to the state of the matter in question, forasmuch as they imply, that though you remove and depart as far as you can from that which you avoid, yet is it all one as if you had never avoided it, till you stand at the widest distance from it conceivable: For a *swimmer* does not fetch his breath till his head is above water, and a whelp sees no more before he sees, than if he were never to see. If you are for comparisons, what think you of a man with dim eyes, and another with a distempered body? These under the regimen of a skilful hand gradually recover, the one his *seeing*, the other his *health*. Which is the very case of those who are laying out for *virtue*, they are cured of their ill habits, and their false

opinions by degrees. Otherwise you must acknowledge that Tiberius Gracchus the son was every whit as happy a man as his father, though the latter made it his business to support the commonwealth, and the former to ruin it. For though the father was not *absolutely* a wise man, as whence, where, or when could you ever produce one? yet being sensible of what became him, and what would recommend him, he made a good proficiency in the practice of *virtue*. Or let us set your grandfather Drusus, and Caius Gracchus his contemporary, over against one another. As soon as the latter had given the government a wound, still the former closed it. Well but impiety and wickedness are the origin of infelicity. I grant it; unhappiness is the portion of the unwise; but for all that, he who promotes the good of his countrymen, is not in the same *latitude* of unhappiness with him who wishes and endeavours the destruction of them. For as fast as we correct the indispositions of the mind, we refine it up nearer and nearer to the *standard* of *virtue*. Now you do not quarrel with us for supposing *degrees of improvement*, but will by no means hear of *degrees of reformation*. And it were pity to let the argument pass unexamined, which the *stoics* bring for the negative: *those arts and sciences which admit of a possibility of further advances and improvement, do not exclude the possibility of gradual advances in that which is opposite unto them; but virtue absolutely considered admits*



*of no advances or improvements; therefore vice, which is contrary to it, admits of no gradations.*

Now the question is, whether uncertainties are to be determined from certainties, or certainties be over-ruled by uncertainties. That some vices are greater than others is not to be denied. But whether *your summum bonum* will admit of *additions* or not, is hardly so clear. And yet you resolve, that that which is uncertain shall hold good against that which is certain, instead of proceeding from that which is certain, to satisfy yourselves about that which is uncertain. At this lock we must hold you. For if one vice cannot be worse than another, because nothing can be superadded to that which you have taken up with for your ultimate good, and yet it is notorious that all vices are not equal, it follows that you must turn away your old ultimate good, and provide yourselves another. For this is a never-failing rule, *that when the consequence is false, the premisses, upon which that consequence depends, can never be true.* And how comes it about that you are so unhappily wedged? Because nothing contents you but a high-flown *summum bonum* to make your brags of. Nay, rather than *virtue* should not be the *only good* of man, we are let loose from all obligations, either to take care of our health, or to look after our estates, to execute public offices, to prosecute any concerns, or to discharge any duties of life. Even your great *catholic* good, your principle of honesty

and virtue is given up. And this is the very objection, which with so much earnestness Chrysippus urges against Aristo. Now it was the foregoing difficulty which gave birth to these *malitiæ fallaciloquentiæ*, in the words of Accius, *these wicked effects of sophistry*. When you have set all the duties of life afloat, wisdom has nothing left to support her; and when you confounded all things together at such a rate as to leave no distinctions between them, nor matter of option among them, you vacated the duties of life; and thus you betrayed yourself into inconveniences of a much more heinous tendency than Aristo; beside that he went through-stitch with simplicity and plainness, whereas your people are full of prevarication. Put the question to Aristo, whether he accounts as *good*, either freedom from pain, or riches, or health, and he will answer you, *no*. Or whether he looks upon their contraries as *evil*; *no* again. Let the same questions be proposed to Zeno, and he will return you the very same answers. Hereupon we begin to stare, and of both demand, how it is possible to carry on the purposes of life, if it is all alike to us, whether we are sick or well, in pain or at ease, starving with cold and hunger, or in good case and clothing. Now Aristo will tell us roundly; you may live better than so many princes if you please, and do just as you please, and never know what it is *to suffer, to desire, or to fear*. And what says Zeno? That this is all madness, and such doctrine

as frustrates the very ends of living; that *virtue* and *turpitude* are as distant from one another as the *poles*; that as for other things, no difference lies between them; that these *intermediate things*, which are upon a perfect parity in respect of one another (keep your countenance if you can, for there is something very pleasant a coming) are threefold, either such as are *eligible*, such as are to be *refused*, or such as are *indifferent*. Say you so? How came they then to be perfectly alike before? They are so still, say you, in the relation which they bear to *virtue* and *vice*. A great piece of news indeed! However let us hear you out. Your instances, quoth Zeno, of health, riches, freedom from pain, I cannot dignify with the title of *good*, but if you please, I will call them προηγμένα in the Greek, which has been translated *producta, præposita, præcipua*, (the two last words are the best, the other sounds harsh,) *preferables*. As I dare not call want, diseases, and pain, *evils*, but I make them *rejectanea, what we have reason to avoid*. Accordingly, we must not say that we desire or wish for, but that we choose and prefer the former; nor that, on the other hand, we avoid, but that we set aside the latter. Now for Aristotle and the rest of Plato's retinue; what say they? Why that that which is *according to nature*, is to be called *good*; and that which is otherwise, *evil*. What think you now of this master of yours? Does he not say the same thing with Aristo, while he

means otherwise? and does he not mean the same thing as Aristotle and his brethren, though he will not say the same? and since he means the same, why can he not express himself as other people would? At least let him convince me that my supposing *money* to be *something preferable*, rather than *something good*, and *pain* to be *rather something that molests a man, tries his patience, and is contrary to his nature*, than *something evil*, weans me ever the more from too great a love of the first, or makes me ever the less resigning to the impressions of the last. Our old friend and acquaintance, Marcus Piso, used to make very good sport with the maxims of the *stoics*, particularly upon the topic before us. Be it so, said he, *riches* are not *bonum*, *good*, but *præpositum*, *eligible*. And what are we the better now? Is our avarice checked upon it? *Præpositum*, indeed, for a word, has as many syllables again as *bonum*: and what of that? But it has more in it yet. How the word *bonum* comes to be applicable to *riches*, I cannot inform you; but I conceive the name of *præpositum* is conferred upon them, because of *their having the preference in general*. Upon which account they cannot but be something extraordinary! And this was his way of proving that Zeno seemed to signify, when he disposed of *riches* among his *præposita* or *preferables*, that they are of greater consideration and value than Aristotle had supposed them when he allowed them to be

something *good*, but yet no very *desirable good* neither, nor of such a significancy as to weigh any thing in opposition to *virtue* and *honesty*. And so he went through all the terms with which Zeno equivocated, and made it out, that he had appropriated higher titles to those things which he denied to have any *goodness* in them, and that he had branded those things which he would not endure to be called *evil*, with more ghastly appellations, than ever a one of *us*. After this manner the great Piso, that entertained such a singular esteem for you (and you know full well how great it was) came over the *stoics*. Two or three words more to close with, and I have done: for it would take up too much time to confute your assertions in the detail. It is the same *necromantic* language that has reared the scene of every *wise man's* universal monarchy, encircled him with mountains of crowns and sceptres, and created him proprietor of heaven and earth. It is by virtue of this that he monopolizes all the charms of beauty, and all the privileges and character of a *denizen*: but as for your fools, (that is, the rest of the world) they are no better than madmen, and in circumstances quite contrary to those above mentioned. These are your *παράδοξα*, in our language *admirabilia*, *paradoxes*. But let us come forward, and look through them, and we shall find little cause for wonder. It is but comparing your words and the true meaning of them together, and

the dispute is at an end. You affirm that all sins are equal. Now I do not design to attack this principle in the same manner as I have formerly done in defence of Lucius Murena against your indictment. Then I had a great many unphilosophical auditors, and condescended to the capacities of the crowd. But this time I shall handle the matter a little more distinctly. I ask then how it comes about that all sins are equal? Because no one *virtue* is such any more than another, nor any one *vice* more a *vice* than another. This, let me tell you, has been vigorously controverted; but let us proceed and discuss those direct arguments by which you prove all sins to be equal. If among the strings of a lute there is never a one in tune, they are all alike out of tune; therefore the inharmoniousness of sins in general is the same, and consequently they are *equal*. Thus you think to impose upon us with ambiguities. What if one string is out of tune *as well as* another? Does it follow too that it is *as much* out of tune *as* another? If not, you will get no ground by your *similitude*. For what if one sort of *avarice* is as *properly avarice* as another? Shall we thence infer that one sort is *avarice in as great a degree* as the other? And even as *pat* and *parallel* is your simile of the *pilot*, who, as it is hinted, is equally in fault if the ship happens to be lost through his means, whether the *cargo* be *chaff* or *gold*. And so it is all one, if I do violence to another man, whether that other be my father or my servant. This is as much as to

say, never any of you knew that the pilot, as such, is not to concern himself about the lading of the vessel. Be it frated with *gold* or *chaff*, his knowledge of *steering* is neither the *greater* nor the *less* : whereas every body is or ought to be sensible how widely the relations of *parent* and *servant* differ from one another ; so that notwithstanding it is of no moment in the business of steering a ship, what the character is of that which comes to a miscarriage, yet a great deal depends upon it in the business of *duty*. Again ; if the ship were laden with gold, and cast away through the carelessness of the pilot, he is more in fault than if it had been filled with chaff ; because there is no art or vocation in the world but what requires a foundation of *common prudence*, as it is called ; certainly no man pretending to skill or science ought to be without it. Still then we are as much to seek for this equality of sins as ever. It is all one for that ; the *stoics* will leave no stone unturned, and thus they go on : every sin is an effect of weakness and levity ; now for that all *unwise* people labour, one man as much as another, under these two imperfections, it inevitably follows that no one sin can be greater than another. But who told them that all *unwise* men have these imperfections in an equal degree ? Was Lucius Tubulus no more chargeable with weakness and inconstancy than Publius Scævola his *prosecutor* ? Or does there not a disparity arise out of the nature and circumstances of the

*subject-matter* of the fault? So that in proportion to the dignity, the bulk, and the number of these, an abuse is either more or less aggravated or pardonable? Here then, after all (to draw to a conclusion) lies the sole, but fatal mistake of the *stoics*. They flatter themselves that they can clasp-together two contrary suppositions. As what can be more irreconcilable than, for the same person, to affirm that nothing beside *virtue* has any *goodness* in it, and yet that nature has recommended to our inclinations whatever she has accommodated to the uses and purposes of life? And sometimes they are for keeping the *track* of the first hypothesis, and then they run riot with Aristo; sometimes they will scamper away from it, and then, though they are superstitiously tenacious of their own *terms*, yet in the substance and sense of their philosophy they are *peripatetics true-blue*; over and above that through their obstinate adherence to their singularity of expression they contract that moroseness, austerity, and vehemence of temper, which they discover both in their words and actions, and to which Panætius had so great an aversion, that he disclaimed as well the rigour of their maxims, as their intricate methods of argumentation. He remitted of the former, and was very shy of the latter. Nobody made more use, as you find in his writings, of Plato, Aristotle, Xenocrates, Theoprastus, and Dicæarchus, authors upon which I could heartily wish *you* too would bestow due at-



tention and application. It grows late, and it is time for me to think of going homeward, and therefore I shall shut up all with this proposal, that our conferences may go on. O, said Cato, by all means ! We cannot better employ our leisure, and at our next meeting I expect you will be patient till I have disarmed you at all points. Let it suffice, that whereas there is no notion of yours in which I can acquiesce, there is nothing that displeases you in *stoicism* beside uncommon significations of our terms : remember that. We will consider of it, said I, but to spring a doubt at parting is unfair. And so we withdrew.

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# CICERO

OF

## MORAL ENDS.

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### BOOK V.

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HAVING been a by-stander, my Brutus, at an engagement which happened, and it was no new thing, between Antiochus and Marcus Piso, in the Ptolemæium, the *school* so called; and with me, my brother Quintus, Titus Pomponius, and my brother Lucius; brother I mean, in respect of the love that is betwixt us, though no more than my cousin-german in reality; we agreed, by common consent, that the *academy* should be our *walking-place* for the afternoon, where we knew we should meet, all that part of the day, with no disturbance. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, we rendezvoused at Piso's house, chatted-over the short mile we had to walk from Diphylus's quarters, and so made our entrance into the *academy*, a recess very deservedly celebrated; and, according to our wishes, we had it all to ourselves. Well! said Piso, whether it be the effect of any innate principle, or no more than a *prejudice*, I cannot say; but sure I am, it makes a

stronger impression upon us, if we behold a place where any sons of *fame* have resorted heretofore, than either to be told the history of their lives, or to be conversant with their writings. I know it by myself at this time. These walls put me in mind of Plato, who, says tradition, held his disputations within them. There lay his little garden, which affects more than my memory, for, methinks, I see him walking in it just before me. There sat Speusippus, here Xenocrates, there his pupil Polemo; that very seat was his, which we are now looking on. So when our *hostilia* at home salutes my eyesight, (not the new *hall* of that name, which though it be the larger in compass, is less than the other to me,) presently my head is full of Scipio, Cato, Lælius, but especially of my grandfather. And for this reason so great use is made of the circumstance of *place* in the art of memory, because the *idea* of *place* naturally excites us to *recollection*. It is as you say, Piso, said Quintus. In my passage hither the Colonean *tenement* presented itself; and I saw as plainly Sophocles in it, as I zealously admire and love him. Giving my memory the rein, at last I spied out Ædipus too, or the shape of him at least, advancing this way, and heard him ask in flowing numbers, *Where am I?*—For my part, says Pomponius, I am an Epicurean, though you will never let me be one in quiet; and as we came along by Epicurus's gardens, Phædrus, my particular favourite, you know, afforded me a great

deal of his conversation, till the old proverb at last came into my thoughts, and then I turned them and myself from the dead to the living. Though it would be impossible for me, were it ever so much my desire, to banish Epicurus out of my imagination; for we that are of that family are not contented with having the *picture* of him preserved in an ordinary way, but his face must be graven too upon the *outside* of our *plate*, and the *seals* of our *rings*. Pomponius is merry, said I: he has lost no time at Athens, it seems, and is resolved to make out his title to his name. But I am seriously persuaded, Piso, of the truth of your observation, that the *places* which they used, have a virtue in them to excite, enliven, and feed our conceptions about great and eminent men. When you and I made a tour to Metapontus, you may remember, instead of going directly to my inn, nothing would serve my turn but I must pay a visit to the place where Pythagoras died, and to the seat that had been under him. I must confess there is no part of Athens which is not beset with these monuments and relics, but you cannot imagine how much that *portico* there strikes my fancy. Not long since Carneades had it, and there, to my thinking, he is at this time. I have often scanned his features, and am apt to believe the very seat yonder misses that burthen of good sense which rested there, and the satisfaction of that voice which came from it. Every man in the company, said Piso, has had his own amuse-

ment, except your kinsman Lucius; how does he stand engaged? For a wager, in the apartment of Demosthenes and Æschines, listening, as his *genius* and his course of study oblige him, to their oratorical rencounters. You might have saved yourself the trouble of asking, said Lucius and blushed, if you had observed my descent to the Phalericum, where, as the report goes, it was a custom with Demosthenes to harangue the tide, with a prospect of speaking louder one day than the sea could roar. And just now I made a digression a little upon the right, and took Pericles's tomb in my way. But I perceive there is no end on it. From one skirt of the city to the other a stranger cannot set his foot upon the ground but he treads upon a jewel of antiquity. The use which a man of understanding and learning ought to make of these remains, is to spirit himself on, said Piso, in his imitation of illustrious examples. A man of curiosity indeed regards them only as the pledges of earlier generations. Give us leave therefore, forward as you are of yourself, to quicken your emulation, and encourage you to copy, as near to the life as you can, after those originals, whom you so much desire to be better acquainted with. I am to thank you, Piso, said I, for your advice to my *relation*. At the same time you may be assured by what you see of him, that he practices up to your instructions. Whereupon, said he, in a strain of his wonted friendliness, it is reasonable that we join forces,

and help, all hands, toward the young gentleman's improvement; more especially that we initiate him in his philosophical studies, for two reasons, first, because he has the advantage of so good an example, and one so dear as yourself to lead him the way; secondly, because they will be a noble adorning and superstructure upon the study which he pursues at present. Not that I believe there is great occasion for suggesting this counsel, to one of himself predisposed to take this course; and who minds his business to so good purpose under Antiochus's tuition. I do my best, replied Lucius with a modest confusion; by the way my uncle was making mention of Carneades. That is the man for my money; but my infallible guide Antiochus forbids me his company. It is easy to foresee, said Piso, what opposition the attempt will meet with in the presence of a certain friend of ours, (looking at me,) but, for all that, I will venture to dissuade you from following the new *academics*, and bespeak you in behalf of the old ones, in which number, as Antiochus must needs have informed you, beside the *academics*, properly so called, Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemo, Crantor, and so forth, are the old *peripatetics* too, and among them Aristotle, their *foreman*, perhaps, excepting Plato, not to be matched among all the philosophers. Let me prevail with you to set yourself to the reading of them; you will find they will furnish you with helps and directions for all

sorts and parts of *learning, humanity, history, rhetoric*, and every other art and science; in a word, a man can never be fit for any matters extraordinary, until these have made him so; as they have been the making of many an orator, general, and statesman; besides multitudes of artisans of an inferior character, as in mathematics, poetry, music, and medicine, which this seminary of universal knowledge has bred. I am very sensible, said I, of the truth of all this; you know I am; and well pleased that you have fallen upon so reasonable a subject of discourse, my cousin being ambitious of a right notion of that *hypothesis* which the *old academics* and *peripatetics* you speak of, propagated about *moral ends*. And in regard Staseas the Neapolitan was your companion for many years together, and for several months last past you have laid it out for your business, as we know very well, by the help of Antiochus here at Athens, to make yourself master of the whole *hypothesis*; who so fit to explain it as yourself? At which smiling, Well, said he, I find then I am to run the first heat, and since it must be so, I will give the young gentleman as good a light into the matter as I can, the silence and commodiousness of this retirement inviting me to do what never an oracle in the world could have persuaded me I ever should, and that is, to exercise the function of a philosophy-lecturer in the *academy*. This query first however; in endeavouring to be serviceable



to one of you, shall I not be troublesome to the rest? Yes, to me, no doubt, said I, that have been requesting the favour! at the same time Pomponius and my brother Quintus entreated, they might be so happy as to hear him; whereupon Piso began. Now, Brutus, you are a judge of his exposition of Antiochus's notions, whether it was right or not, because you have received ample instructions from his brother Aristus. Besides, or I am under a mistake, you are an admirer of his principles: let me pray you therefore to take good notice of what Piso told us to the following effect. I have already specified, said he, the peculiar excellences, and the advantageous œconomy of the *peripatetical* scheme. The whole of it, as of all the other hypotheses, lies distributed into three parts: the first, *physics*; the second, *logic*; and the third, *morality*. So narrowly have these philosophers inspected the fabric and constitution of the universe that perhaps there is never a region or extent, never a combination of particles in heaven, earth, or ocean, to speak poetically, but their disquisitions have reached it. In the first place they took under consideration the origin and elements of the world, and came to resolutions concerning them, not merely plausible and specious, but mathematical and demonstrative. They laid together all such assertions or *effata* as appeared to have the greatest evidence, and upon the sufficiency of that *stock* they still traded on to the

more occult and remote dispositions and affections of nature. Aristotle has described and accounted for the generation, nutrition, and organical structure of all kinds of *animals*. Theophrastus has done as much for *plants* and *vegetables* of every *species*. By the help of these collections the hidden forms and properties of things are discovered more easily. The same instructors have left a body of directions both for *logic* and *rhetoric*; and Aristotle, their *generalissimo*, brought into play the method of maintaining both sides of the question, to the end that whatever can be said *pro* or *con* upon every argument may have its full force; and not in order to contradict and overthrow whatever shall be alleged, as Arcesilas proposed. In managing the third part of philosophy relating to the conduct of life, they concerned themselves with more than the condition of private persons, and prescribed for the modelling and regulation of a *body politic*. To Aristotle are we debtors for the descriptions he has transmitted of the manners, customs, and constitutions, as well of the *barbarous nations* as of Greece; and to Theophrastus for that knowledge which is come to us, of their laws. Both have likewise offered their sentiments and directions about the forms of public government, and the qualifications of the governors, and have shewn at large wherein consists the perfection of political establishment; Theophrastus has favoured us over and above with his

observations and maxims about public revolutions, nice junctures, and the critical seasons for *rigor* and *indulgence*. A retired, contemplative, and studious life they apprehended to be the best, and that it most becomes a man of wisdom, as being of the same kind with the life of the deities. Upon all these they have treated gracefully and majestically. With regard to the *summum bonum* they have delivered themselves in two different styles and methods, and one suited to vulgar capacities, and this they call *ἐξωτερικὸν*; (*proper for the use of those that are strangers to learning and philosophy*) the other, that which is to be found in their *commentaries* or *dissertations*; correct and elaborate. Not that there is any thing material wherein they vary or disagree, though seemingly they may teach us inconsistent lessons. As for instance, when they are enquiring into, and stating the conditions of a happy life, the grand purpose, I confess, and the *dernier resort* of all philosophy, they are sometimes unresolved upon the question, whether a wise man may command it if he pleases, or whether adverse accidents may ruffle and mar it; some are for this, and some for that. Theophrastus in his treatise of a *happy life* makes large concessions, and screws up the power of fortune too high: for if he has truth on his side, then is it really more than wisdom can do to make us happy: and indeed his account of things is so enervating and unmanly, that it derogates not a little from the authority

and pretensions of virtue. Wherefore it will be advisable for us to keep close to Aristotle and his son Nichomachus, I mean the books of moral philosophy which bear his name, though we are told that Aristotle penned them; as if it had been impossible for the son to come up so near to the excellences of the father. And yet there will be no harm in it, if we sometimes call Theophrastus to our assistance, provided we do not underrate the strength and forces of virtue as he has done. To these professors let us confine ourselves, it having been the misfortune of their successors, that notwithstanding in their own way they have answered their character much beyond the descendants of the other schools, yet they slid into such a degeneracy, that one would almost take them for another sect, *by themselves*, and *from themselves*. Strato, Theophrastus's pupil and immediate successor addicted himself wholly to natural philosophy, and succeeded in it very well; but new and singular were all the notions he started, and hardly any of them had a relation to *moral subjects*. Lysias was the scholar of Strato, a man of a large compass of expression, but his matter mean and steril. Aristo, his disciple, excelled in politeness and elegance, but wanted the main perfection, seriousness and solidity of reasoning. He has wrote many volumes very neatly and handsomely; it were to be wished his performances carried in them a greater sway and cogency. Many others I might

mention, as particularly the learned and eloquent Hieronymus, though in regard *indolence* is his *summum bonum*, it is somewhat absurd to make a *peripatetic* of him; for a different *summum bonum* ever implies a different *philosophy*. Critolaus's arguing is almost as ponderous and commanding as that of the ancients whom he proposed to imitate; and this must be said for him, he no where departs from the good old way; but then he surfeits you with a superfluity and luxuriancy of words. Diodorus, a pupil of his, tacks *virtue* and *indolence* together, and so is as singular in his *summum bonum*, and as distinct from the *peripatetics* as Hieronymus. But as for the doctrine of the *ancients*, my friend Antiochus has been at the pains to represent it fairly in all its parts, and proves that it was the same with that which Aristotle and Polemo have since asserted. Nor has Lucius unadvisedly picked out the question of *summum bonum* at this time to be read upon, seeing, when we have once determined that, we have as good as passed a judgment upon all the rest. Matters less considerable may perchance be overlooked, or not thoroughly understood, and then the ill consequences of our carelessness or ignorance can but bear proportion at most to the value or importance of the advantage neglected: whereas, until we are duly informed of the nature of the *summum bonum*, we must live in the dark, and manage at all ventures; float upon the wide ocean without fear or wit, without appre-

hending where we are, or what port we are to steer for. But when the ultimate ends of good and evil are made out, we know what course to take, and what duties we have to discharge; for there must be some end or other which our intentions or actions are aimed at, and this ought to be the *land-mark* in our pursuit after the measures and means of making ourselves happy; but *what this is at last* has been the subject of many a notable dispute. I conceive it our best way to take that method which proceeds upon the division of Carneades, and is current with Antiochus. Now Carneades, besides the several conclusions which the *philosophers* had come to before him about *summum bonum*, considered and comprehended how many notions it is possible to frame of it. No science or art, said he, has properly the occasion and design of itself within itself; these are things distinct and peculiar. It were needless and tiresome to run out into instances. Nothing can be clearer than that *art* consisting of no more than its own rules and methods is one thing; the end and purpose of *art* another. Medicine is the *art* of preserving health and restoring it: the directing the motions of a ship is the art of navigation; and wisdom or prudence is the art of living: why then should not this art have a final cause dependent upon something out of itself as well as any of the other? That *prudence affects* only and altogether what she finds consonant and analogous to

the measures of nature, and essentially sufficient to excite and engage the *ὄρεσις*, as the Greeks term it, or *appetite of the soul*, is most generally presupposed. The only question is, what thus excites and engages by virtue of itself, and emerges the first object of our inclinations? And this is the great bone of dissension among the philosophers, in their searches after the *summum bonum*: for the dispute about moral ends and the nature of the final and ultimate good hangs and turns upon the *prima invitamenta naturæ*, whatever in nature first challenges our inclinations; for when we have made a discovery of this, it will be a key to us, and the whole length of the disquisition about *summum bonum* and its contrary lies open and plain. With some people it is a clear case, that pleasure is the thing we catch at from the beginning; and pain that which we first avoid, and endeavour to divert: with others, that indolence is our darling, and pain a nuisance as soon as we are born: others again are pleased to prefer what they call the *prima secundum naturam*, the first general provisions and privileges of nature, such as sound, entire limbs and organs, neither more nor fewer than a man ought to have, health, ease, strength, comeliness, and so forth; answerable to which the mind has also her first general provisions, and privileges, and the kindlings, and *fætus*, as it were, of *virtue*. Under one or other of these three titles must come whatever affects us, either in order to our obtaining

or escaping it, for it is impossible that there should be any fourth, and therefore the whole concern and obligation of pursuing this, and eschewing that, is to be accounted to, and stated by one or other of these three; whence it follows that *prudence* or *the art of living*, must have one of these three to lay hold on for a handle, and for matter to work upon; and when it appears which of them it is that administers the first solicitations or impressions, we cannot well miss of a right conception of virtue and honesty. For in conformity to one of these three *generals* the essence of virtue will lie, either in practicing upon a principle and prospect of *pleasure*, though it should be unsuccessfully; or of *indolence*, though as unsuccessfully; or of securing to ourselves the *first general privileges of nature*: Observe by the way, that as manifold as the principles in nature are supposed to be, so many and so various are the accounts of *moral ends*. There is another sort of people, who take all these *principles* together, and assign for the *scope of duty, pleasure, indolence*, and the *first general privileges of nature*, in common, and at large. By this time I have reckoned up six several opinions concerning the *summum bonum*. The first of the three last, that of pleasure was Aristippus's; the second that of indolence, Hieronymus's; and the third that of being furnished with the *first general provisions and privileges of nature*, came from Carneades; for though he did not establish it in good earnest



as his own, yet by way of argumentation and exercise he undertook to defend it. These three hypotheses have taken their chance; the last of them has been eagerly and warmly supported. Indeed it is not to be imagined, how the intent and resolution of practising upon a pursuit of pleasure, and that without certainty of success, can imply so much of virtue, or of any thing simply and solely good, as that upon the consideration of its being such, we should drive at pleasure as the end of all our actions. As nobody ever yet imagined, that the escaping of pain and inconvenience, even when we have the *refusal* of it, is a thing *simply* advantageous, but only so upon the *comparison*. This we cannot say with regard to the principle of taking those measures, which may best put or keep us in possession of what is agreeable to nature. In the judgment of the *stoics* there can be no other principle of virtue, no other notion of good simply and for itself desirable, but this. The six *uncomplex acceptations* of *summum bonum* I have now laid before you: of which, two had the ill luck to be thrown up and come to nothing, but the other four have stood their ground. There are, besides, three several compound or blended notions of *summum bonum*, three and no more, as, if you search to the bottom of the matter, you will perceive there cannot be; because it is necessary either that *pleasure* should be coupled with *virtue*, according to the project of Callipho and Dinoma-

thus ; or else *indolence*, as Diodorus would have it ; or the *prima naturæ*, the first general provisions and privileges of nature, as the ancients, or the old *academics* and the *peripatetics* conceived. It is not to be expected I should enlarge upon all these now ; thus much however I may spare time to advertise, that the principle of pleasure merits not so much the favour of connivence, the ends, for which our being was given us, being abundantly more honourable and exalted ; whereof more anon. *Indolence* has the same objections in a manner, lying against it, as *pleasure*. You have seen already, Brutus, what was insisted upon by Torquatus and me, as to the hypothesis of pleasure ; and upon that of *virtue*, considered as the *sole good of man*, how I managed the dispute with Cato ; so that I need only suggest as before, that almost all the same arguments which bear hard against *pleasure*, will do the doctrine of *indolence* a like disservice. As little occasion is there that we should cast about for any other to confute Carneades. Fix upon what you will for a *summum bonum*, if virtue has no part in it, it will be inconsistent with all obligations of duty, conscience, and friendship. Again ; if you graft *virtue* either upon *pleasure* or *indolence*, the specific excellency of it will turn into *venom*. What can be a readier way to overcast, to sully and tarnish the brightness of virtue than to assign it a joint influence over us in our counsels and actions, either with a principle according

to which a man is as happy as he can be, if he is not under the sense of any present *evil*, or else with another which is wholly concerned for the gratification of the capricious and despicable part of us? The *masters of the porch* are still in the way, and these have plumed themselves from the *peripatetics* and *academics*, that is, they have taken their sense of things to themselves, and imposed new terms of their own devising. Were we to take all these to task in their order, we should find our account in it. But the *stoics* challenge the opportunity before us, and the rest of them shall hear from us at a more convenient season. Take notice, if you please, that Democritus's *εὐθυμία*, or *state of inward serenity and good assurance*, cannot enter into the substance of the debate proposed, it being not demanded *wherein the happiness of life consists*, but *out of what it results*: now Democritus's inward satisfaction and complacency is neither more nor less than *happiness of life* itself. Neither are the conceits of Pyrrho, Aristo, and Herillus, to be fetched into the compass of our disquisition as now limited; so that had they not lost all credit and regard, they would be foreign to our subject and design. If we will make out any thing upon the question in hand, concerning the *final causes and last consequences of good and evil*, we must turn to what has been taken notice of already, to that, whatever it be, *which is agreeable to nature, and primarily and simply to be desired.*

Now this were pure nonsense and folly, if every thing whose essence is not wholly made up either of moral goodness or turpitude, had not in it that, upon the score of which it is more than merely indifferent and insignificant; and all things that come under this denomination are every one as good and as bad as another, which is what Pyrrho and Aristo suppose; and as for Herillus, by resolving the whole of our good into *knowledge or science*, he has removed the obligations of duty out of sight, and absolutely vacated the expediency of *admonition* and *deliberation*. Upon the whole; since we can shew no favour to ever a one of all the other *hypotheses*, and it is impossible any beside should arise, that of the ancients will have its course, and carry its point in spite of fate. This is it which the *stoics* are pleased to make so free with; and with this we shall now begin to wade into the main enquiry. Every *living creature* is possessed by a love of itself, and is no sooner such than busy about its own conservation. This zeal and sollicitousness for its own safety and well-being is implanted in it, for that it may be the guardian of itself, disposed and in a condition to take those impressions and measures which nature recommends. Now this fundamental principle of *self-preservation* is at the first implicit, confused, and undistinguished, and it is more than the *subject* of it comprehends, what is the nature either of itself, or of that very propensity, or the force of its

own powers ; until it gets ground, and begins to entertain some imaginations and suspicions of things, how far this and that and the other hath any relation to it, or can have any effect or influence upon it, and so, by little and little, it picks up a consciousness and knowledge of its own *compositum*. And then the next thing it sets about is to make prize of those circumstances which are found agreeable to nature, and to give the contrary a diversion ; and for this very purpose the instinct and prejudice aforesaid was originally wrought into the soul. The consequence is, that every animal's proper object of desire must be that *in kind* which accords to the measures of nature. And so its final good appears to be this, that it should live according to nature, and stand rightly disposed for taking her bent and for closing with her counsels. To go on ; every animal has its own *species* and *properties*, and its final cause is to be commensurate to the capacity of its nature. It is true, they all concur in the more *general essentials*, and as men and brutes hold many qualities in common, so do the brutes of one predicament with those of another. Nevertheless every *species* vindicates its *distinguishing* and *characteristical* properties, which are those we are now concerned for, peculiar, and accommodated to the purposes and tendencies of its own nature. Let it therefore be observed, that while we make it the end of every animal's existence that it should live according to nature, we neither say nor mean

that all animals whatsoever have the very same end of existence. No *art* can be without some principles of *science* : and so far all *arts* are equally under a common necessity ; and yet every *art* has its principles of *science* proper to itself. Thus all animals are alike concerned to live according to nature, as different and dissimilar as their natures are from one another ; (for the purpose, a horse's, an ox's, a man's) because all of them have their common qualities and affections wherein they agree. Nor is this only true as to *animals*. Every sort and order of things in the world that subsist in the way of nutrition, growth, and increase, as we see of the product and fruits of the earth, pursue their own *process* of preserving life, acquiring substance, and attaining the respective ends of their being. In a word, we may apply the same observation to all the parts of the universe, and I will be bold to stand by this assertion, that every kind of thing is studious of its own safety, and strives, as after its *ultimate end*, to fix and ensure itself in the very best condition its nature admits of. And therefore though all things that have a place in the universe do not exist unto one and the same end, yet the ends to which they stand directed, have a near affinity and likeness. And thus is it fairly proved that living according to nature is the chief and ultimate good of man, that is to say, living so, as to make the most of our nature, and to leave no defects in it. What I have hitherto

suggested I shall make somewhat clearer yet, bespeaking your favour, if I overact my part. Reasonable allowances are to be made for my *young scholar*; who stands fairly excused, considering his age, though he should never have known any thing until now of what I have told him. You say well; said I, let me add only this, that there is no part of your discourse but what young and old too may find their advantage in. Having shewn, continued he, the standard whereby we are to judge of the desirableness of any thing, we must now set forth and confirm the reasons upon which this rule of valuation is grounded. And that we may do this effectually, we will return to the position which lies at the bottom of all, not only in our method, but in the order of nature too, namely, *that every animated being loves itself*. This, it is certain, is a principle struck deep, and every *sensitive* creature is so necessarily conscious of it, that the man would be hissed out of all conversation who should venture to deny it. However, that the least want of evidence may not be pretended, I am willing to descend to a more curious demonstration of the truth of it. Let us take for granted then, though I know not how we can in modesty so much as put the case, that some one animal is to be found in the world which bears a mortal hatred against itself. That which follows from the supposal is a direct and immediate contradiction; as thus: in compliance to that inclination or impulse by which it

is prompted to commit hostilities upon itself, it will earnestly endeavour to give itself the satisfaction of compassing that which will be prejudicial and injurious to it. Now this it will do to indulge and gratify itself; and so *in the very same act* it will both hate and love itself, which is impracticable and impossible. Before any man can truly become his own enemy, he must learn to turn good into evil, and evil into good; avoid what he has all the reason in the world to pursue, and pursue what he has all the reason in the world to avoid. And if he can do that, it is to no purpose to make more words about life or the ends of it. But how then are we to account for the practice of self-murder? for one fellow's hanging himself, another's drowning himself, &c. for that resolution of the old man in Terence, to make his own life miserable in remembrance of his child, and by way of *tribute* to him? Alas! these are not designedly and properly their own enemies. For what if it is the unhappiness of some people that they give way too much to their grief, of others that they cannot moderate their passions, either of desire or anger, and so leap into ruin and destruction with a hearty good will? They are verily persuaded all the while that they cannot do themselves a greater piece of service. They have this to say, and with very good pretence, as they conceive, *mihi sic usus est, &c. it is my pleasure so to do; I leave you to yours; pray leave me to mine.* Else, when they had resolved upon



a *heart-breaking*, and were night and day carrying on the comfortable work of maceration, the malecontents would never charge themselves, as they do, with mismanagement, and confess, in the very practice, that some time or other, in some respect or other, they have brought mischief and inconveniences upon themselves; for by such a complaint they make it appear, that they mean well, after all, to their own persons. And therefore when we say at any time, *such a man has done himself a diskindness, that he is his own foe, and stands in his own way, and life is such a burthen to him that he cannot endure it*, the very supposition implies, that the person is possessed with an antecedent concern for and regard to himself. But this is not the *whole truth* yet: for beside that nobody entertains an hatred against himself, every body, as it must be acknowledged, is solicitous to have his condition and circumstances sit right and easy upon him. For if it should be all one to us, whether matters go well or ill with us, (as in things of an indifferent and trivial nature we are neuters and careless) then must the soul be utterly incapable of any act of *desire*. Again; to imagine that this principle of love does not terminate in a man's own person, but in something else, were absurd to the highest degree. It is true, when we come to talk of its efficacy with relation to friendship, good offices, and the exercise of particular virtues, it may be said in one sense to do so, but then the meaning is

obvious and well known, and hinders not at all, but that when we consider it with respect to our own persons, it should centre in them. Thus, for example, we love not ourselves for the sake of any *pleasure*; no, we love *that* for the sake of ourselves. But to what purpose all this? Is it not certain that we love, and which is more, that we passionately love ourselves? Where is the man, or, at least, how great a rarity, who *keeps his colour and an even pulse* when death surprises him? not but it is a very culpable weakness, when our time is come, to be scared out of our wits. The same remark and rule hold proportionably as to grief or pain. Though it is enough for my purpose, if, by these *apprehensions* in us, it plainly appears, as it does, that human nature cannot be reconciled to its own dissolution. And if some people let the dread of it run away with their discretion; from hence we may the more strongly conclude, that these excessive fears would never appear in some people, unless nature allowed them in a moderate degree. Nor are those persons the only instances of this aversion who fling away from death, either because it carries them from the enjoyments of life, or because they have reason to fear they shall fare amiss in a future state, or because of the conflict and agonies under which they shall probably labour at the time of expiring. Infants, we see, before they have conceived the least suspicions of any such ill consequences, are presently under a

consternation if we tell them, with a design to scare them, that a *bullbeggar* is a coming. The brute-beasts themselves

— unfurnish'd with a force of sense  
And policy, to plot their own defence,

(Pacuvius is my author) even these have no sooner death in view but they are struck with amazement and horror. Nay further; cannot the presence of it discompose a man of wisdom? Nobody will have the confidence to say so. It must run against the grain to take his last leave of his friends and the world. Though the vigour and vehemence of this principle never shews itself more to advantage than when indigent people are ready, as thousands have been, to suffer any thing rather than die to rights; and old decrepit creatures are dragged off so sorely against their will, desiring with Philoctetes to protract a miserable life rather than not live at all, as he made out a subsistence upon the birds which he shot. So Atticus tells us, *configebat tardus celeres, &c.*

The shafts he sent return'd well-fledg'd with prey  
To their disabled owner as he lay;  
The plumes his mantle made —

We have traced the principle down from rational to irrational animals, and, whether the *vegetative* world came fortuitously by it, or, as the men of the best learning and understanding allege, the sove-

reign cause of the universe entailed it upon the *kind*, we may follow it into our very orchards and gardens. It is wonderful to observe how every vegetable keeps itself sound and fixed; either by the munition of its *bark*, or the distribution of its *root*; as *animals* are held to their being and their kind, by a right disposition of their organs and the continuity of their parts. There are, who assert *nature* as the sole ordering of all these things, and I subscribe to their opinion; but yet if others will have different sentiments I cannot help it; they must enjoy their own constructions; only let them know, if they please, that by *human nature* I mean nothing else but *man*. They are both one and the same; and until a man has got a way of *dispersonating* himself, he cannot avoid hankering after those things which will turn to advantage and good account. And therefore it was not inconsiderably done of all the greatest philosophers, to choose for the *starting-place* of their inquiries about *summum bonum*, the first affections and principles of nature; for they presumed that whatever beings feel themselves inwardly solicited to love themselves, are under the power of an *ingenerated principle* obliging them to pursue whatever is accommodated and agreeable to their natures. This therefore being evinced, that every man has naturally a near affection for himself, in the next place we are to settle our notions about the nature of man, for the whole controversy will turn upon that. Man, it is noto-

rious, consists of body and mind; the last is the superior half of him; the first the inferior. The structure of his body is very remarkable; and how far it excels that of other living creatures, as well as the noble œconomy of his soul, attended with all the sensitive faculties, and constituted of those intellectual powers which preside in his composition, being the stupendious instrument and source of his counsels, his reason, his knowledge, and his virtues; for the parts and functions of his body lie a great deal more open and obnoxious to discovery than the nature of his soul, and are by a long disproportion less eminent and valuable. To begin nevertheless with these; it is universally known into what an exact regularity the parts, proportions, the shape, and stature of the body are wrought and adjusted. No one can be ignorant of the situation, and external form of the forehead, eyes, ears, &c. that are proper to an human body. It is moreover well enough understood how much it imports us, their being in a good condition, and duly disposed to exercise their respective offices; and that none of them be dis-tempered or damaged. Nature desires it, and there is a certain *tone* or *co-operation* of the parts of the body wherein all such motions and conditions of them conspire as agree best to nature: insomuch that if they suffer any distortion or injury, or are twisted into any aukward or untoward motion or posture; as when a man is for walking upon *all*

*four*, or backward instead of forward, it looks as if he had a mind to run away from himself, and throw off his nature in a pique. And therefore it is not at all strange that the ways which posture-masters, buffoons and libertines have of bestowing their limbs, their wriglings, and their broken motions, should seem a force upon nature. The depravity gets to a head in the *soul* first, and afterwards to complete the *metamorphosis*, it disjoins the body. And it is therefore much less a wonder that orderly and graceful actions and gestures appear so *natural*. To go on; the bare existence of the mind ought by no means to content us; the perfections of it we are not to leave out or neglect, but care must be taken that its faculties be no way impaired or unaccomplished in any of those virtues which they are capable of attaining. Each external sense has its proper *capacity*, by virtue of which it exerts itself effectually, and very readily and nimbly catches the ideal communications of sensible objects. The powers or virtues of the soul, or rather of the excellent and transcendent half, that is, of the *mind* properly so called, though not a few, stand reducible to these two *kinds*, those that are inbred or innate, and known by the name of *involuntary*; and those out of which it derives an accessional lustre of merit, and these are called *voluntary* or *acquired*. Of the former sort are *docility* or *aptness of understanding*, *memory*, and in a word, all that goes to the making up an *ingenious man*, or a *man of parts*, and is called *sagacity*, and *reach* or

*richness of sense.* But the latter sort is of the true and sublimest virtues, *prudence, temperance, fortitude, justice,* and the rest of them. This summary account of the mind and body it was necessary to set before you that we may come the better to understand what are the *occasions* of nature, and what she expects from us. Now it is evident in the result, that we could not possibly love ourselves, nor so heartily wish and solicit the perfection of all the parts and powers of our minds and bodies, did they not challenge our favour and affection upon their own account, and carry in them almost all that is fundamental to a happy life, because as he, that makes the preservation of himself his business, cannot but stand well-affected to every part of himself, so the greater the perfection is, and the more meritorious and improved the significancy of any part, the more of our esteem and love it commands, that perfection of life to which we aspire being all one with a complete *collection* of virtues and excellencies intellectual and bodily. And this is the *complement* of *summum bonum*, in other words, of that *final human good* which has no other good lying out of it. Now then, we see, and very clearly too, that forasmuch as every man is a lover of himself, immediately and for his own proper sake, he can do no less than be kind to whatever bears a part in the essence of his body or his soul, or is instrumental and serviceable in any action or disposition of either, and that for

the proper sakes of the severals. A direct and obvious consequence of all which is this, that the greater the worth and excellency is of any parts or properties that belong to our being, the larger is the share they are entitled to of our love and esteem. And so the more this or that is to be valued of those constituent parts, which are singly to be valued upon their own accounts, the higher ought its *force* or *virtue* to be rated. Thus, for instance, the virtues of the mind take place of the abilities of the body, and the voluntary virtues, of the involuntary. Indeed properly we ought not to give the title of *virtues* to any other but the *voluntary*, to which as being the effects of *reason*, the most exalted of our faculties, the involuntary are not comparable. The *summum bonum* of all those unintelligent movers which, among her other species, nature provides and has in charge, is restrained to the *body*. It is shrewdly and plausibly supposed by the *virtuosi*, that the soul or mechanical principle of motion in a hog is constituted of saline particles or acids to preserve it from putrifying. Not but in some kinds of brutes, as lions, dogs, horses, we discover a resemblance or imitation of this or that virtue. And the case stands otherwise with any of these than with a hog, because beside the ordinary motion of their bodies one would almost conclude from their behavior sometimes that they had rational souls to set them at work. The soul of man is consummate in his rational faculties; as *virtue*,



which owes itself to them, and affords the philosopher so much matter to work upon, is the *consummation of those faculties*. Again; the several *classes of vegetables* resemble animals, in their *proficiency and perfection*. Thus, for example, we say of a *vine*, that it *lives* or *is dying*, and so of any *tree*, that it is *young* or *old*, in a *thriving* or *decaying condition*. We take the same methods with them as we do with *animals*; what their constitutions require and relish, we administer, and separate what is noxious. It is one part of the business of *agriculture* to breed them, and keep them alive and flourishing, to make incisions, to prune, to raise, carry up, and fix the branches upon *stock*; in a word, so propitiously to assist and encourage nature in her course as that the vine itself, had it a voice, would return thanks for the dressing and care bestowed on it. Now the means of this tuition and cultivation of the vine, (to keep to that instance) are *external*, it being unable, if left destitute of all succour and tendence from without, by itself to work on its own perfection. Furthermore; suppose this *vine* should come to have *sense*, and *appetite*, and *spontaneous motion*; how, most probably, would it manage matters then? Over and above continuing and promoting those advantages which it formerly received from the hand of him who dressed it, would it not befriend and guard its *accessional senses*, *appetites*, and *members* too, supposing it had any?

And if its care will be thus extended beyond the substance and properties which it has had all along to those which afterwards came into it; its *final cause* will not continue the same as when the *gardiner* looked after it; for it will now endeavour to be as just as it can to its nature with all its new additions and improvements about it. And so its last *final cause* is analogous to the first, but yet not the same: the *summum bonum* of a *vegetable* is quitted, and now it is concerned for that of an *animal*. Once more; let rationality be superinduced upon sensation; will it no longer make provision for the parts and powers which it had before? Yes: but yet will it not chiefly favour and consult for the interests of the last *addition*? Will it not be most wedded to those properties and affections of the soul which are the worthiest and the best? And these being the intellectual, must not the *complement* of its *summum bonum* be their perfection? Thus then rises the ascent or scale of *advantages*, as traced from beings of a more *general character* to such as have an interest in that *summum bonum* which is made out of the best condition and circumstances that the body can desire, together with the consummation of the rational or intelligent faculties. And this being the state of the case, I cannot have erred in what I further off intimated before, that, could every man be acquainted with himself, and frame a right estimate of the value and significancy of his nature

and of every part of it, as soon as he is born, that consummate and supreme good of his which we are now enquiring for, could not possibly escape his knowledge even then, and consequently he could never be overseen or misled. But alas! the misfortune is, our constitution lies out of the way, and is not to be understood until a great many years of ignorance are gone over our heads, and we come by a slow and insensible progress a little better to apprehend ourselves. By an original instinct, and before we can give an account of it, we are recommended and endeared to our own persons; and forced upon *self-defence* and *protection* by the *elasticity* of that principle of self-love which is begot and born with us. And afterwards when we can look deeper into ourselves, we find out our own beings, and wherein we and other animals are unallied, and thence-forward, perhaps, we try to make up to the proper end of our existence. Thus it is also with brutes; for some time together they are fastened to the very place where they drew their first breath, and ere long they set forward to seek their fortunes as their inclinations carry them: the young snakes crawl away; the ducklings paddle; the blackbirds leave the nest; the calves butt and run atilt; and the *scorpions* play their stings; each in the way of their respective natures. So for *human kind*; infants we see, when once *within the threshold* of life, lie still as contentedly as if their souls were to come after them; till they

have gathered a little strength and courage, and then the first experiment they make with their souls and senses, is, to get upon their legs, and do feats with their hands, and take knowledge of their nurses; by and by there is nothing to be done without their play-fellows, and no quiet but when the knot of sportsmen is met, and business going forward; little romances must be told them; and when they have any thing to spare, their favourites partake of their bounty; nothing shall pass in the family, but they will be making their enquiries and observations; and so they go on to form and compose their own notions, and treasure up other people's; nobody can come in their way, but they will be asking his name; when they outwit or get the better of their companions, they exult and triumph; and when they come by the worst on it, they are dejected and mortified: the cause and reason of all which may be very easily assigned. There is wrought into our nature an aptitude admonishing us to acquire good habits and improvements; and children before they have laid any foundation of learning, while there is no more virtue in them than the *seminal miniature*, are for the essaying at the imitation of it. Things are so ordered and contrived within us, that of course we are led on to *action* and offices of benevolence, liberality, and gratitude, and our souls are qualified for and disposed to the earning of knowledge, and the exercises of prudence, and fortitude; and

their contraries are a *nuisance*; no wonder then that, when *little*, we should strike out these first glimmerings and sparklings of virtue, which at long-run kindle up philosophy into a luminary that conducts us, as commissioned from God, till it brings us to the ultimate *good* of *human nature*: the prevalency of the *principle* aforesaid, as I have already often observed, betraying itself in the state of the soul's infancy and impotence. At length, when it has attained maturity and vigour, it comprehends the full force and significancy of human nature, that is, it first of all acquaints itself with its own domestic affairs, not but it may, if it pleases, examine and learn what lies beyond. And therefore if we design to know what we are, we must retire into nature, consult seriously her occasions, and embrace her directions. This advice was too remarkable and weighty to come from a mere mortal, and therefore it is ascribed to a deity, it being no less than the oracular instruction of Apollo Pythius, *that we should beware of not knowing ourselves*: which is as much as to say, that we should not be ignorant of the nature and powers of the body and the mind, and that we should propose to ourselves that condition of life which takes in the largest circuit of advantages. Now it being proved, that there is in the mind of man an inbred and original inclination to the perfection of condition and plenitude of circumstances above-mentioned, it is very certain that nature can have no after-game, when

once we are in possession of the objects desired, and so the *summum bonum* must be an *aggregate* of those things which we are inclined to desire and affect upon their own proper account, unless, after all, we have not yet demonstrated that every *particular* included in that *aggregate*, is by itself, and for itself, a desirable good. Perhaps it may look like an omission, my not bestowing pleasure among these goods of the body I have lately mentioned. If it does, I shall take some other time to give my reasons. For in the present inquiry it makes no difference, whether *pleasure* be any of those things which are *primarily desirable in the account of nature*, or not. If it has nothing to do among them, and for my own part I think it none of the number, it is well I have not made it so. If it has, and the other opinion is better grounded, it can give no disturbance to our *idea* of the *summum bonum*. Let *pleasure* immediately take its place among our *prima naturæ*, our *first general advantages and desirables*, and all that can be said, is, that the body is capable of another good which we did not think of. What does our definition of the *summum bonum* get or lose by this? Hitherto have we been prosecuting the argument taken from the natural principle of self-love and self-preservation. We shall now proceed upon another, and prove, that not only because we love ourselves, but also because every portion and property, whether of body or soul, has its peculiar office and

significancy, therefore the sum of all our interests and concerns lies adequate to *these collectively*. To begin with the body; if any of its parts are mis-shaped, enfeebled, or maimed, do we not endeavour to cover it from the eye? If we cannot hide it quite, do not we make a mighty pother to keep it at least as concealed as we can? And what painful treatment and discipline do we cheerfully undergo to have all set right again, and the part restored to its natural form and appearance, though perhaps instead of recovering the perfect use of it, we shall render it more unserviceable than it was before? The reason is apparent. For every man being under indispensable obligations to love and value himself *throughout*, and that purely and immediately for the sake of himself, he is necessitated too to love and value for their own sakes all the *parts* of himself, as constituting that *whole* which he loves for itself. And so again, as for the motions and figurations of the parts of the body, has not nature ordained a certain rule of *decorum* and *uniformity* in these? Does it not lie upon a *cavalier* to avoid unseemliness and absurdities in his gait, his manner of sitting, and the adjustment of his mouth and countenance? Is it not *shocking*, when we see a man's nature tortured and distressed, either by the awkwardness of his action, or his placing himself out of figure? And seeing our limbs are under such a regulation as this, can it be denied of the body's comeliness and

symmetry, that it is for itself desirable and valuable? We are satisfied that by the body's being disfigured or dismembered, we are really and immediately incommoded; is it not all reason then, that a graceful personage should be reckoned so much the more a valuable and desirable advantage? If we are tied to laws in our motions and postures, can *beauty* be a thing undeserving our regard? So for health, strength, ease, are they not precious and to be coveted, for the intrinsic good of them as well as for the consequent benefits and opportunities? For as certainly as our nature is desirous of consummation and undefectiveness, so certainly it prizes and affects irrespectively and for the essential importance of it, that condition of the body which includes all these, as being the most natural; for the measures of nature are utterly broke by sickness, pain, or loss of strength. Come we forward to the powers and affections of the soul, an object of contemplation every way more bright and excellent, and wherein the drift and purpose of nature is much more discernible and conspicuous, than in the frame of the body. And first: our very constitution is seasoned with so passionate a desire and love of knowledge and information, that it will not bear the least dispute, whether we should trouble ourselves about attaining them, were it not for the encouragements they meet with in the world: for what shall we think of the genius of those youngsters that will not be brow-beaten or



whipped out of their contemplations and searches? but are obstinately inquisitive under the terrors of the rod, and transported with improvement at any price? that take a pride and pleasure in being communicative, and pay their attendance to pompous solemnities, plays, and the like public entertainments, and so heartily admire them, as at any time to lose *breakfast, dinner, and supper* for them? Has not every body beheld, how furiously some people are addicted, and how entirely devoted to *study and science*? What penances, what hardships they will embrace, what risques they will run of destroying their health, and how little they value their money and land, when learning and books have seized their affections? How severely they will work and rack the brain, and think themselves richly rewarded in the pleasure of being *edified*? Homer, I presume, alluded to this, in the fable of the *sirens* and their singing. It was not so much the melody of their notes, nor the variety of their *divisions*, nor the novelty and singularity of their strains that had power enough to interrupt a voyage, as their pretences to penetration, and their promises of instruction. It was an effect of this artifice, that so many vessels were lodged upon the rocks thereabouts, and to this very tune they call upon Ulysses in those lines of Homer, which, with other parts of him, I have translated upon occasion, *O decus Argolicum, quin puppim flectis Ulysses, &c.*

Hero, this way gently steer,  
 Hither the pride of Hellas bring,  
 Bring Ulysses, bring him near,  
 And let the *knowing warrior* hear  
 The wonders which we sing.

We salute in mystic lays,  
 Each vessel as it ploughs the sea,  
 In vain upon the canvas plays  
 ▲ wanton gale: the machin stays  
 Becalm'd with harmony.

Secrets of nature and of art  
 We to the passenger impart;  
 With learning universal sate his mind;  
 And leave no mist of ignorance behind;  
 But send him home, the wisest of his kind.

Hark! thy vict'ries we relate,  
 The vengeance of the gods, and Troy's deserved fate;  
 The kings, the fights, the fleet, the tents,  
 The cause, the conduct, and events —

By the way, the poet was aware, that if he had made his *hero* surrender to the magic of the *performance*, he must have sunk the credit of his *poem*. They promise him, if he will attend, his understanding shall be enlarged; and who that is a true friend and admirer of wisdom, as was Ulysses, had not suspended the remembrance of his native soil upon those terms? No; it is a fruitless and freakish curiosity to aim at an indefinite expanse of knowledge; but yet when a man

falls in love with letters and speculations, upon a view of, and with regard to the more noble objects and uses of them, it is a certain sign of an exalted soul. To what a stress of intension were Archimedes's thoughts engaged; who when the enemy made themselves masters of his country, was so hard at work with his compasses upon his *slate*, as not to perceive or know any thing of the matter; how was all the soul of Aristoxenus ravished and *overflowed* with music? What a blessing did Aristophanes account it, that he could spend the full period of his life in a course of *learning*? Pythagoras, Plato, Democritus, did they think much, to travel to and over the remotest parts of the world in quest of improvement and information? It is impossible any man, that was ever desirous of or pleased with the knowledge of any thing worth knowing, can be a stranger to the truth of all this. Some people, I grant, will tell you, that it is the pleasure accompanying concerns of this nature which induces us to mind them: but then either they do not observe, or else forget how frequently, when we have no manner of advantage in prospect, nay and when it is more likely we shall be losers and sufferers by it, we perceive a most exquisite and lively satisfaction in furnishing and filling our intellectuals; and therefore, it must needs be, that all such operations and exercises are valuable and in esteem with us upon their own account. Indeed the case is so plain that I am ashamed to

say more of it. Let every man put the question to himself, how he finds him influenced and affected when he is forming a judgment either upon the motions of the stars and heavenly bodies, or the occult *dispensations* in the natural world; and what it is which makes *history* so very agreeable to him, that he cannot forbear following the *series* as far as it will lead him; that he turns back to consult afresh those passages which he does not perfectly retain; and cannot find it in his heart to give over till he is come to the close of the narration. I am sensible too that *history* is a profitable and useful study as well as a diverting one; but how shall we account for the pleasure and entertainment of reading *romances* and *comedies*, which we can make no advantage of? and for our forwardness to learn the names of men famous in their generations, of what families they came, the places of their births, and a thousand other the like *superficial circumstances*? Again; what is the promising motive with *plebeians* and *mechanics*, and fellows that cannot have the confidence to suppose they shall ever enterprise any thing considerable; that these too should be setting up for *historians*? and old withered *stagers*, with one foot in the grave, when past the possibility of exerting themselves, do they not, at that time of day more especially, please themselves with reading and hearkening to relations of any great exploits or public transactions? There is therefore no doubt to be made,

but that we are spirited on to fructify our understandings by those encouragements and recommendations, which the means and matter of improvement have in them. Agreeably hereunto the old philosophers represent their wise man as one of the inhabitants in the *fortunate islands*, master at large of his own time and actions, supplied through other hands with all the necessaries of life, and his only and perpetual business, to search and examine into the nature of things. That contemplations of this kind are not only *essentials* of *positive* happiness, but a sovereign antidote against affliction and sorrow, is certain. The expedient has been commonly made use of by the unfortunate, when in a state of captivity or thralldom, under confinement, or in exile, to relieve and amuse their melancholy. Thus Phalereus Demetrius, once at the head of affairs in this very city, when he was driven out of his country against all right and reason, retired to Alexandria, put himself under the protection of king Ptolemy, and became a mighty proficient in this same *philosophy* which I now recommend. Theophrastus was his director ; and he composed many admirable pieces during that leisure which his troubles gave him. Nor can we imagine he would have thus employed himself, under those circumstances, for any other end, than purely to cultivate his faculties, and nourish his reason. Cneius Aufidius, of the *praetorian* order, an excellent scholar,

though he wanted the benefit of his eyes, has declared in my hearing, he would not care what external advantages he renounced, if he could but have his *sight*. Even sleep we should look upon as a grievance and inconsistency in nature, were it not such a refreshment as our bodies require, and the sovereign restorative when we are spent and wearied. Otherwise, the best effects of it are an absolute insensibility and inactivity. So that we should be very well pleased, if things might be ordered in such a manner, as that either we could dispense with this repose, or take it out in a more commodious way. For when we are set upon *business* or *studying*, we put a force upon nature, and make a practice of breaking our rest. There is no one man, no nor animal, but what gives very sufficient, and, in truth, most convincing proofs of the soul's *operating perpetually, and of its utter abhorrence to an eternal stagnation*. This we may gather from what we find in little children; for to them I must refer myself again, though you may tell me, too much of one thing is good for nothing; and yet all the philosophers of old, and the sect I speak up for especially, were of the mind, that infants are best able to teach us what it is our nature would be at, and therefore they are, ever and anon looking back to the *cradle*, and the *go-cart*. Now we may observe, that though at first the little ones lie helpless and unactive, yet so soon as they are in a condi-

tion, they become such eager *sportsmen*, that though you chastise them, they will not forsake their beloved recreations, be they never so toilsome and slavish: and this muddling mercurial humour grows up with them. It would be a heart-breaking to be condemned to such a *nap* as Endymion's, though beforehand we were sure of a succession of the most glorious and obliging dreams. *Opium* can do no more than lay us *finally* asleep. It is matter of fact, though very unaccountable, that the souls and bodies even of the greatest miracles of idleness and negligence are always in motion, and when no longer held in hand by some obstacle that will not be managed, they are either for cramming, gaming, or tattling; and if they have not had education good enough, to be able to pass away the time with *smatterings* of *scholarship*, then they will employ themselves any how to no purpose, though it were in scratching lines and figures upon walls and tables. Nay, and the very brute-animals, which, for a fancy, we keep up and confine, are disturbed and uneasy under the restraint, and impatient to recover that full range and freedom into which they were born, though they have more and better feeding than if they were to live wild. The nobler birth we have had, and the more generous institutions we have imbibed, the more we disdain a total exemption from employment, and a life of luxury and pleasure. The people of a private station and fortune find themselves work at home. Those of a more sanguine, aspiring temper,

thrust up to a share in the public ministry, and the tuition of the common-wealth; while others are as much bigotted to the business of studying and literature. Now so little of enjoyment and *gusto* in it has the sort of life last-mentioned, to flatter those who follow it, that they must and do make familiar to them the most earnest intension of *thought*, and the harshest *acts* of self-denial; and so they may but turn the *imperial*, or rather the divine part of themselves, their *understanding* and *reason*, to the best account, it is all one to them what pleasures they quit, or what drudgery they do. With reverence they consult the collections of those who have gone before them, and contribute their own. This is their occupation, and they are never to be sated. No; the meaner concerns of the world are set aside and forgotten, and they mount after a *quarry* worth a thousand of it. So engaging and satisfactory a thing is *conversing with books*, that those very men who have set up their *rest* in the pursuit of external profit and pleasure, have yet made it the business of their lives to search into the nature of things, and account for their dependances and operations. From all which it is demonstrated, that *man is born to action*, of one kind or other: for *action* is either *first-rate* or *second*; the former a worthier kind a great deal than the latter. The principal exercise of all, if you will take my word for it, and theirs whose *hypothesis* we are now upon, is to contemplate and learn the nature and courses



of the heavenly bodies, and, by dint of reason, to dissect and unriddle the secret complications and communications of the parts of the universe one with another. The second best is to do the public what services we can, and to learn and practise all those duties of prudence, temperance, fortitude, justice, and every other virtue and habit suitable to virtue, which are comprised under the title and character of *honestum*, and for the knowledge and practice of which we are beholden to nature, who shews us the way and trains us to them. For all things are diminutive and slight in the state of their imperfection and nonage, and as they come forward they gather bulk and vigour; nor can it be otherwise, because during the first scene of life we are spiritless, and tender, and incapable either of judging or enterprising for the best. *Virtue* and a *happy life*, like the *poles*, are not to be come at presently, and a longer time it requires to give ourselves a thorough knowledge about them. It is a saying of Plato's, and a golden one, *he that can overtake wisdom, and reach a right sense of things, though extreme old age overtakes him first, is a happy man*. By this time enough has been said of the primitive advantages and services of our nature. Next, let the subsequent and more significant be considered. In the first formation of an human body, things are so contrived, as that it should be capable of some lesser energies and performances immediately upon its birth, and afterwards, by de-

grees, of other operations and achievements, till at last it becomes able, in a great measure, to act without the instrumentality of external and adventitious *aids*. And nature has taken much the same course with the mind; for she has allowed it the privilege of *sensories*, whereby it is so well accommodated with perceptions, as to be in a condition for working up itself to the use of its powers, with little or no *foreign* assistance. But yet she has submitted to the discretion of man, whether his *greatest excellency* shall be in him or not, having qualified his rational faculties for the entertainment and exercise of every virtue, and antecedently to any acquisitions of learning imprinted imperfect ideas of the greatest and most transcendent objects and things, and brought us so far on our way, as just to initiate us in some faint imitations and airy essays of virtue, only to give us a taste, and put us in a road. Thence-forward it is our province, which cannot extend farther than *art* or *industry*, to look about us, and complete the work which nature has begun, and never to think we have gone far enough with it, until it is as consummate as it can be. And when it is so, it will deserve to be deemed infinitely more valuable in itself and of higher account than our senses or any of the other forementioned perfections or accomplishments of the body; infinitely, I say, for the distance of perfection between the one and the other is so wide that our *apprehension* cannot measure it. Thus *virtue*, we see, and

the practice which she moves in, demands from us with a manifest right, our utmost veneration and application; and whatever of that nature resides within or is exerted by the soul, comes under the title of *honestum*; of which more particularly yet in the sequel, where we shall observe, what ideas belong to the severals of that denomination, by what names they are denoted and distinguished, and what is the force and importance of them. At present let me rather carry our consequence forward, and shew you that these *honestas* (*virtuous and honourable principles and practices*) exclusively of their merit and value resulting from the principle of *self-love*, are *essentially and for themselves desirable and excellent*. And here again the little children must be summoned, as being the mirrors which reflect the fairest image of nature. How eager and emulating are they at their trials of skill? and how hazardous and difficult are those trials? How do they hug themselves if they come off winners? And how simply they look, if defeated? How highly they resent it when any thing is laid to their charge? How well-pleased are they with commendation and applause? How furiously will they bestir themselves to supplant and over-top their fellows? How perfect and lasting a remembrance do they retain of their benefactors? How ready do they shew themselves to make the most grateful acknowledgments? And the better disposition and temper they are of, the plainer and

deeper characters of these *honesti* they have about them. Thus our childhood itself is not without rudiments and representations of virtue. But when arrived to an age of maturity and discretion, what man is there to be found so malevolent and irreconcilable to human nature, as not to be scandalized at moral turpitude, nor to take a good liking to moral honesty? The lewdness of some young *libertines*, can any one forbear being vexed at it? The modesty and staidness of others who, though a disinterested party, is not delighted and charmed with? What is more detestable than the name of the traitor Pullus Numitor of Fregellæ, though the common-wealth of Rome was the better for him? On the other hand, is not the memory of Codrus revered for the dear-bought rescue of Athens? And are not the daughters of Erictheus at this day in great esteem and favour with every body? Who speaks a good word for Tubulus? or a slight one of Aristides? As often as we read or hear of instances of piety, fidelity, and generosity can we avoid being strangely *won upon* and *affected*? I do not say *we* only that are honourably descended, and have been suitably bred. How will the *base-born blunderers* in the *upper-gallery*, clap at those words of Pylades in the *play*, *I am the man, I am Orestes*, and at the answer of Orestes, *Believe him not, I am Orestes, I?* And when both of them offered to discover himself the guilty person, and to help out the king at a loss,

we heartily wish they might both come off, and have the satisfaction of living always together. Whenever this *drama* comes upon the *stage*; to what extasies are we raised of concern and admiration? Which makes it a clear case, that to be ready and resolved to acquit ourselves like men of honour, especially when there is nothing to be got by it, and a great deal to be lost, is such a disposition of soul as every body is really constrained to encourage and applaud. Neither are the examples of this kind recorded among the *poets* and *mythologists* only; the *historians* have them in plenty too, and none so many as our own. When there was occasion for a person of most exemplary piety and integrity to conduct into Rome the image of the Idæan *goddess*, we found such a one in Publius Scipio; from us monarchs have received their deliverers and protectors; we have had *generals* that, to divert the ruin of their country, have thrown themselves without reluctance into the jaws of death; and *consuls* that precautioned a king, one of the worst enemies Rome ever contested with, when they might have had him poisoned, and expected him with his army, every hour, before the walls of the city. We can pride ourselves in the example of a *woman* that having been forced, struck a dagger to her heart, to expiate the pollution, and a *father* that did as much for his *daughter*, to prevent it. Now it is notorious in these and a thousand other *transactions* of the same nature

unspecified that the *agents* had so just a sense of the merit of the *action*, as rather than they would not go *through-stitch*, to throw up the greatest advantages and satisfactions; and that when we celebrate them for what they did, the *worthiness* of the *practice* is the sole reason inducing us to recognize it. These *historical premisses* take up little room, and a much greater number of instances, I might appeal to, but these, though there were no more, will make good our *conclusion*, that every *species* of *virtue* and that *honestum* which results from it and is essential to it, is *desirable and valuable upon its own account*. Further; this *honestum* has not, in the latitude of it, any thing of a more glorious and general importance than the obligations and laws of human society, and the mutual intercourses of commerce and kindness between man and man. These commence from that natural affection which the *parents* bear to their *issue*, and to one another in the relation to husband and wife, extending proportionably to all the individuals of the same family; and spread in order to *relations* and *kinsfolk*, whether by *blood* or *marriage*; to *friends*, *neighbours*, *fellow-citizens*, *political colleagues* and *confederates*, and ultimately to all mankind. The purpose and effect of this principle is, that every man gives every man his due, and, as much as in him lies, keeps up the spirit of concord and humanity in the world; and this is the meaning of *justice*, and those other virtues which concur with *justice*, *natural affection*,

*good-nature, liberality, beneficence, courteousness, and the like. All which have their dependance upon justice; not but they conspire and co-operate with every other virtue. For that principle being wedged into human nature which the Greeks call πολιτικόν, the principle of correspondence and uniting our interests, every sort of virtue, must have a communication with those of agreement, unity and benevolence in societies, as justice reciprocally influences, enforces and seeks to every other virtue. From whence it follows that honesty must be impracticable without courage and wisdom. So that this honestum, it seems, is equivalent to the aforesaid concurrence and combination of virtues, and compounded of virtue in the habit, and virtue in the practice. Consequently a course of life which answers to such a conjunction and course of virtues is entitled to the appellations of regular, honest, consistent, steady, and agreeable to nature. By the way; though the philosophers confess that all the virtues are thus united and blended with one another, yet at the same time they find no difficulty to distinguish and sort them. It is true, they are in such a manner connected and complicated as that they enter into the essence of each other, and cannot be dispersed. However each virtue keeps its peculiar province. Fortitude carries us through labours, disasters, and dangers; temperance curbs us in the fruition of pleasure; prudence discerns between good and evil; justice*

distributes to every man his due. And forasmuch as each *virtue* has its concern for and regard unto persons and things *abroad*, and is desirous and effective of the good of others, it is moreover evident that *our friends, our brethren, relations, countrymen, and the great universal society, all mankind in consort, are propter se expetendi, to be valued and loved upon their own account, and for their own proper sakes.* Nevertheless they constitute no part of the essence of our *ultimate and final good.* So then here are two different kinds of the *propter se expetenda, things to be valued and loved upon their own account, the first of those which makes out the summum bonum, and refer to the mind and body; the other, of those external and remote ones, in which the mind and body have not an immediate interest, as friends, parents, children, relations, native country, which are all dear and valuable for their own sakes too but not in the same nature and respect as the former.* Indeed if all such *valuable externals* were a part of the *summum bonum*, it were plainly impossible that we should any way make ourselves masters of it. You will ask me, how it is that they come into the definition of the *summum bonum, the relations of friendship, consanguinity, affinity, &c.* and yet make no part of it? I answer that the business of every virtue in its own way and kind is to vindicate and support these *externals* by the discharge of its respective *duties.* It is in itself of singular advantage and good consequence to love



and honour our friends and our parents, because the discharge of those duties goes among the *recte facta*, the just and good practices which are the results of *virtue*. These good practices the men of an accomplished wisdom are addicted to at the mere motion and direction of nature; whereas the less perfect and improved, though they may be persons very gallantly disposed and resolved, proceed upon the motives of *glory* and *repute*, which mimic *virtue* and *honour* so to the life, as to be frequently mistaken for them. How then would it feast the souls of some people with delight and satisfaction, could they but once let go the shadow that enchants them, and gain a just apprehension and an adequate knowledge of the most laudable and illustrious excellency of all, a finished virtue? Did ever any man, though the most wretched slave to *pleasure*, or delirious with his fever of appetite and passion, taste half that rapture in the enjoyment of his wishes, as the elder Africanus in the rout of Hannibal, or the younger in the demolishing of Carthage? Who of all the company that regaled themselves upon that festivity *in their barges on the Tyber*, was flushed with as exquisite an elevation and joy as the conqueror Lucius Paulus himself, when he brought his prisoner king Perses up the river? Now then, my Lucius make good use of your time, and let all the virtues in constellation shine in your soul. For by what has been urged you understand, that whoever is

sufficiently practised in them, has his mind so ennobled and fortified, that he cannot help being *happy*, and *when virtue and principles are at stake, is indifferent to the best and worst vicissitudes of fortune, and will be the same steady, cheerful man in spite of all changes and revolutions.* For though, it is true, *the goods of the body*, as aforesaid, serve to fill up the largest and completest measure possible of human happiness, yet a man may be very happy without them: and so mean and inconsiderable is their *quota* that like *stars* before the *meridian sun*, they are lost and buried in the *radiancy of virtue.* But yet as little room as, we know, they take up among the constituents of our happiness, to deny they have any at all would be a bold and a partial award, and they that have passed it, may do well to consider whether or no they remember what *first natural principles* they stand to. No harm can come of doing justice to *these inferior advantages*, provided the extent of their significance be rightly stated. A philosopher that studies *truth*, not *ostentation*, will be equally inclined not to over-rate those conveniences which even the vainest boasters of the high-flown sect allow to be *secundum naturam, agreeable to nature*; and to magnify the *power and supremacy*, as I may say, of *virtue and honesty* to so high a pitch, that the other *diminuti e advantages*, though *real*, shall hardly stand for any in comparison of *virtue.*

This is doing what is fair on both sides, when we give *virtue all her line*, and yet value other things according to the worth of them. To be short; the dimensions and latitude of *summum bonum*, must reach so far as we now suppose, and can reach no further. And all that the other *schools* have done, has been only to take, each for itself, a *limb* of this *hypothesis*, and make a whole one out of it. Aristotle and Theophrastus frequently run high in the commendations of *science*, and its *intrinsic excellency*. What does Herillus in his *zeal* but set up science for the *summum bonum*, and swear that nothing in the world beside is *valuable and desirable for itself*? The ancients are very full upon the topic of slighting and despising externals. Aristo flies away with it all, and assures you that it is not worth while to avoid any thing but *vices*, nor to pursue any thing but *virtue*. The *ancients* have made indolence one of those things which are agreeable to nature; and this has been since Hieronymus's *summum bonum*. Callipho had an aching tooth to *pleasure*, and, after him, Diodorus conceived as high an opinion of *indolence*; but they thought it their best way to fetch in *virtue* too; the *good* which we had principally recommended to them. And let the *patrons of pleasure* leap from one little evasion to another as long as they please; let them talk big all the day about *virtue*, and at last aver that *pleasure* is the *only first desirable*;

and again, that *use* or *custom* is a *second nature*, and yet by reason of that *second nature*, they do a great many things without proposing *pleasure* for the end of their *acting*—*I say no more of them*, but come in the last place to the *stoics*. Now these gentlemen have not retailed, but robbed us of all our philosophy at once. And as it is the trick of *common felons*, when they have stole a parcel of goods, to deface and change the *mark* of the *owner*; so when the *stoics* had carried off our *principles*, they disguised the propriety by altering the *terms* of expression. And therefore the remaining system which is ours, is the only one well worthy all men of understanding, ingenuity, letters, character; up to magistrates and monarchs. Here Piso stopped, and after a short silence, well, says he, what do you think? Have I spoke to purpose in vindication of my cause? This is not the first time by a great many sir, said I, of your giving us so right a notion of these things, as to make us wish we could have your help at every turn, and then there would be little occasion for the assistance of the Greeks. Besides, I should be so much the more pleased with *yours*, because I remember, Staseas the *Neapolitan*, a *peripatetic* of the *first form*, and your *preceptor*, when he would set out the sense of this institution, went another way to work, as being one of those who maintain, that *prosperous* or *adverse fortune*, *external* or *circumstantial good* and *ill*, carry a

to contemplating and examining the œconomy of things, upon a prospect that he should at last by that means obtain his *εὐδουμία*, *serenity and cheerfulness of soul*, or as he frequently calls it, his *ἀσφαλεία*, *security*, which was his notion of *summum bonum*; and an excellent one, but, for all that, Democritus was far from bringing *philosophy* to perfection. What he has contributed touching the principles of morality and virtue is inconsiderable, and ill-digested. This province was left for Socrates who begun with it privately in this city, and afterwards exercised it publicly in the place where we are met. It was taken for granted at that time of day that a happy life as well as a good one is wrapped up in *virtue*. The men of our school made Zeno sensible of this, and what does he presently but *move in another form*, as the *lawyers* word it? For his sense is the same with ours; and yet you make no exceptions against him! We are charged with *repugnancies*, and I know not what, while he slips his neck out of the collar by absurdly changing the terms! Metellus, quoth Zeno, was no happier than Regulus, not but he had the better fortune of the two, that is, the more *eligible*, though not the more *desirable*, and were a man left to his own discretion, he would rather be Metellus than Regulus. Here is the difference in short; I style that the *happier* condition which he calls the *preferable* and *more eligible*, though at the same time I set no more by

it than the *stoics*. I signify things by their ordinary names, and they trump up their own! So that whenever they begin to speak, we must have an interpreter, as when *ambassadors* or *foreigners* are to concert affairs with the *senate*. Whatever is *according to nature*, that I term *good*; and whatever is contrary, *evil*. So does Chrysippus in the streets or at home, as well as I, though the man is *definition-bound* in the *school*. And is there then any such great necessity that the philosophers and the learned should express the value of things in a different strain from unlearned and ordinary people? For after all, had not these *adepti* thought their very beings of a superior kind, when they had settled their *valuations*, they might as well have spoke in the language of their *fellow-mortals*! But let them coin their own words till they are weary, they cannot alter the nature of things. Now then, lest you correct me a third time for *expatiating*, let us return to the charge of *inconsistency*. You are pleased to fix it upon the *terms*, whereas it rather seems to lie in the *thing*, as you will see if you take it all together. First, the most eminent *stoics* contend as much as we for the truth of this doctrine, that so great is the consequence and importance of *virtue*, as infinitely to exceed all lesser considerations: secondly, those advantages which the *stoics* represent in such a manner, as though they had a mind they should make the best figure possible, and which they recommend for *accept-*

able, eligible, preferable, and mention either in terms unheard of and invented by themselves, *producta*, for instance, and *reducta*, (*as if one should say promotables and rejectibles*) or in terms *equivalent* to those they are displeas'd at; for where is the difference between having an inclination to a thing and being ready to choose it? If there is any, that which is in *election*, and *chosen*, has in my apprehension the better of it: these *advantages*, I say, pass with me for *good*: thirdly, the question is, *how good* and *valuable* I pretend them to be. And if these *bona*, *good things*, as I call them, are no more *desirable* and *valuable* in my account than the *producta* of the *stoics* are *eligible* in theirs, it is sure that upon being compar'd with and placed near the *beams* of *virtue*, they must necessarily disappear, and shrink off. Still, that cannot be properly a happy life, which has the least alloy of *evil* in it. And so by the same logic a *yielding, full-eared crop*, if it harbours a *weed*, would not make amends for the reaping! Nor a *ship-full* of *jewels* be worth unlading, if a *cable* has suffered in the *voyage*! For, is not each of these every way parallel to the case of a happy life? And will you not make a judgment of the whole from what is known of the most material part? I hope I may with better assurance call *whatever is according to nature, good*, and refuse to cancel an immemorial title than affect innovations, and disgrace *virtue* so as to put other things

in the *scale* against it, for this *the stoics themselves do by their distinctions*, whereas *virtue* turns the balance against the *globe*. It is a received *usage* to give a thing its denomination from that which it principally consists of. As we say, suppose of this or that man that he is always merry or pleasant. And will it justify our inverting the character, if once in his life he should have a fit of the *spleen*; Lucilius observes that Marcus Crassus was seen one single time to laugh, and yet, says the same author, he restrained his badge of *ἀγέλαστος* or *irrisible* to his dying day. Polycrates, the Samian, is a known instance of felicity, who never had sustained any *loss* or *inconvenience* till he threw a *ring*, which was highly prized by him, into the sea with his own hand. So he wilfully created himself one miscarriage, which nevertheless was afterwards retrieved when the fish that had swallowed the *ring*, was taken, and cut up. And yet either this man was never truly happy, as being a *tyrant*, and consequently wanting in wisdom: or if he had been a *wise man*, even then he could not have been unhappy, when Darius's *prefect*, Oroetes, drove him to his execution. But was he not very cruelly dealt with? He was; and for all that, *virtue* might have made a *moot-point* of his calamities. Are the *peripatetics* permitted to maintain that the proportion of *good* in the life of a *good man*, that is to say, of a man *wise and virtuous*, throughout preponderates the proportion of his *evil*? And,



pray by the way, whose assertion is this? The *stoics*? Not so! It is the doctrine of that *party* that make *pleasure* and *pain* the *test* of all *good* and *evil*; they declare loudly that the condition of a *wise man* is never without more of the former than of the latter! Now if those people who profess they would not, but for the sake of a consequent *pleasure*, so much as rise off their couches for *virtue*, ascribe so much to it; how are we to express ourselves, we who vouch ever a one of the lowest perfections of the mind to transcend so incomparably all the advantages, taken together, which belong to the body, as in a manner to null and erase their very being? Had ever any of us the impudence to imagine that a wise man though never so embarrassed would, if it were in his power, depart from his virtue to purchase his ease? Or that it may possibly be more advisable, and the better way, to act basely, and thrive, than honestly, and suffer; notwithstanding we make no scruple of calling those things *evils* which the *stoics* call *adversities*? We can as little pardon the defection of Dionysius Heracleotes, who for a pain in his eyes deserted his sect, as the *stoics* themselves. Zeno had done his best to persuade him that *pain is no pain*, and yet for his life could he not be convinced (as, in truth, how should any one?) that, because it implies no *moral turpitude*, and may be managed, therefore there is nothing of *evil* in it. Had he been one of us, he would infallibly have

stood his ground, because we must have acknowledged it an *evil*. The rules we inculcate for a man's bearing up with courage against it, are the same as the *stoics* press, nay, and your own Arce-silas too, who in his heart was as good a *peripate-tic* as Polemo his master, only he must have leave to splutter and wrangle in his way. For when he was tormented with the *gout*, Carneades, Epicu-rus's great *crony*, payed him a visit, and perceiving that Carneades moved in *dudgeon* towards the door. *Hark you, my friend*, says he, *not so fast*, (and laid his hand upon his feet and his breast,) *it is not ascended hither yet*. Still, I warrant him, he would have been glad to be rid of it. Thus it appears what a bundle of *inconsistencies* you meet with in my *philosophy*! To be short, since under *virtue* are comprehended such divine and celestial excellencies, that wherever it resides, and exerts itself in laudable practices and memorable actions, thither *misery* and *wretchedness* cannot approach, though *pain* and *molestation* may; it goes with me for unquestionable, *that all wise men are always happy, and yet one wise man may be happier than another*. Drive the nail home, Piso, said I, and arm that assertion at all points, for if you can maintain that post, we shall be both your prose-lytes, my dear Cicero and myself. Seriously, I think, said Quintus, there wants no further corro-ration: and I am excessively pleased to find true what has been so generally denied, that that

*philosophy* is the best laid together, the *furniture* and *equipage* of which I always preferred to the whole estate and substance of any other; having by experience found it so pregnant and fruitful as to supply me with whatever materials or utensils my sort of study required. No, said Pomponius bantering, My *philosophy* for *solidity* and *subtilty*, against a thousand! Well but in good earnest, you have obliged me, Piso, by rendering what I was confident could never be rendered, into Latin, and as pure and proper too as the Greek of the respective *originals*. But our time is up, gentlemen; let us, if you please, adjourn to my quarters. Accordingly it being conceived we had done enough for once, we went along with Pomponius to his end of the town.

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THE END.



AN

## APPENDIX,

BY THE

TRANSLATOR.



OUR philosopher having in a direct and methodical way of confutation, first overthrown the system of Epicurus by that of the *stoics*, and the *stoical* by that of the *old academy*, and the *peripatetics*; or in other words, having effectually and demonstratively proved that in sensual or corporeal pleasure cannot lie the perfection of human happiness, because there are in virtue satisfactions better accommodated and more truly grateful to human nature; and again, that virtue alone without all the external goods of body and fortune cannot accomplish our happiness, because we are born with a capacity of enjoying also those lesser advantages: it yet remains to be considered, whether virtue in concert with such externals, reaches the measure, and makes out the whole extent of that felicity which falls within the condition of our nature. And the rather, because Piso himself has been obliged in the last period of his discourse to make this concession, that let a man, after all, be never so wise, virtuous, fortunate, and happy, yet disappointment, and trouble, and vexation, may gaul him ever and anon, which, even upon the footing of his own principles, is as much as to say that no man in this world can be happy; for if our happiness must be deficient when any of those things are wanting to it which are agreeable to nature, as certainly as ease, prosperity, and quiet, are agreeable to nature, so certainly when our affairs are discouraging, the comforts and conveniences of life denied or detained, or any of our

pursuits or stratagems defeated, we must be at least proportionably unhappy, and *out of sorts*. Wherefore, considering the general uncertainty and variety of interests and events, and that immediate union and communication between the several parts and powers of our nature, by virtue of which not a fibre in our bodies can be affected with any disagreeable sensation, but our whole being is in an instant disordered and upon the *fret*, it is impossible that these untoward circumstances should not frequently betide us, and consequently our happiness will be precarious, incoherent, incompetent, instead of that to which the goodness of heaven has most evidently created us, according to that capacity of being happy which it has made peculiar to human nature. Since therefore so complete a blessedness is unattainable in this life, or rather, since even a tolerable degree of happiness is more than comes to the share of the *majority* of human kind, we may and must as assuredly depend upon its *completion* in a future state, provided we do not wilfully run the risk of forfeiting our title, as upon the divine benevolence or veracity itself.

This argument has, from three known and experimental proofs, that of the fickleness and mutability of a comfortable or a prosperous estate; that of its necessary brevity; that of its unfrequency and imperfectness, been enforced and illustrated, as by many others, so particularly by a near *relation* of mine, now among the blessed, in his book *Of the demonstration of the law of nature*, from sect. 16th to the end; so that it would be as superfluous as unbecoming to review those evidences of a future state, which these obvious and inevitable conditions of sublunary happiness afford. But beside these there is a lamentable imperfection essential to it, and which, though *fortune* were as much at our command, as entire, steady, and constant as *virtue*, can neither be remedied nor supplied, but by a state of more perfect and plenary happiness in reversion; and that is the inadequacy of the fullest and the most consummate happiness imaginable on earth, to that *capacity* of being happy which belongs to human nature; for upon supposition, that after any man has obtained, which no man ever could, a confluence of all the blessings and enjoyments which are compatible to his mortality, his faculties and powers are still capable of other and greater and more durable satisfactions, as undoubtedly as nature

always acts for ends, and every end must be adequate and answerable to the capacity of that being whose end it is, which has been all along, and must ever be presupposed in this question, there is reserved for us after the period of this present life another condition of happiness, to fill up the measure and reach the full breadth of that capacity of being happy, which is proper to the nature of man. So that if this supposition be demonstrated, the *peripatetic model* stands equally self-condemned with all the rest, or rather more than any of them, because that especially insists upon an exact proportion and parity between the *end* and the *capacity* of the *pursuant*.

I shall not examine whether our corporeal organs and sensories are in their present condition capable of more exquisite and transcendent satisfactions, than those general and ordinary ones which are common to mankind. I do not doubt but the patriarchs, prophets, and holy men, in those visions and representations which God exhibited to them, found the impressions which were then made upon their senses more exhilarating and delightful, than any of the most innocent and delicious gratifications, natural to the constitution of an human body; and hence, I conceive, it was that St. Peter upon mount Tabor proposed the erecting of three tabernacles or residences, for he was there an eye-witness of the *μεγαλειότης* of Christ, *his majesty and regal splendor*, and of the honour and *περιπλάσι δόξης*, *the imperial glory and grandeur* which he received of the Father; and for this reason, I conceive, as well as for the benefit of those oracular and important discourses which passed between Christ and his two Prophets, the Apostle took for granted that it was *good* for him and his fellow-disciples to abide there. But then from cases so extraordinary as these, we can hardly infer, that our organs are in themselves qualified for the perception and enjoyment of any satisfactions more lively and copious, than those which vulgar objects and methods excite. And though perhaps by a long series of arguments, and a more careful and curious inspection into the structure of the parts of the *body* this might be shewn, or at least made probable; yet in regard the proof requires more time and paper than can be conveniently allotted to this *appendix*, and because by a shorter *medium*, and the *more sure word of prophesy* we are certified, that hereafter the Son of God *will change our*

*vile body that it may be like unto his glorious body, and that then we shall be admitted to a sight and sense of those good things which neither eye has seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive.* I shall decline all further inquiries upon this head.

The soul of man takes in the three faculties of *apprehension, judgment, and will*, so that if by virtue of its *apprehensive* power it is able to entertain purer and larger ideas, and a greater variety, than it can procure and collect in the station to which it is here confined; and so the *judgment* being more improved and better furnished, might compare, distinguish, and determine more clearly, comprehensively, directly, and swiftly than now; and the *will* by the advantage of such easier and more authentic directions, take right measures, and follow the best bias; then it is in a condition to pursue and attain higher ends, and a more perfect felicity, than that of the *peripatetical summum bonum, the known and ordinary goods of the mind and body.* And if it is in the power of our *apprehensions* to receive ideas of greater and more delectable objects, or at least more genuine, expressive, and fair ideas of them, than any of these familiar ones which we meet with in this life, it will follow that our judgment, and will, and those benefits and advantages which flow from a right use of them, are proportionably improvable, seeing all the wrong motions and errors of the judgment and will are occasioned by our apprehending either imperfectly or falsely, what we seem to apprehend entirely and really; and were our simple conceptions clear and adequate, the principle of *self-love* and *self-preservation* would necessitate us not to confound or misunderstand their mutual *relations designedly*, and if this never happened, the *elective* faculty, under the influence of the same principle, could not but pursue and choose as it ought, and consequently with good success.

That the apprehensive faculty is capable of receiving and entertaining clearer and more perfect ideas, and of more perfect objects than those of this life, every man, as he is conscious of his own nature, cannot but know; for that by observation and application we daily multiply, rectify, and improve our ideas of such objects as occur, and yet we find ourselves as capable of enlarging and im-



proving our stock at the end of life as at the beginning ; and the happier we have been in our acquisitions of this kind, and the more time we have spent in heaping up notions and conceptions, the more sensible we are as well of the paucity of them, as the obscurity and the inadequacy, and of the sufficiency of our apprehensive faculty to admit a great many more, and those, as well as others collected and received, abundantly more clear and perfect. Indeed there are no *ideas* (except the *abstracted*) so entire and consummate, however genuine according to the measure and proportion of their significancy, but what might be more full, conspicuous, and entire, than as they are exhibited. Thus for instance, our *idea* of *light*, though genuine and true as we conceive it *that which affects our organs of seeing after such a peculiar manner*, yet is defective and general, and takes not in a distinct and adequate notion of the matter, modifications, and affections, out of which *light* results. And we are convinced that our *apprehension* is capable of much clearer and more perfect ideas of that *matter* and those *modifications* and *affections*, if clearer and more perfect ideas were offered.

And as it is not for want of sufficiency in our faculties that we have no clearer and more expressive ideas and impressions of objects in general, so in particular of those objects, from the contemplation of which our most natural happiness and sovereign satisfaction arises ; for as it is the effect of ideas and impressions communicated from without, that we feel any symptoms or degrees either of pleasure or pain, so the more ample and perfect those ideas and impressions are which affect with pleasure or pain, the greater and more exquisite must be the pleasure or pain. Of *amiable* and *beatific objects* the most excellent is that eternal Being which is infinitely good and perfect, infinitely, powerful, wise, gracious, just, and holy ; for if no ideas but of good and excellent objects can possibly affect us with comfort and delight, then the better, and clearer idea we have of the best and most excellent of all objects, the more a great deal we must perceive ourselves delighted and blessed. And therefore as this BEING, infinitely wise, benevolent and faithful, has created man with intuitive and apprehensive faculties, of force, though by no means to comprehend an adequate *idea* of his perfections, for then his perfections were not infinite, yet to receive and enter-

tain a fuller and a more distinct conception of his glorious attributes than that which he vouchsafes us in this life; so will he, being infinitely wise, benevolent and faithful, and therefore never erring, never acting in vain or fallaciously, fill up the measure and satisfy the capacity of those faculties; that is, he will most graciously vouchsafe us a fuller and a more distinct conception of his glorious attributes in another life.

Nor can it be disputed whether our intuitive and apprehensive faculties are in themselves capable of entertaining a more full and distinct idea of the divine attributes, than what is afforded in this life, because, notwithstanding those attributes are *infinite*, and consequently *incomprehensible*, yet we are conscious to ourselves, that were it not for the distance of the object, we are capable of *apprehending yet more* of that excellency (and that more *clearly and distinctly*) which is *infinite* and *incomprehensible*. When I say *distance*, let me not be mistaken, as if I meant that word to the derogation of God's *ubiquity* and *omnipresence* (God forbid I should) *for he is not far from every one of us, and in him we live, move, and have our being*; but that which I would signify by it, is the *remoteness of his essential glories and excellencies from our apprehensive faculty in this life, in respect of that clearer idea which we are capacitated to have of them in another*. We know that we can receive and entertain ideas or conceptions of the excellencies of a *transcendent Being* more distinct and lively than those we have already, if they might be communicated; though we cannot comprehend *adequate ideas* of them, for that we cannot of those *finite beings* whose *natures* are more *immediately* perceived by us, and more *intimately* known to us. And although there is no *gradation* in the *essential perfections of God's attributes*, yet since our faculties are *finite*, there may, and must be in our manner of apprehending them. Thus in the first place we acknowledge it most certain that a Being infinitely perfect and excellent exists, and then, to make out as much of the idea of his perfections and excellencies as we can, we gather into One all the ideas of perfection and excellence which in this life we can collect; and as we find our apprehensive faculty capable of receiving and entertaining more distinct and full ideas of perfection and excellence than all these, we are sure, as I said before, that

God will in another state fill up and satisfy that capacity (lest the end of its existing should in any measure be vacated) with those more distinct and full ideas of perfection and excellence, which will constitute a more distinct and perfect idea of the divine attributes.

Forasmuch therefore as the ideas and impressions of good and excellent objects, so far as they are good and excellent, are the efficient cause of all our happiness; and as the end of our having a capacity to entertain such ideas is, that we should entertain them; and seeing that we cannot entertain them till they are communicated; and since we are capable of receiving and entertaining a more distinct and perfect idea of the most excellent, and consequently the most beatific object, than that which is in this life communicated; it is as certain as that an infinitely wise and benevolent BEING acts not in vain or fallaciously, that that more perfect and distinct idea of himself will be vouchsafed to us hereafter in another life, if on our parts we make that use of our faculties and powers which he requires and expects we should; for since along with our very beings he has given us a law and rule of practice adapted to the strength and dignity of our nature, if we obstinately refuse *performance*, we violate very fair conditions, and have reason to look for a treatment directly opposite to that which our obedience would have been rewarded with; for if we abuse the mercies and provoke the justice of the Almighty, we are as capable and as worthy of more terrible and vindictive ideas and perceptions in another state than any known to us in this, as we are of more glorious, rich, and satisfactory ideas than those of this life, if we submit and conform ourselves to his good pleasure and commands.

Now then at last we have carried up their own argument to what the philosophers of old could neither agree about nor find, the true and proper *summum bonum* of man, the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls, the beatific vision itself; for now we know but in part, but when that which is perfect is come, than that which is in part shall be done away, for now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known, and being equal unto the angels shall in Heaven always behold the face of our Father which is in Heaven. To

what clearer accounts and fuller discoveries we shall be admitted of the natures of created beings, whether superior or inferior to ourselves, is as little material as certain; for although we are also capable of *much more* distinct and comprehensive ideas of these, yet they cannot be, as those *future ideas* of the *divine attributes*, *finally, simply*, and *supremely good*, but barely *in dependence upon*, and consideration of the *ideas* of the *divine attributes*, our knowledge of the creatures being only directive and introductory to the knowledge of the Creator, the most glorious and beatific object of contemplation, and therefore most evidently the *summum bonum*, to the contemplating of which, the capacity of our faculties is principally designed.

And be it observed that the proof now advanced of a future state, wherein the full measure of our *summum bonum* shall be filled up, which in this life we cannot have complete and commensurate to our faculties, is a reasoning that holds equally just, whether the soul be an immaterial or material substance, because though it were the last (which, I have elsewhere in *famil. letters* shewn it is not) the capacity of its apprehension will be nevertheless as large as, by the consciousness and experience which we have of it, we find and know it to be.

What now can more surprise a man than that the *philosophers* of old, after all their tedious inquiries and close disputes should miss of the true *summum bonum* by stopping short of so plain a consequence as this? That they should employ their whole lives in searches after the final good of human nature, and at last take up with a partial and imperfect one, (as did the *peripatetics* themselves, though theirs was the most extensive of them all) for want of examining a little whether the completion of it is reserved for another state? Especially considering the proof I have offered, obviously and directly proceeds upon that very first *principle*, which all the *schools* (not Epicurus's excepted) presupposed as *postulatum*, that the *summum bonum* of man and of every thing else ought to be commensurate to the capacity of their respective natures; and Piso himself has already confessed that the largest combination of virtues and the goods both of body and fortune cannot be so. Neither is it possible to account for the strange blindness of all those wise and penetrating persons,

through so long a succession of generations, in this as well as other instances, but by confessing that God in an extraordinary and miraculous way darkened and bridled their apprehensions, having ordained that the *Messiah* should first convince the Gentiles of the certainty of another life, and enforce an universal submission to that more austere, and spiritual scheme of morality, which he was to introduce and establish, *by bringing that life and immortality to light through the Gospel*, which the profoundest doctors of the heathen world only talked of in conjectures and dreams, though a demonstrative proof of it from the nature and constitution of things lay just before them.

Let us all therefore, as many as profess the faith of Christ, and have been by his *Gospel* confirmed in the belief and hope of the consummation of our *summum bonum* in a future state, bless and magnify the name of God, who by a peculiar favour and mercy has reserved us for the times of the *evangelical dispensation*; let us not only express our thankfulness with our lips, but our gratitude in our actions and behaviour, especially those children of God and heirs of eternal life, whom he has been pleased to appoint unto sufferings in this world for the testimony of his truth and the observation of his laws. O what a ravishing prospect! and how sure an expectation are they fixed upon of approaching glory and blessedness! The cruelties and furies of oppressors and tyrants can neither terrify nor shock them; the impiety and cowardice of apostates and hypocrites never discourage nor surprise them; no scandalous, atheistical renunciations of moral duties for the sake of religion, though never so general and popular, can confound their *understandings* or infect their *consciences*: no little foolish vanities, not all those kingdoms nor the glory of them which the tempter shewed our blessed Saviour in a moment of time, can prevail with him to fall down and worship the Devil in their principles and practice. *They know that they have in Heaven a better and more enduring substance, and that their light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* And therefore they cannot help being easy and cheerful in the midst of those circumstances which had utterly dejected a Zeno or a Chrysippus; when the chastizing hand is over them, they joyfully receive that severity which comes as

the earnest of *an hundred-fold and everlasting life*. In the bull of Phalaris they would celebrate the loving-kindness of their heavenly Father, encouraged by his immutable promises, and supported by his holy Spirit. No wonder then if indeed they are found to *take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake*. These are not so much as the *stoical rejicienda, what one would rather refuse than wish to have*, in proportion to those innumerable, superlative, eternal pleasures and advantages which will infinitely more than compensate for them in another state, *where thieves cannot break through and steal*. In vain therefore do those principalities and powers, whether of the air or of the earth, against which the good soldier of Jesus Christ maintains a spiritual warfare, pretend to compel, affright or inveigle them; for *they are persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, or depth, or any other creature shall be able to separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord*.

*To whom be glory for ever and ever.*

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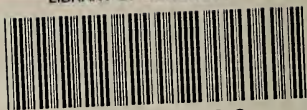
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